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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS

#3

**SEX
ON THE
BEACH**
with Pearl
by Ferocius

100
PAGES!
52
IN FULL
COLOR!



**ORIENTAL
DELIGHTS**
MISS DD
by Chiyoji

**DEEP
CARNAL
SPACE**
by Solano

**MINERVA IS
HORNY**
AGAIN
by Juan Emilio

**THELMA'S
WET**
DREAMS
by Val & Sosa

**LOLITA'S
BEAUTY
CONTEST**
by Belore



8 21020 00003 6

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Editorial

TWO'S COMPANY; SO IS THREE, OR FOUR...

Two's company, they say. At this point, we're pretty sure that the first two editions of our magazine have earned us lots of company, in the same way that your e-mails have kept us company. Yes, two is a very nice number, but we recognize that from this moment on in which a third enters the scene, things start to get interesting. A situation comedy with only three characters revealing their amorous preferences wouldn't make any sense. When it comes to the erotic genre, we'll confess: we're the ones who press the fast-forward button on the VCR until we get to the scene with the threesome. That's where things get really hot, where the range of possibilities of bedroom games opens up to everything, where one really starts to have a good time. Proof that guarantees this allows us to make reality as many possibilities as you'd like. Without going any further, in this issue: check out what a good time *Minerva* by Juan Emilio has when she takes two gentlemen to her single bed so they can make her really enjoy herself. Or, in the alternate option, see how the main character of *Now that's service* by Alvaro winds up satisfied after getting it on with two stunning chicks in the dressing rooms of a jeans boutique. If you want to take it a little further, we've got *Lolita* by Belore, giving it up in an impressive foursome, and so on.

We've already got out on the streets two issues that make a happy couple, as we'd say. But when it comes to having a good time,

two's never enough, and, to tell the truth, we're the people who sincerely believe that variety is the spice of life. So like every three months, now you've got the third issue of your favorite *French Kiss*. Because two is company, but so is three. I won't say anything about four yet, but it's the force of addition that keeps one from getting bored. And if there's any doubt about it, we're here to have fun.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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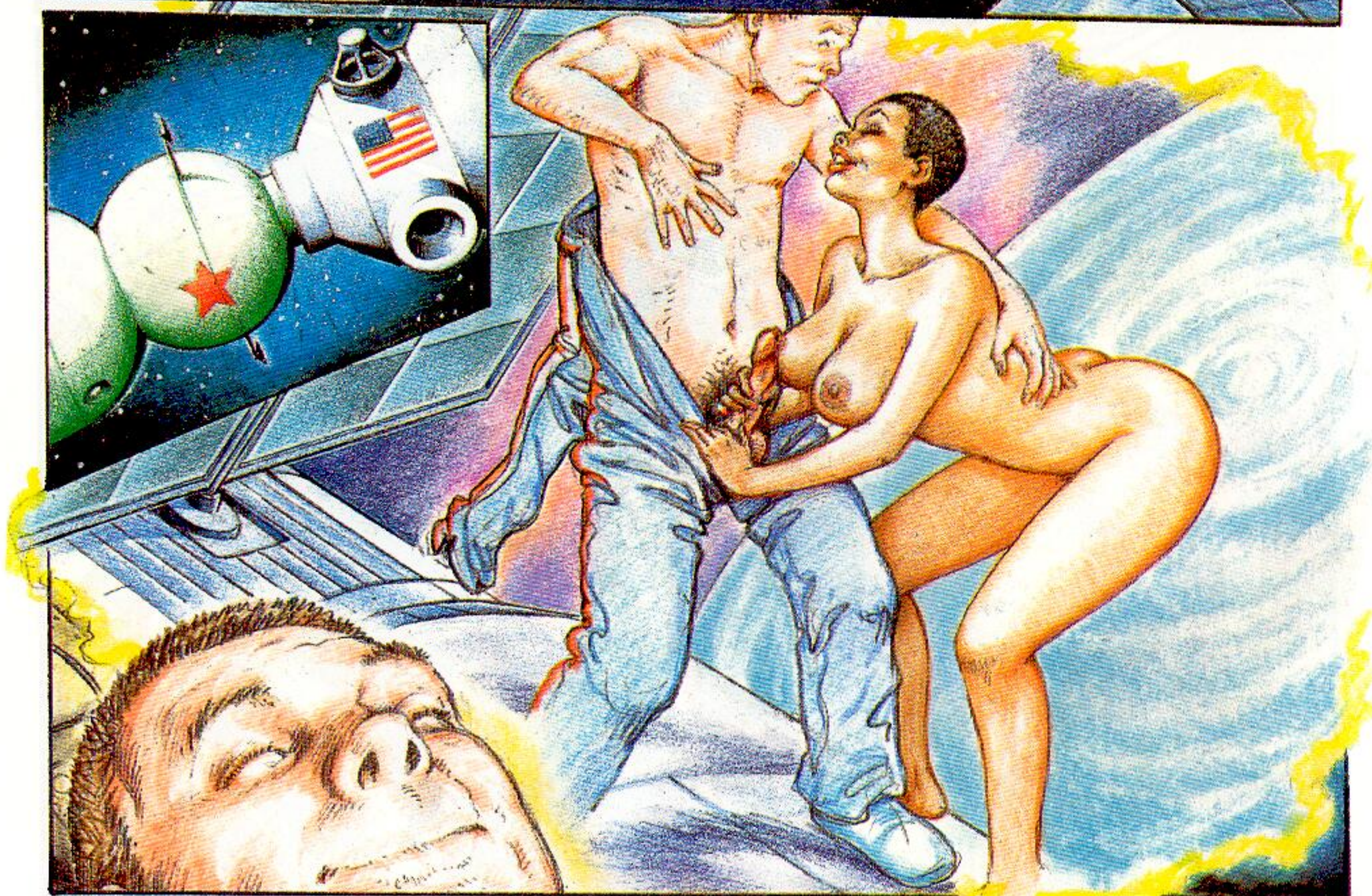
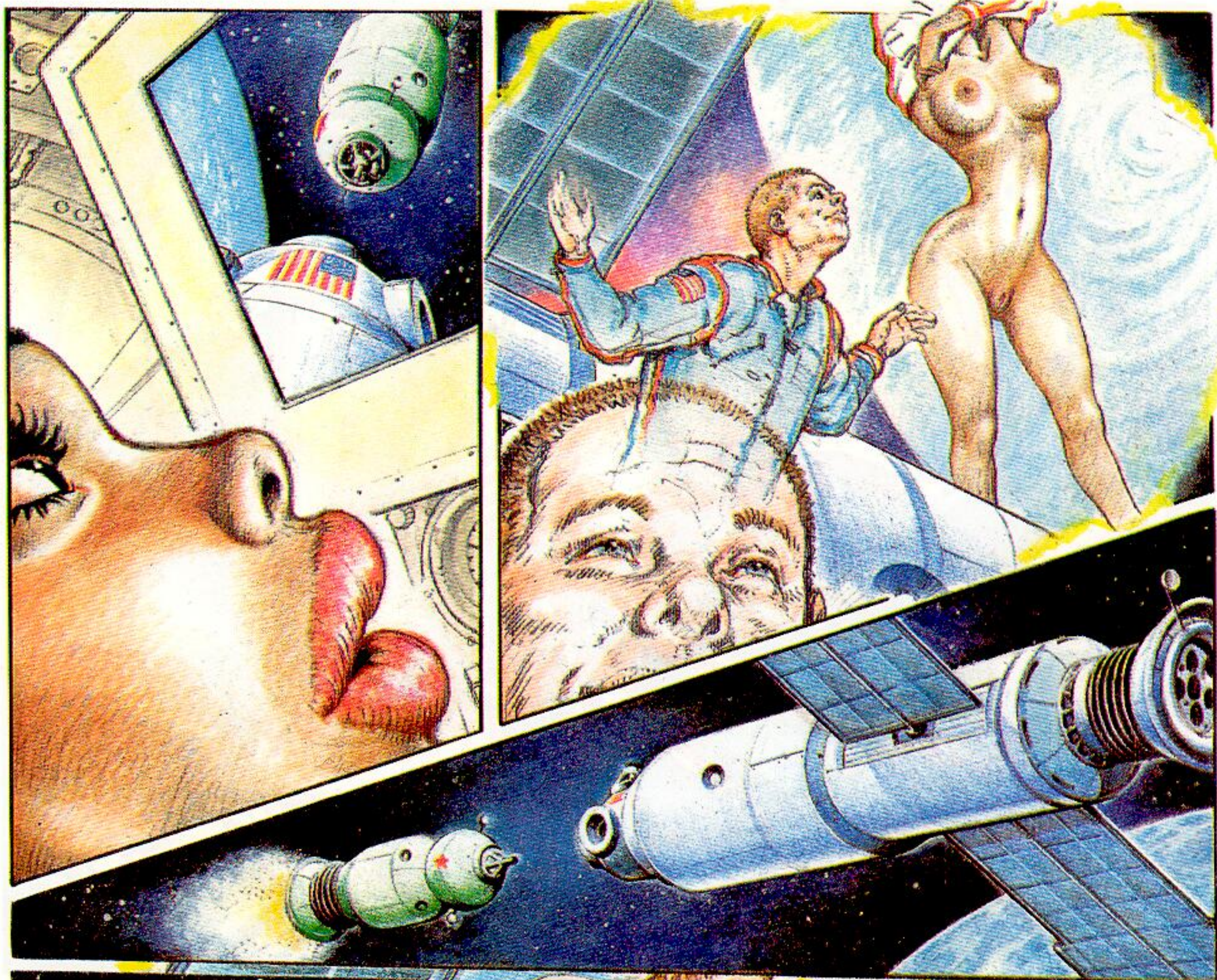
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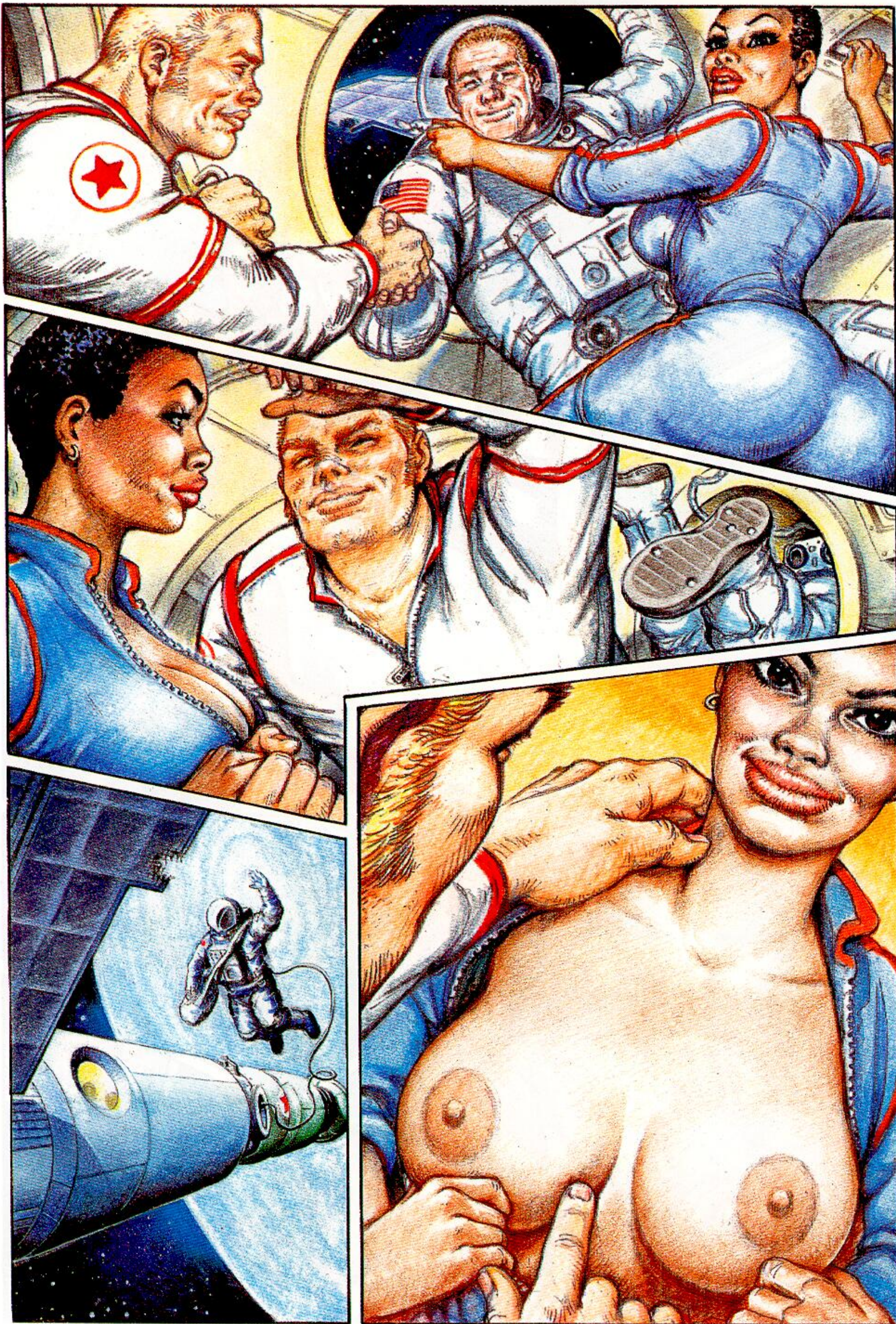


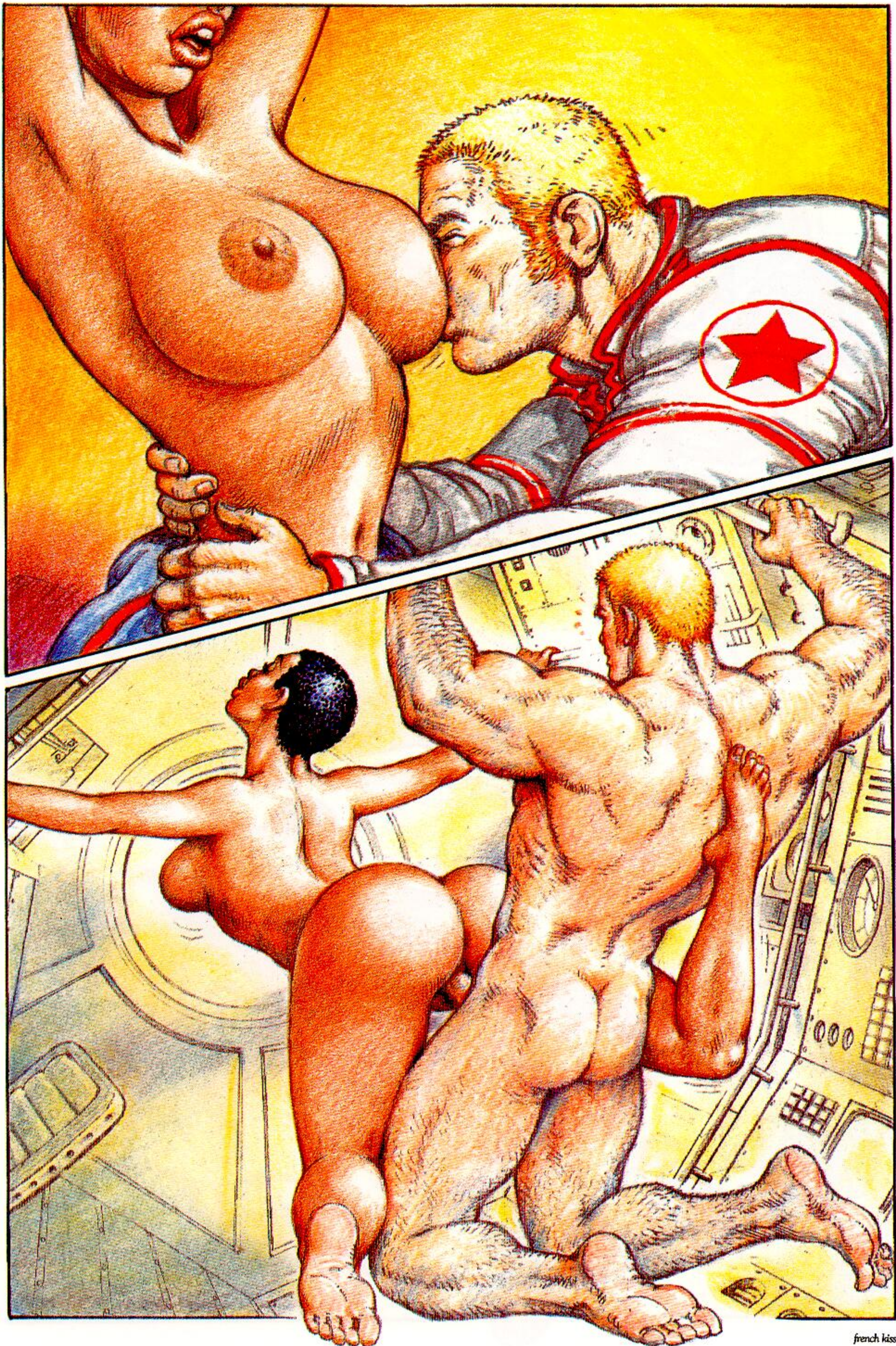
SILLY SYMPHONY, DEEP SPACE • by Solano Lopez

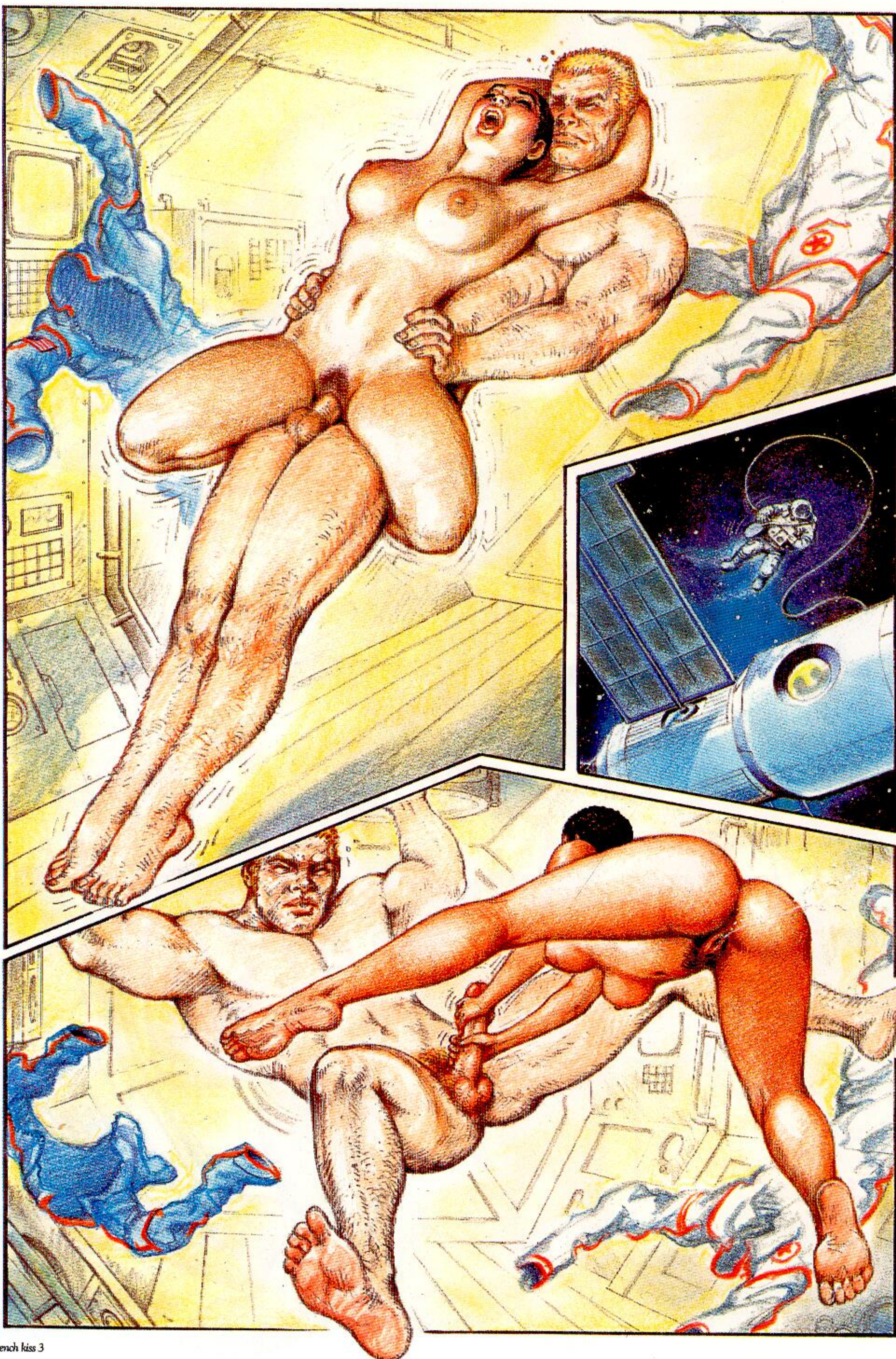


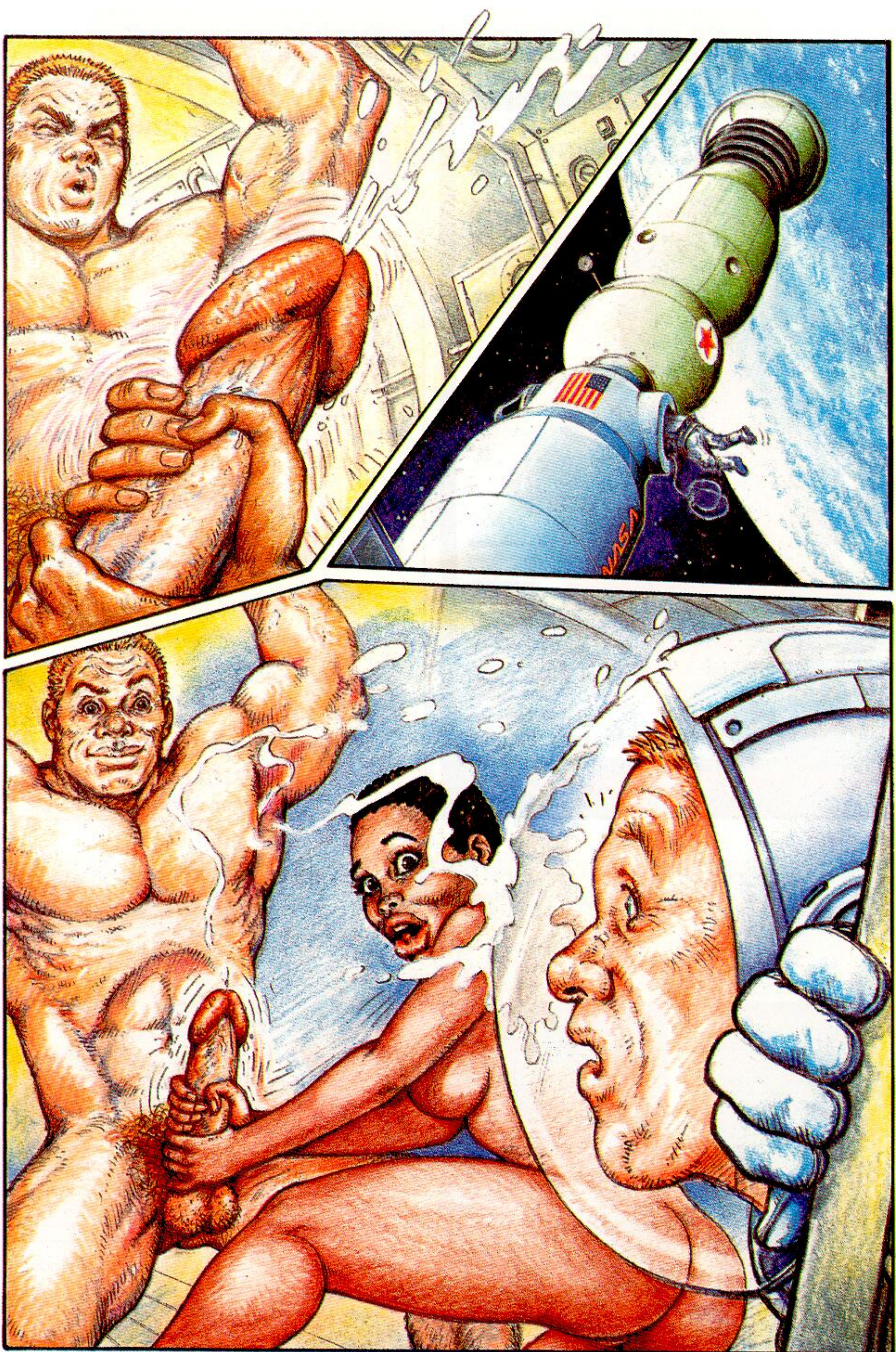












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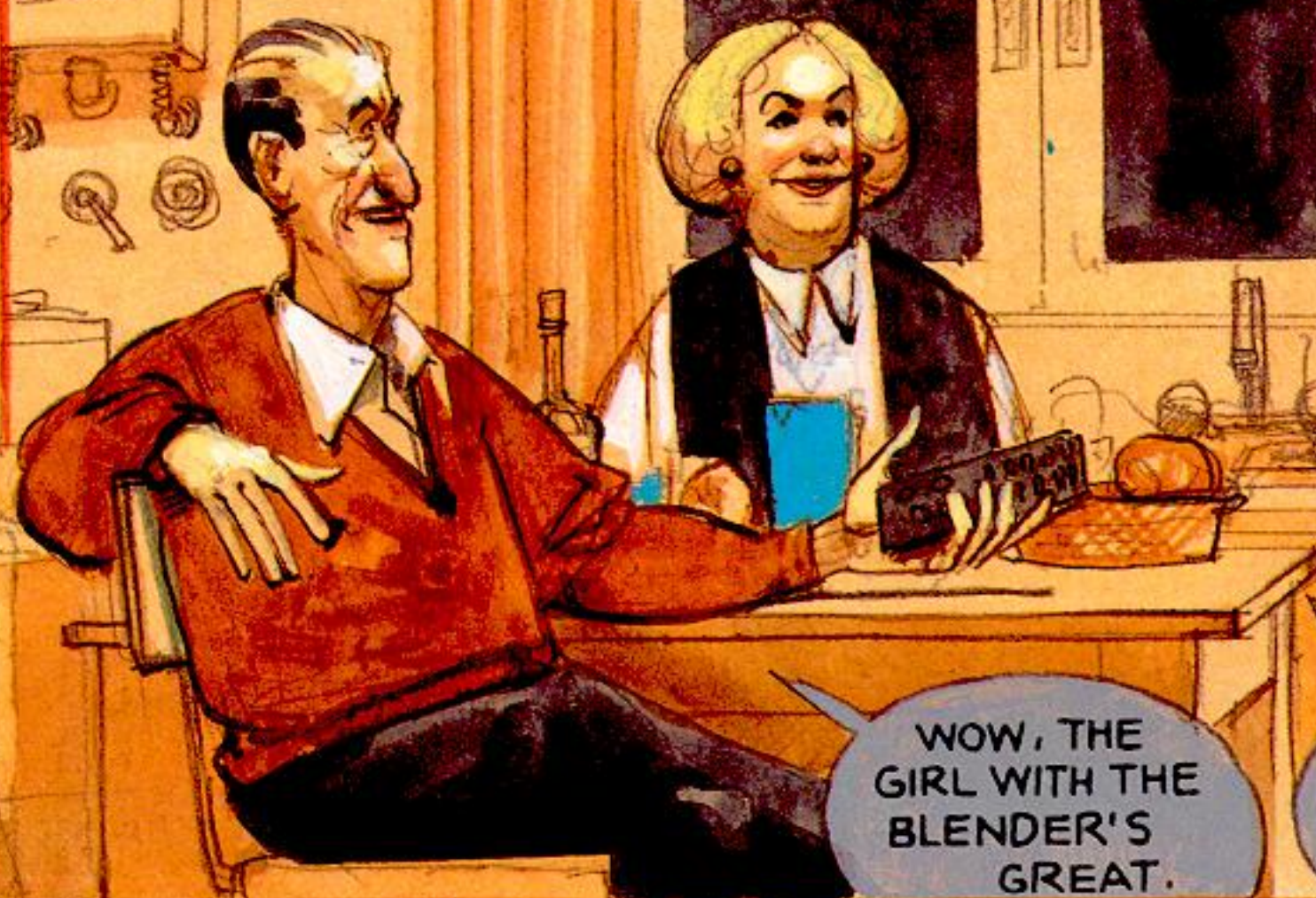
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*Love
be a
Lady
Tonight*
•NOE•

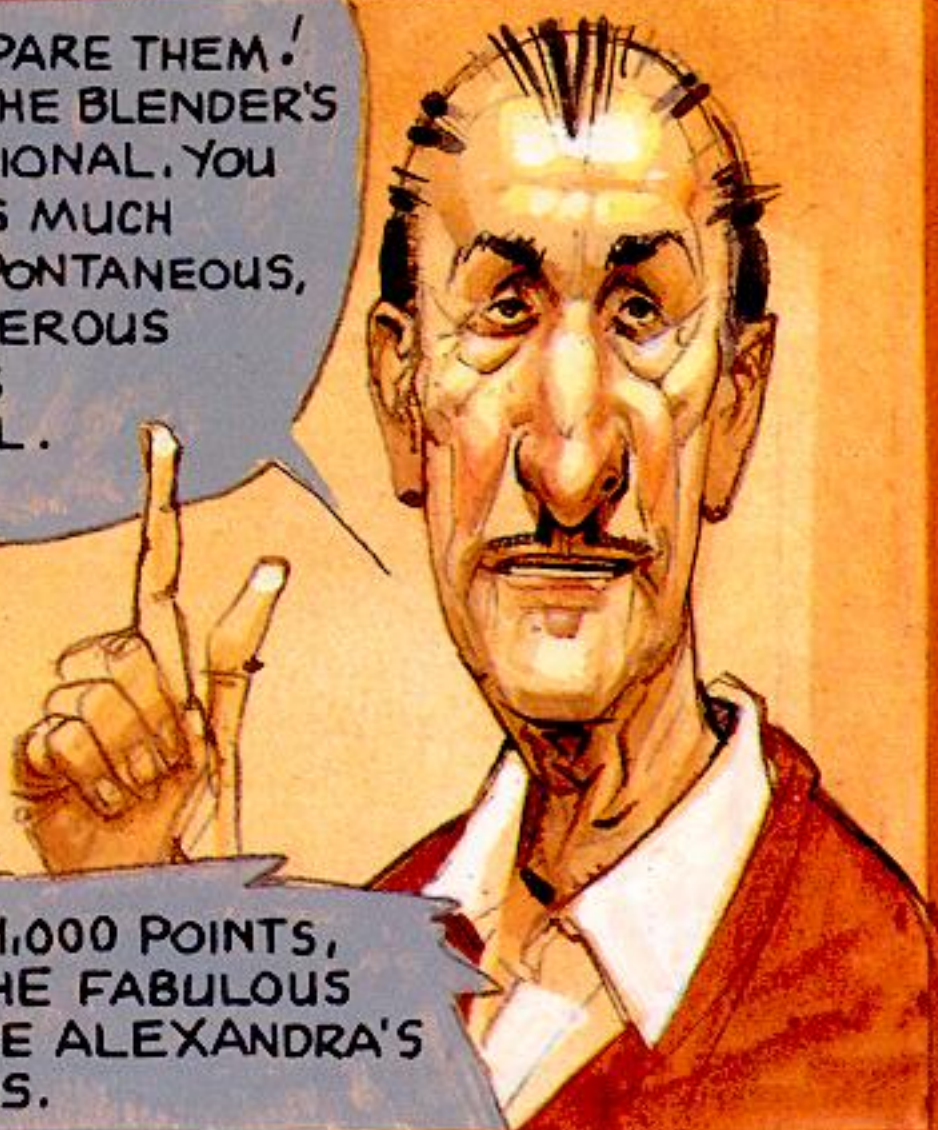
AFTER THESE JUICY WORDS FROM OUR SPONSORS,
WE RETURN TO "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE," AND
CONTESTANT NUMBER TWO.



WOW, THE
GIRL WITH THE
BLENDER'S
GREAT.

THE ONE
WITH THE TEFLON
PAN'S PRETTIER.

YOU CAN'T COMPARE THEM!
THE ONE WITH THE BLENDER'S
A REAL PROFESSIONAL. YOU
CAN TELL SHE'S MUCH
NICER, MORE SPONTANEOUS,
AND MORE GENEROUS
BY FAR. THAT'S
ESSENTIAL.



WHAT'S MORE, THEY SHOULD GIVE A GIRL LIKE
THAT MORE IMPORTANT STUFF. A TELEVISION
OR A REFRIGERATOR, FOR EXAMPLE.



IF YOU SCORE 1,000 POINTS,
YOU'LL WIN THE FABULOUS
ELECTRIC KNIFE ALEXANDRA'S
SHOWING US.

THANKS,
ALEXANDRA!

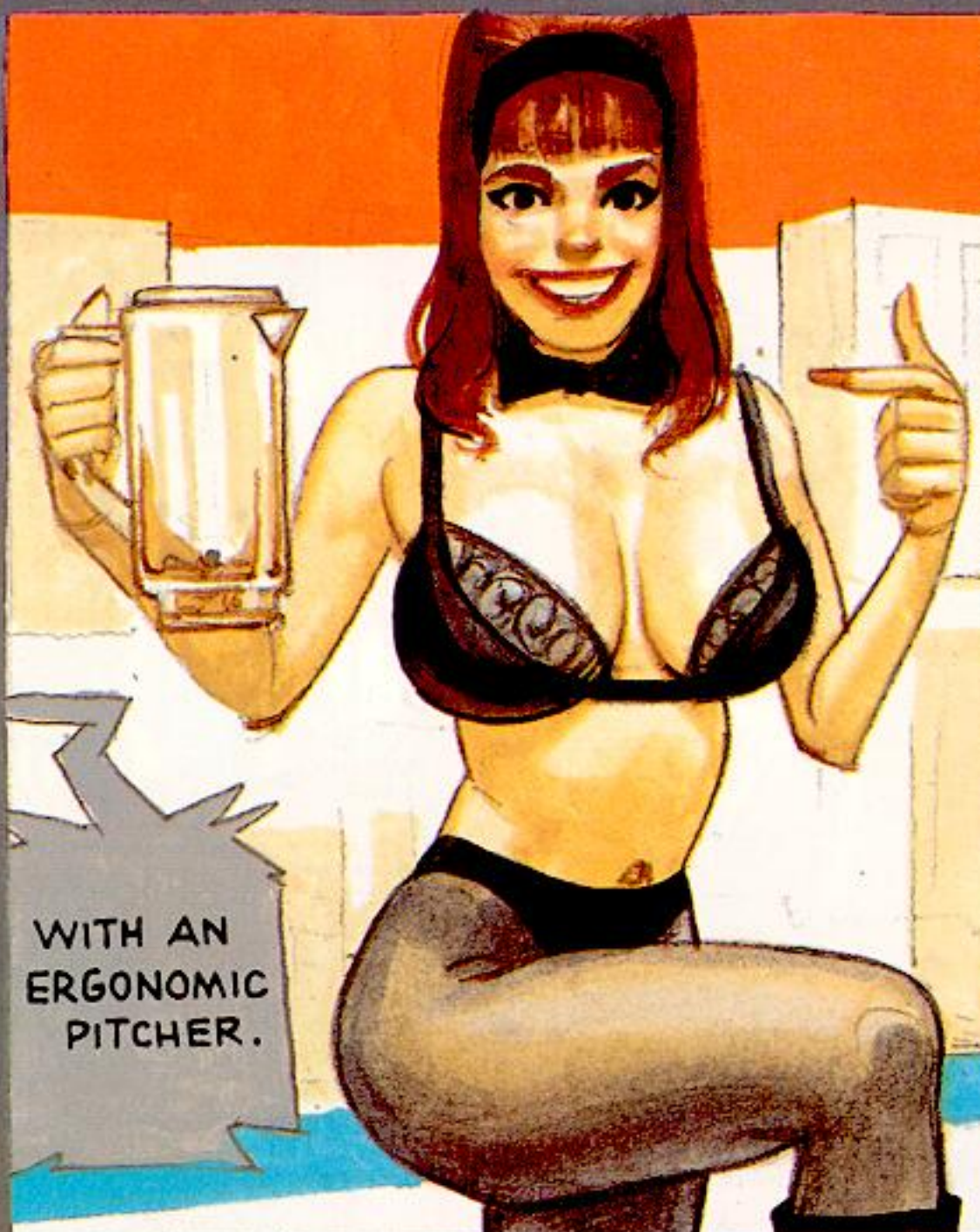
AND IF YOU SCORE 1,500
POINTS, YOU'LL TAKE
HOME THIS
SPECTACULAR...



...BLENDER!



WITH AN
ERGONOMIC
PITCHER.



MADE OF KEVLAR,
A MATERIAL THAT'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE...
BUT SOFT TO THE
TOUCH.



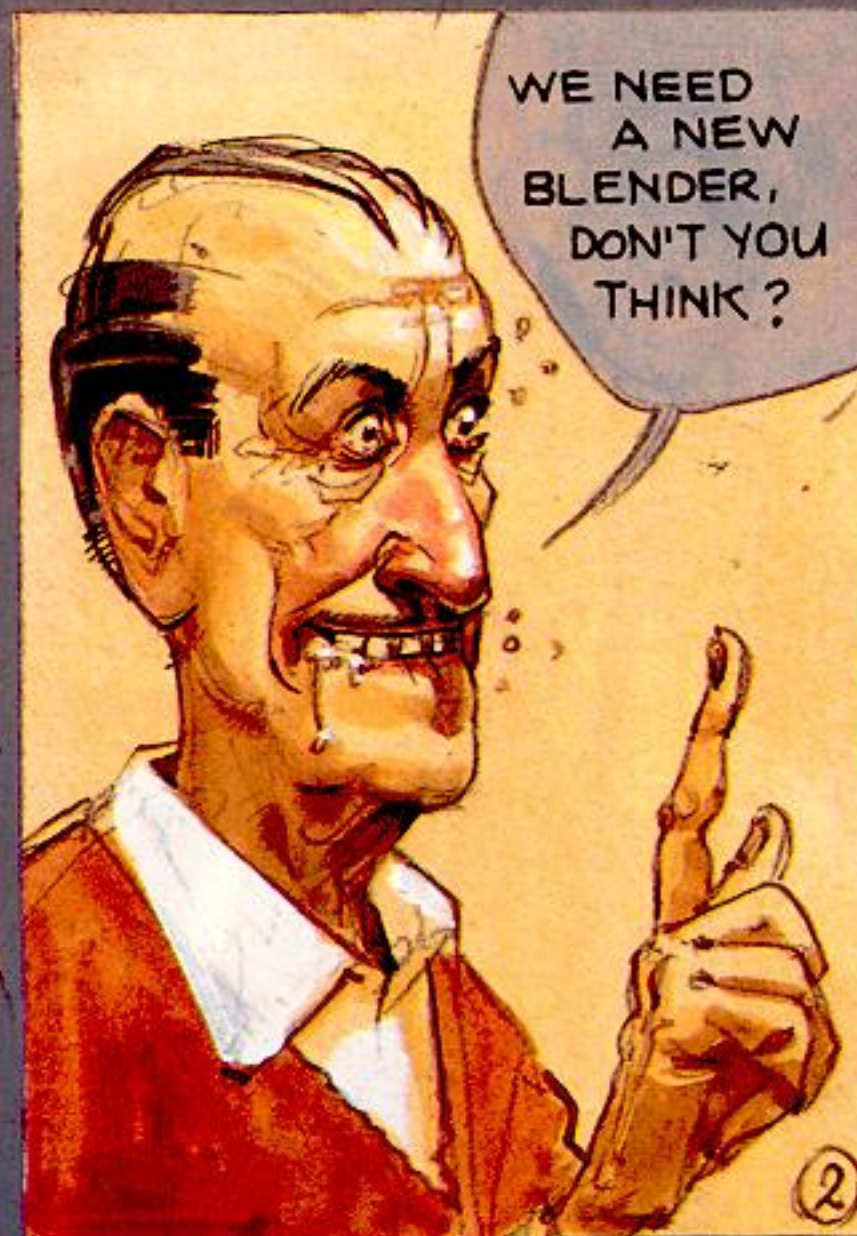
THE ONLY KIND
WITH A SELF-
CLEANING
SYSTEM.



AND FIFTEEN
BLENDING SPEEDS!
THANKS A LOT,
KARENNA!



WE NEED
A NEW
BLENDER,
DON'T YOU
THINK?





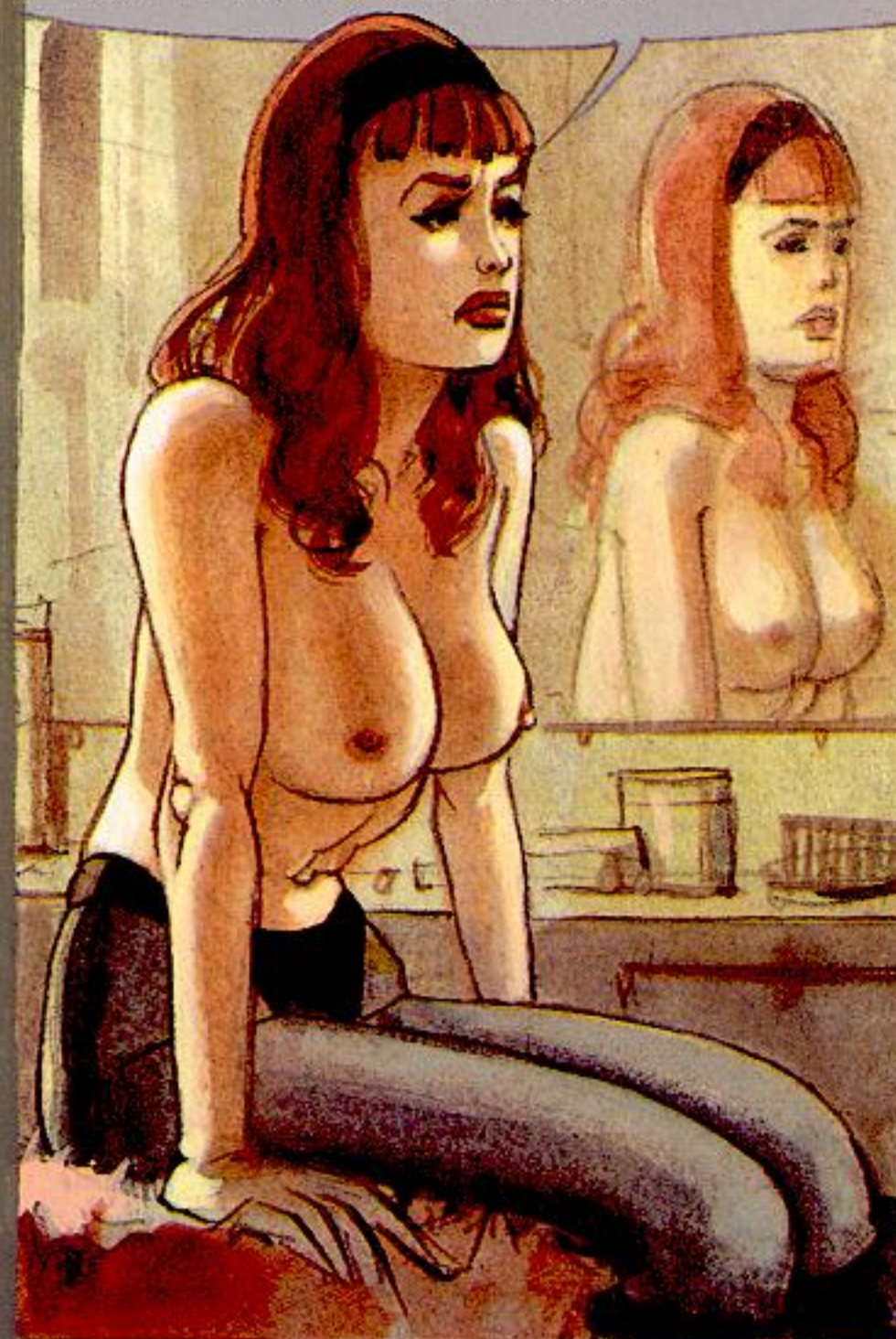
SNIF...
WHAT A SHITTY
WORLD... DO I
HAVE TO SPEND
MY LIFE HUGGING
BLENDERS,
STROKING
TEAPOTS AND
FONDLING
MIXERS?

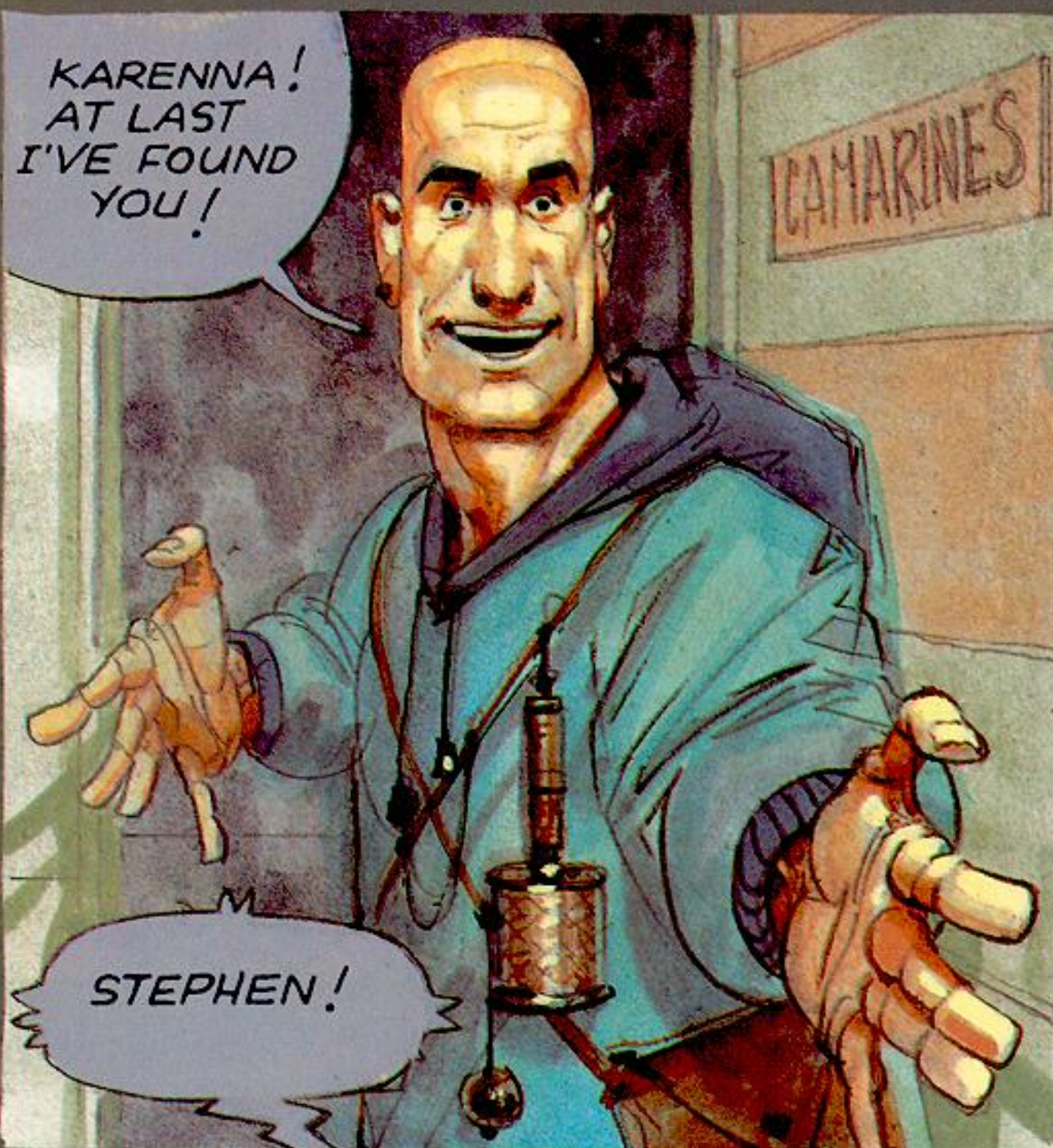
WHY ALL THE EFFORT TO BE
PRETTY? JUST TO MAKE AN ELECTRIC
FAN DESIRABLE? MAYBE I'M
BEAUTIFUL ONLY SO I CAN BEAUTIFY
APPLIANCES. TO GLORIFY THEM
WITH MY PRESENCE, APPROACHING
THEM, RUBBING AGAINST THEM,
BEING NEXT TO THEM.



MAYBE I'M NOTHING MORE THAN AN APPLIANCE MYSELF. THE
OBSCENE EXTENSION OF THE PRODUCTS I PRESENT, A DETAIL
OF DESIGN TO EXCITE PEOPLE'S WALLETS. THE COOCHEE OF
HOUSEWARES! THE DAMN PUSSY OF THINGS! THE NECESSARY
HOLE FOR MISERABLE CONSUMERS TO STICK THEIR
MERCHANDISE IN AND FILL UP WITH THEIR MONETARY
EJACULATIONS!

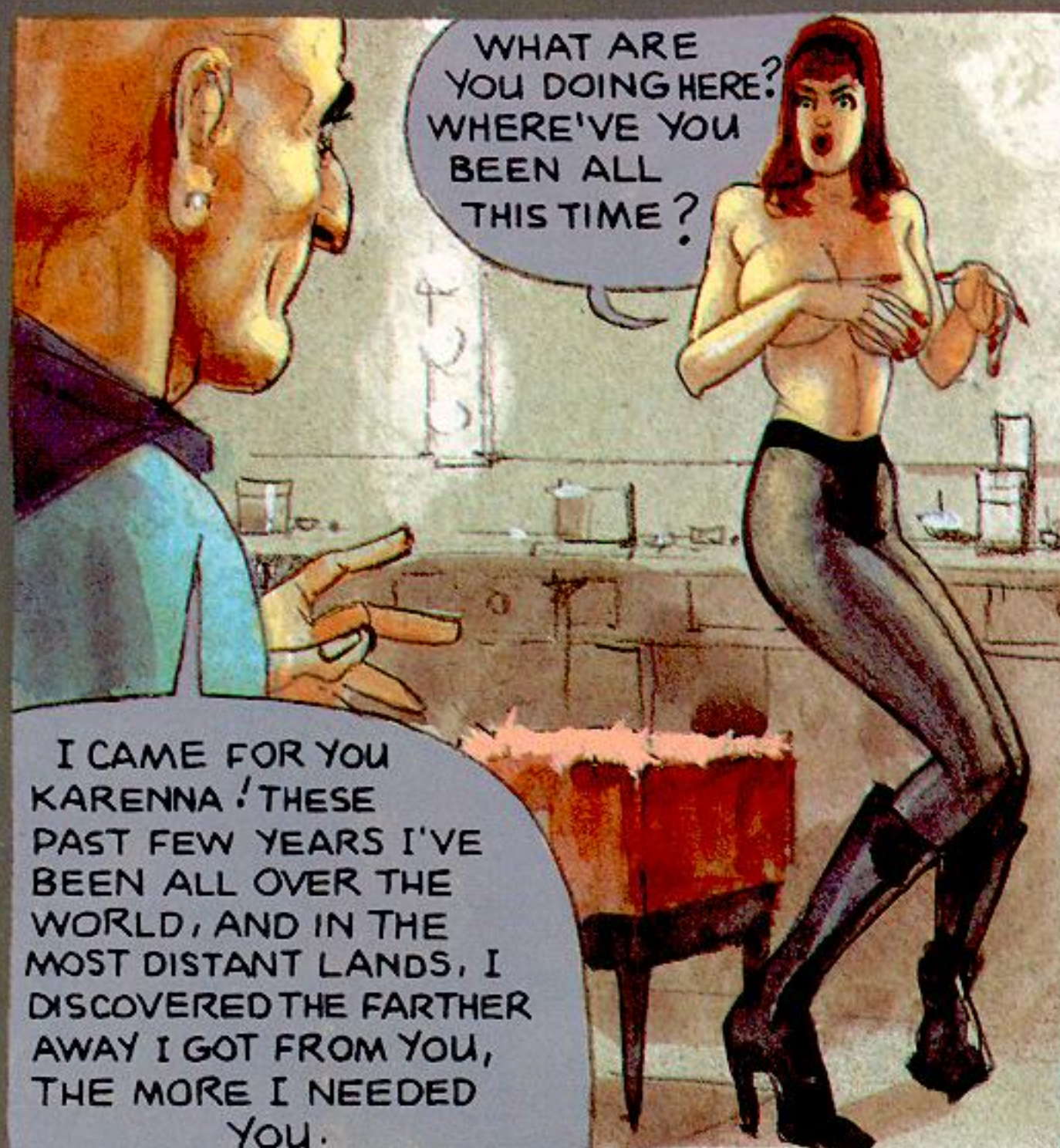
SNIFF... I NEED TO GET A GRIP. MAYBE
THAT'S WHAT I DESERVE.





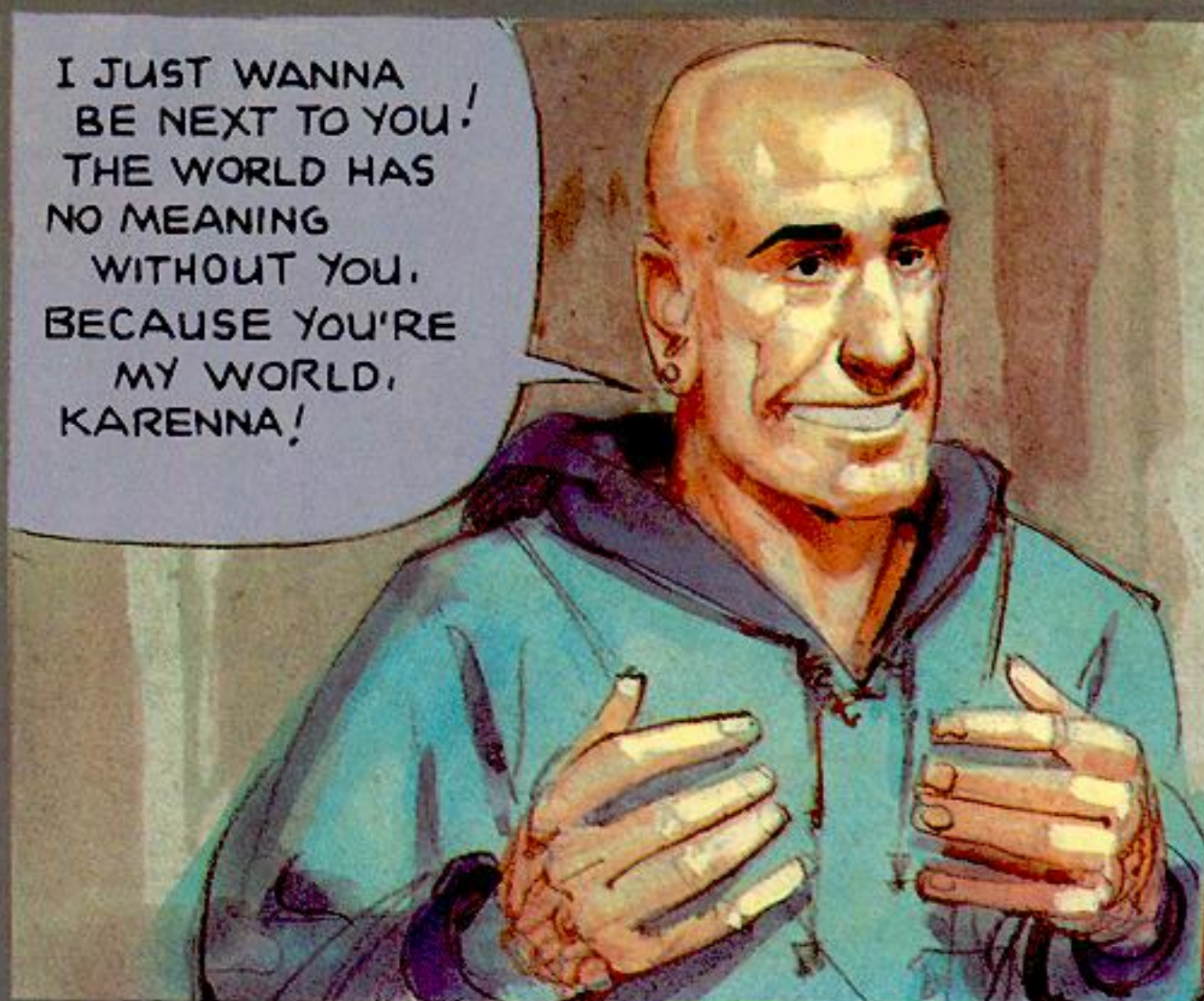
KARENNA!
AT LAST
I'VE FOUND
YOU!

STEPHEN!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
WHERE'VE YOU
BEEN ALL
THIS TIME?

I CAME FOR YOU
KARENNA! THESE
PAST FEW YEARS I'VE
BEEN ALL OVER THE
WORLD, AND IN THE
MOST DISTANT LANDS, I
DISCOVERED THE FARTHER
AWAY I GOT FROM YOU,
THE MORE I NEEDED
YOU.



I JUST WANNA
BE NEXT TO YOU!
THE WORLD HAS
NO MEANING
WITHOUT YOU.
BECAUSE YOU'RE
MY WORLD,
KARENNA!



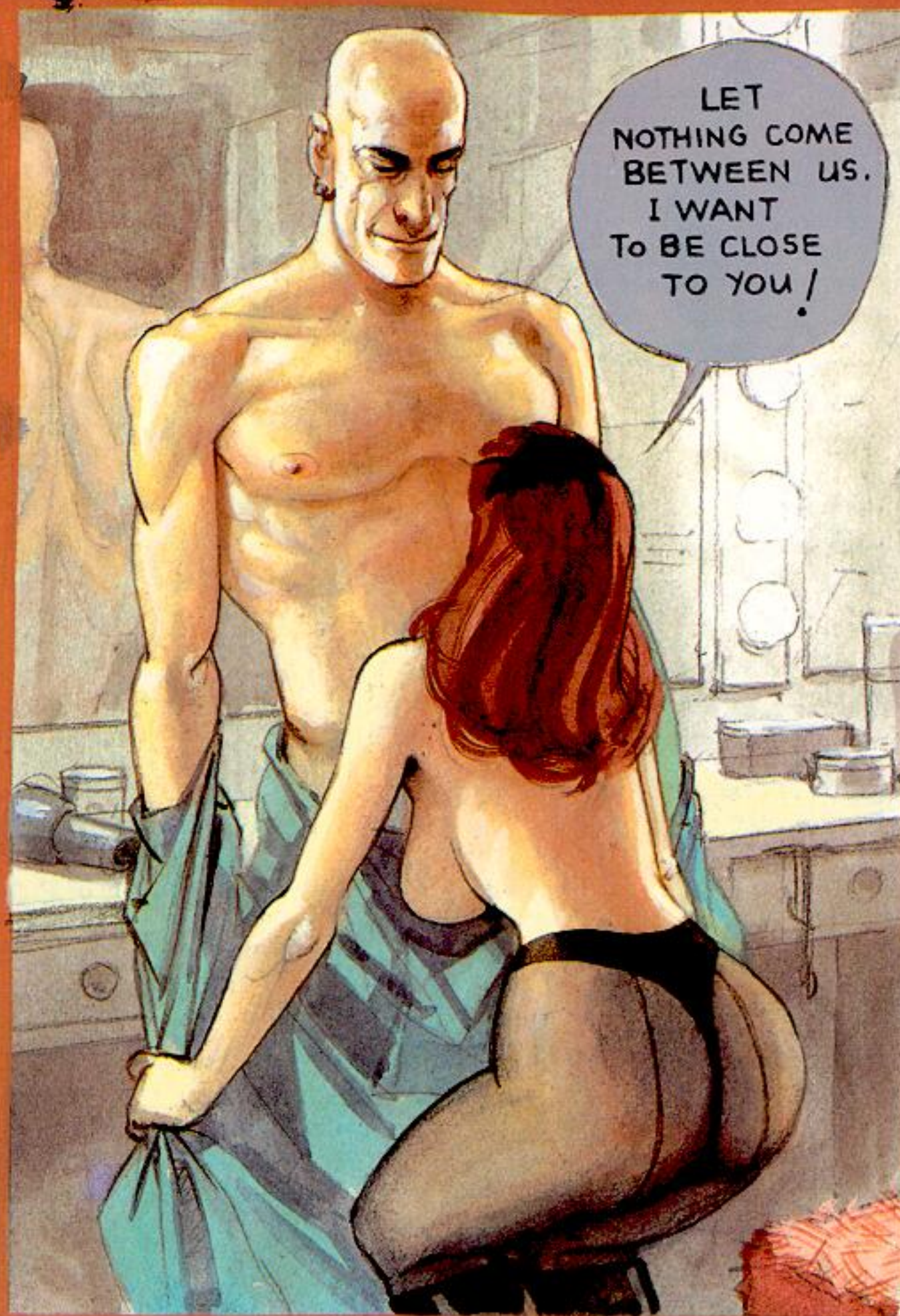
OH, STEPHEN!
BEING NEXT TO
THINGS IS MY
DESTINY, BUT
UNTIL TODAY,
I'VE ONLY BEEN
INDIFFERENT.

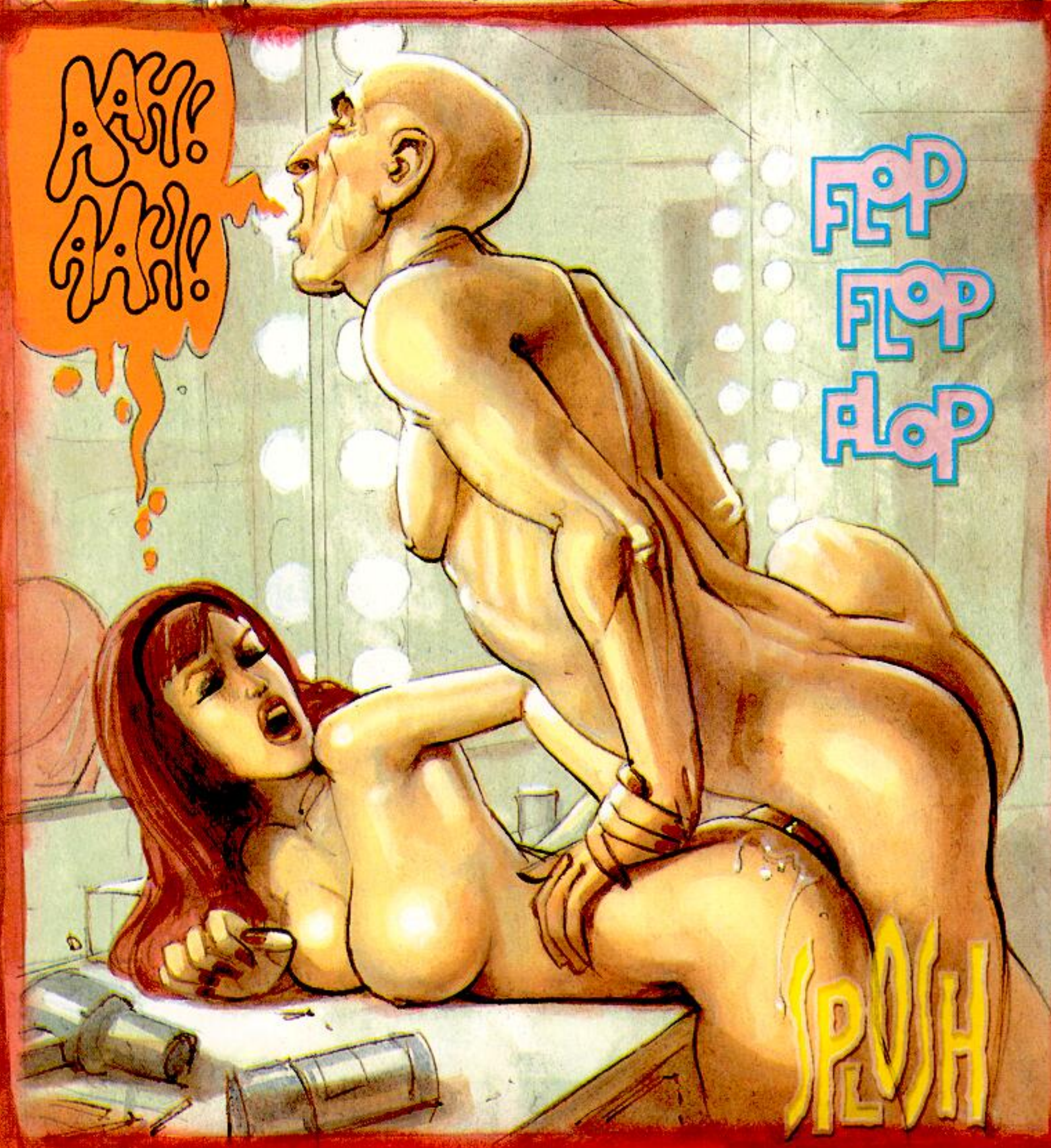


MY LOVE!
LET ME IN AND
MAKE ME YOUR
WORLD!
THAT'S ALL
I WANT!

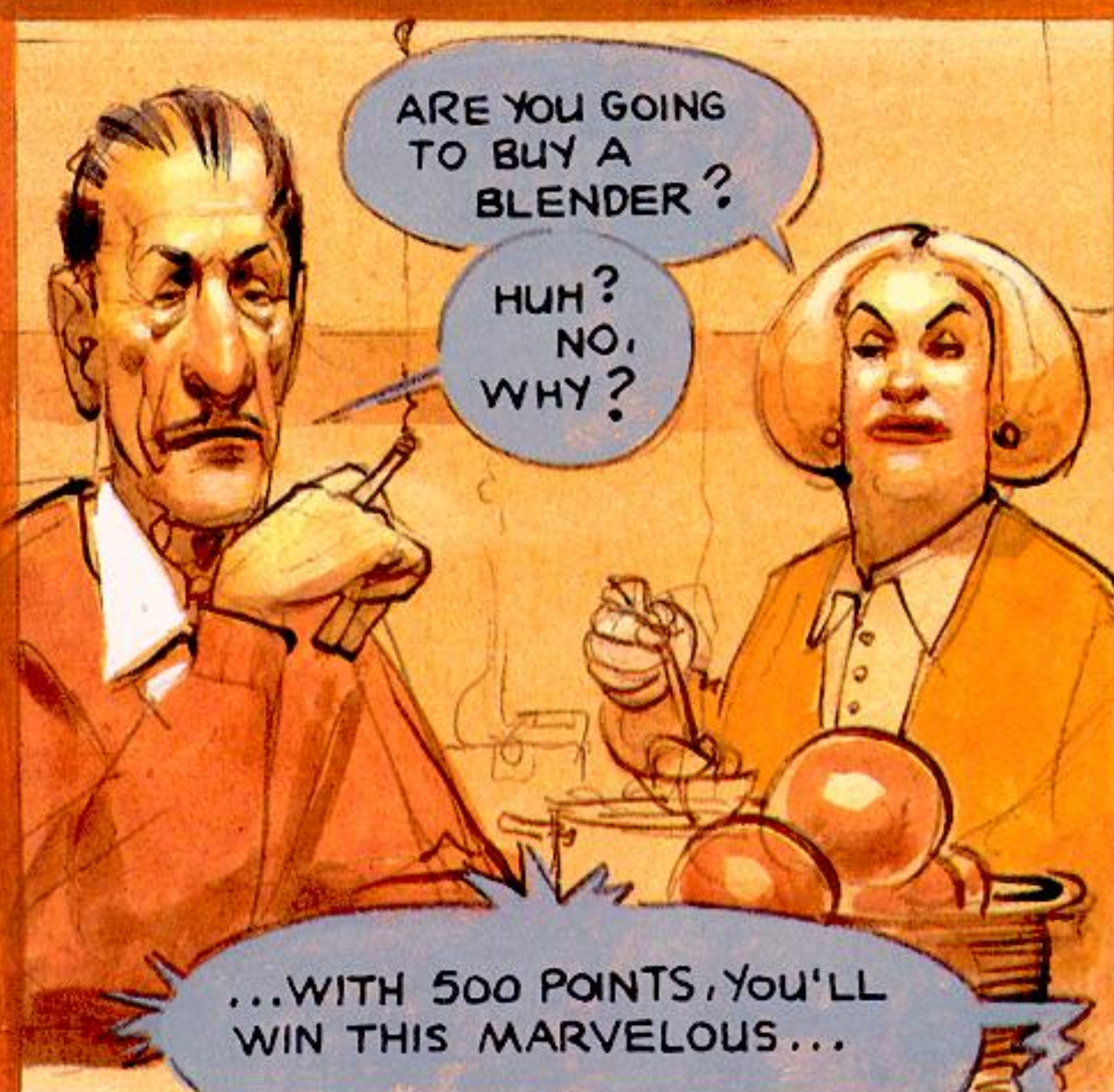
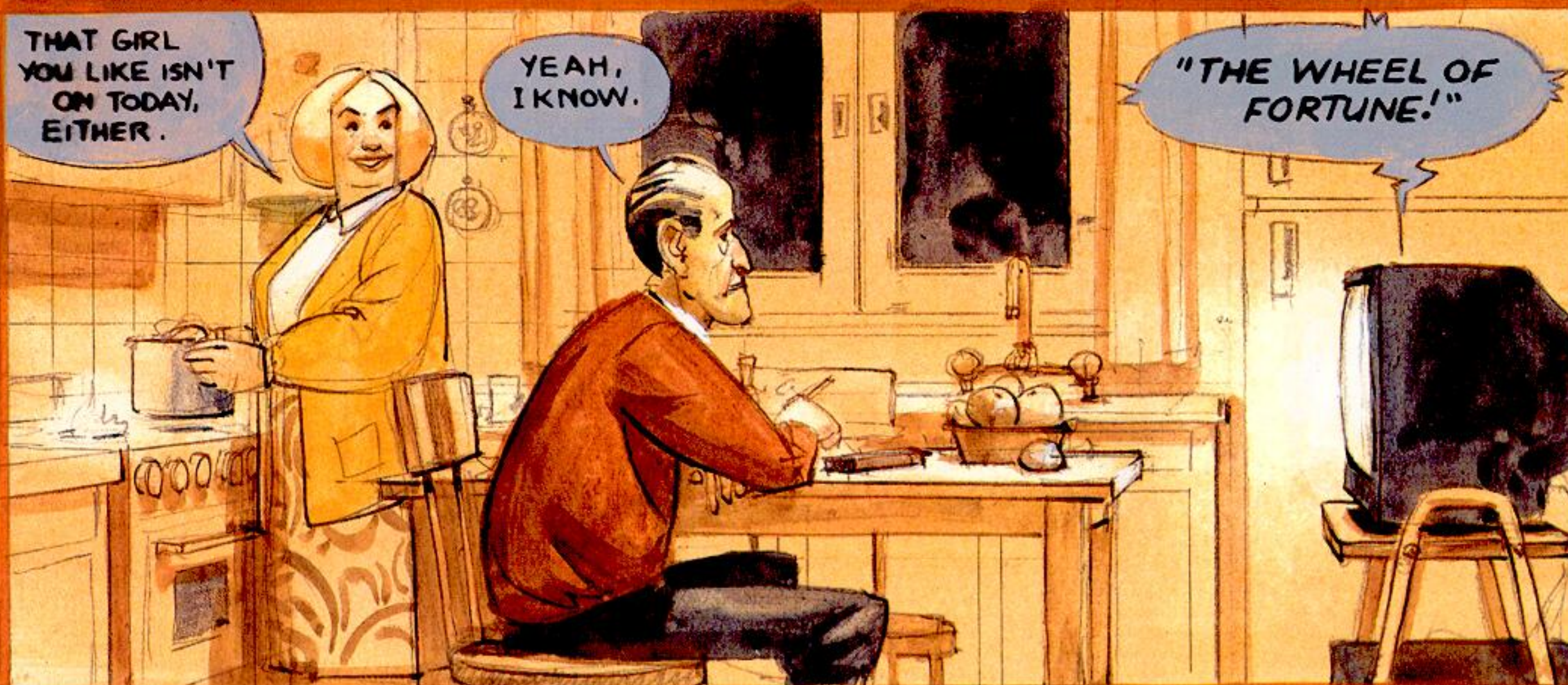


WE'LL BE
TOGETHER,
TWO AS
ONE.











THANKS TO ALL TO MY FANS!!!
THANK YOU!!

LOLITA

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"CLORY"
CLORY

FAR OUT, GIRL!! LOOK WHAT IT SAYS IN THE PAPER!

...TELL ME, SUGAR, TELL ME...

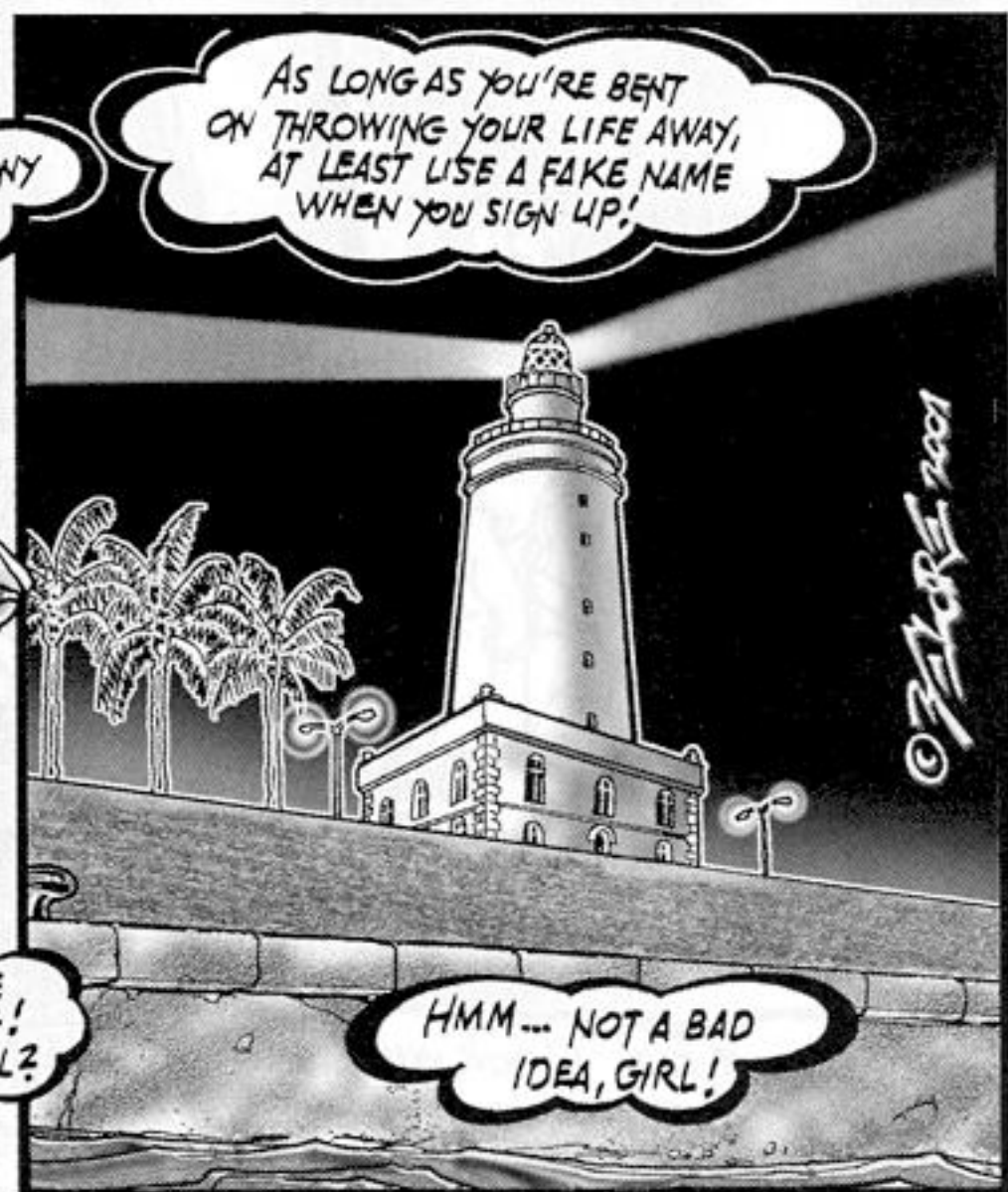


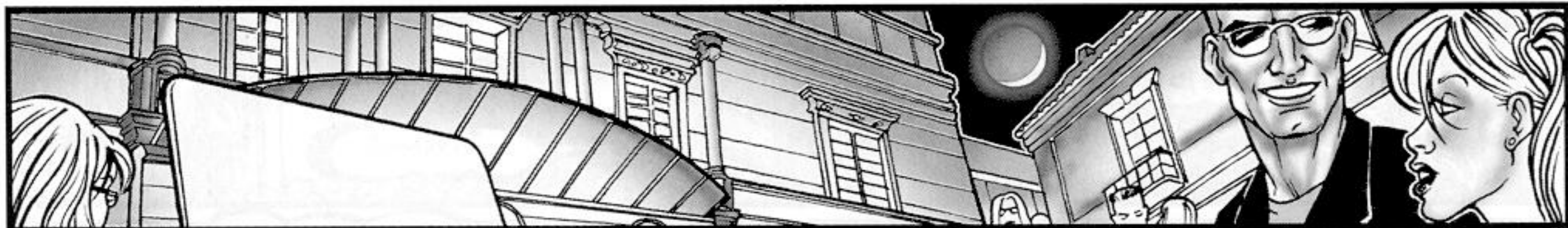
THEY'RE RUNNING A CONTEST FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS-GIRLS AND GUYS!! SOMETHING LIKE "MISS AND MISTER UNIVERSITY"!

A BEAUTY PAGEANT? JUST WHAT YOU NEED!

AND... "UNIVERSITY"!

I THINK YOU'RE FORGETTING ONE LITTLE THING...





HA! I MADE IT TO THE FINALS ON PURE "CHEEK"!

Hihi, PENELOPE!

How's it going, MARTHA?

SLUT!

ENVOIOUS BITCH!



THESE TWO ARE ALSO IN THE FINALS? WISH THEY'D GET LOST.

STILL... THE BLOND'S GOT QUITE A BOD!



BET HE'S GOT A HEFTY COCK...



...OK GIRLS, FIRST THE BOYS GO OUT AND THEN YOU. THEY'LL TELL YOU WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN...

...REMEMBER: ONE BY ONE, WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NAME...



I'M WEARING IVAN DE LA VENTA! WELL MINE IS DYOR! OOO, NICE... BUT THEY'RE NOT WEARING VELVET MUCH THIS SEASON.

No?



HEY, PENELOPE... ISN'T THAT NUMBER A BIT DARING?

IT'S ONE OF A KIND. I DESIGNED IT TOGETHER WITH MY BUDDY... GOLTIER!

HA!



WHAT-DO-YOU-THINK!

V-VERY CUTE...



FIVE MINUTES GIRLS!

FWAH!

OK, DUDE! NO PEEPING! C'MERE STUD! CLOSE THAT DOOR! PIG!



I KNOW THE BOYS HAVE SCORED A BIG HIT WITH THE FEMALE FANS, AND SOME OF THE MALE ONES!

STUDS!

BEEFCAKE!!

YOO HOO, BUTTERCUP!

LIP YOURS, ASSHOLE!

HWAH, HWAH!

HA-HA-HA!

AND NOW... IT'S THE GIRLS' TURN!!

OH, YEAH!!

LET 'EM LOOSE!!









J- JOHNNY... ARE WE TURNING INTO B-BISEXUALS ?!

H-HOW DO I KNOW, MAN... !! DON'T KNOW IF THIS WILD WOMAN IS FUCKING ME...OR RAPING ME... OOH !!

HEY... TALK LESS AND MOVE THAT COCK FASTER. DON'T GET DISTRACTED!

P- PENELOPE, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, I'D HAVE MISSED THE PARTY!!! THANKS !!

UUMMM!! MY PLEASURE, MRS. CLARK... ENJOY YOURSELF!

I- I'M AG-DC!

I OWE YOU ONE, BEAUTIFUL !!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, PRESIDENT!

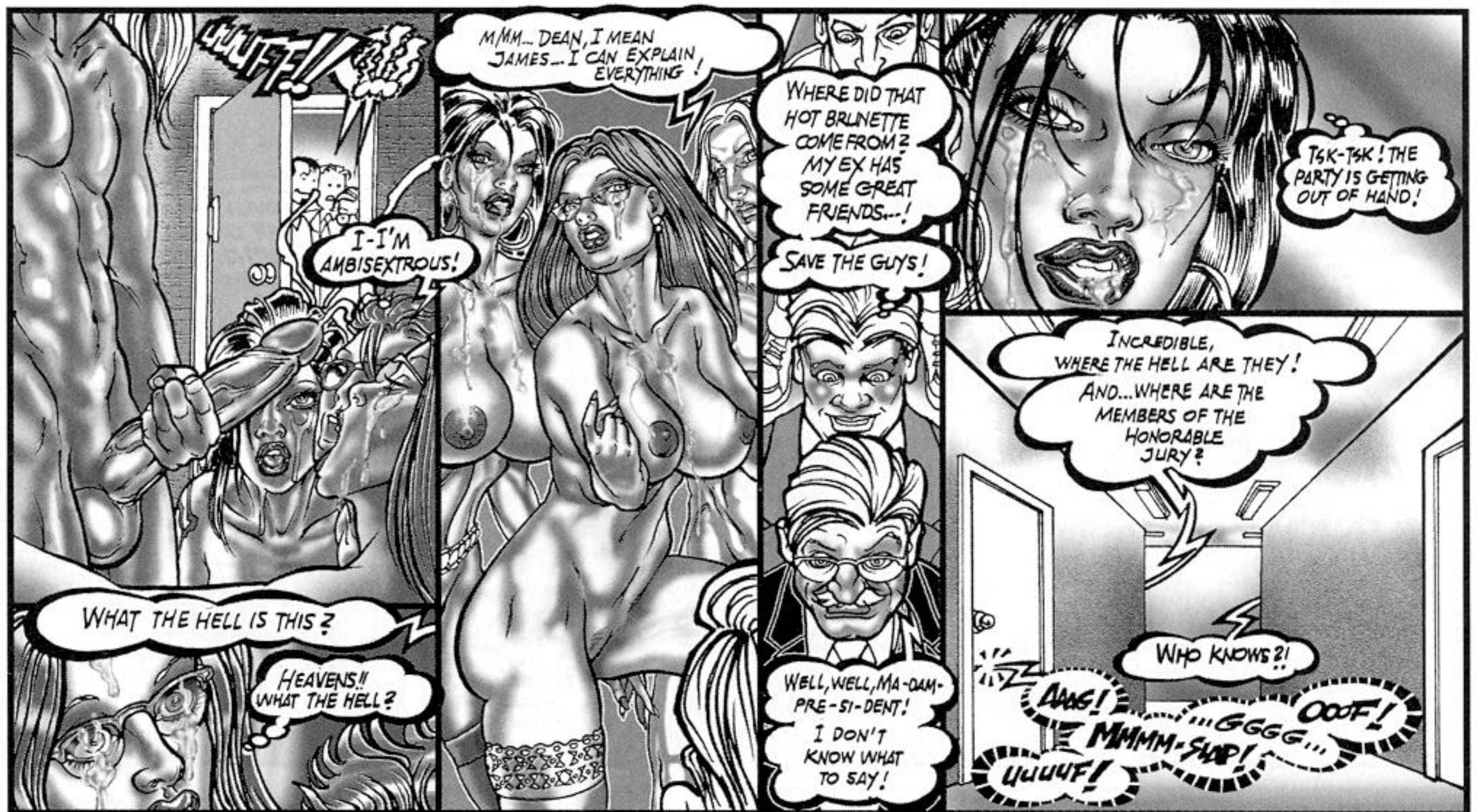
MMMMM!! YOU'RE A VERY BAD GIRL !!

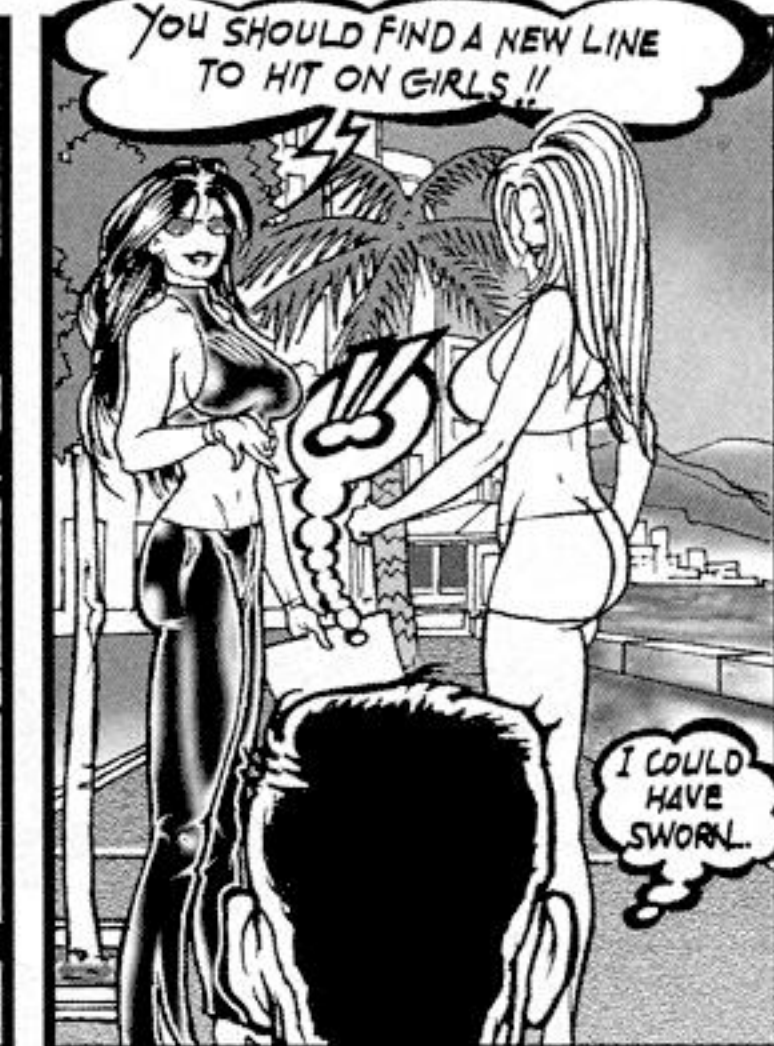
W-WHAT NERVE! HOW ABOUT US ?!

HUH?! CLOSE YOUR MOUTH AND WAG THAT DICK... THEN WE'LL SEE!

SHUT UP AND FUCK, ASSHOLE !!

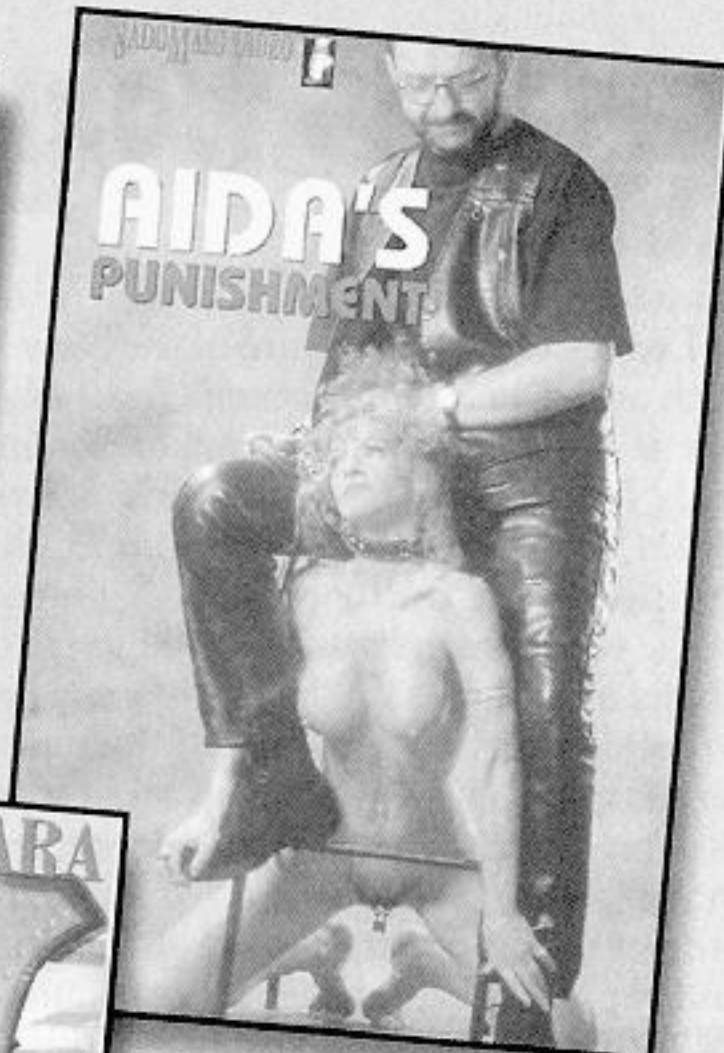
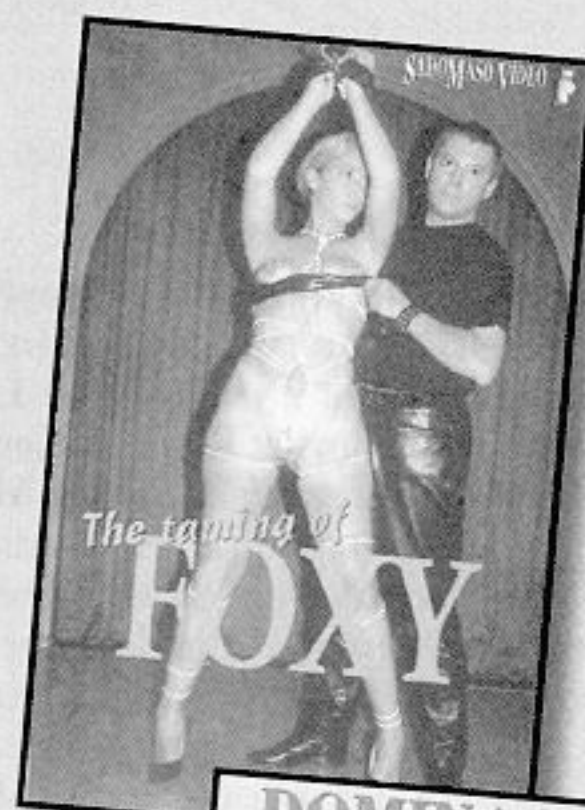
O-OK.





Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



THE VIRTUES OF RETROSEX

Without even logging off, we can find plenty of goodies from within our computer. At **Retroraunch** and **Retrobabes**, you can find old-timey sex, brazen ladies in black and white, in short, a tasty visual history so old they've exceeded copyright dates. You can subscribe, but if you aren't interested, the little welcome tour is well worth a trip to the site in and of itself. These days, when spectator sex is a matter of merchandising, glamour, full-on shavings, make-up and surgery, natural body parts and un-retouched photos are more appealing than ever. Ah, the people who put together the pages decline any responsibility for any effects one of their compromising photos of ladies of days past might have on their viewers. Pour yourself a glass of barrel-aged whisky, put a 30's ragtime album on your record player, log on to the following sites and get your spirits ready for a stupendous session of good old-fashioned sin.

www.retrobabes.com
www.retroraunch.com

A MAN OF ALL WORLDS

Jose María Ponce is one of the key names that come up when you're talking about Spanish porn. Editor of magazines and director of adult cinema, this man has, for a while, been focusing his attention and creative energy on sadomasochistically themed work, creating a figure of literary proportions for himself. If anyone wants to see him giving someone a wailing that makes **Bud Spencer** look pale in comparison, they should get their hands on a copy of *Aida's Punishment*. In this modest film edited by SadoMaso Video, Ponce takes his willing slave to task with locks, riding crops, clothespins, ties, padlocks, weights, and whips (it's brilliant when he orders his slave to smile). This edition of the film is complemented by two more, also directed by Ponce, but in which he doesn't star, titled *Underfoot* and *The Taming of Foxy*. Open your mind and don't be scared to have a good look around.

AIDA'S PUNISHMENT
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THE WILD WORLD OF LYDIA LUNCH

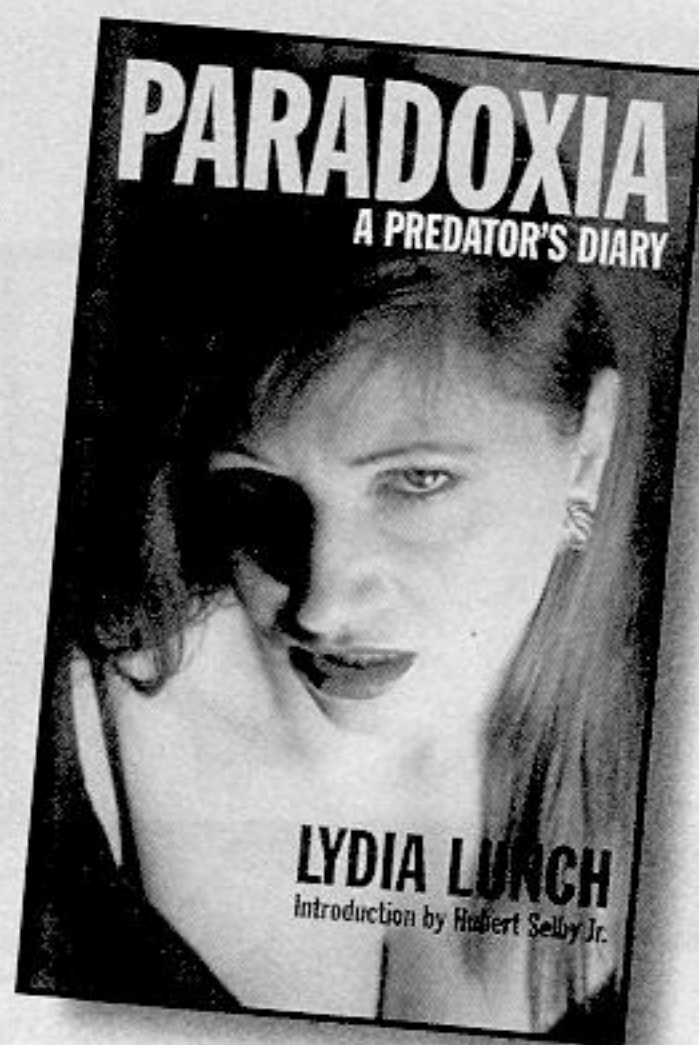
Paradoxia, A Predator's Diary, is the title of the fictional autobiography of Lydia Lunch, cult figure of the New York music scene, thanks to bands such as *Beirut Slump*, *Teenage Jesus & The Jerks*, *Eight-Eye Spy* or *13.13*. She is also known as the muse of the underground films of Richard Kern and Nick Zedd (*The Wild World of Lydia Lunch*, *The Right Side of My Brain*, *Fingered*), and as a performer, photographer and multimedia artist. Lunch's road to the top wasn't what one could describe as paved with roses, as she recounts in *Paradoxia*. The book doesn't necessarily stimulate one's libido, although it is filled with many passages dedicated to the narration of sexual experiences, some of them not exactly normal. The writing is a bit dramatic, but is also plain and clear and does not, as one might fear, take on a victimistic tone, nor does it show any sort of shame. At all times in her book, Lunch tells it like it is. "No names have been changed to protect the innocent. They're all fucking guilty." A lot of drugs, rock 'n' roll and depraved, cannibalistic, brutal, untamed sex. Powerful, bold graphics.

PARADOXIA. A PREDATOR'S DIARY.

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OLD-STYLE SWEETS

Cheesecake, just like the pastry, was the word that North Americans on their return from the Second World War in the early fifties, used to refer to photos of naked girls- the pin-ups that decorated their gloomy barracks walls. After the war, these brave men, used to their ration of paper love, kept on ordering, through mail or through adult bookshops, those little packages which offered for a dollar or two, dozens of images destined to keep them company on solitary nights. The business prospered throughout the fifties, and demand increased to include a multitude of publications such as *Rogue*, *Confidential*, *Duke*, and others whose pages were similarly dedicated to the phenomenon of cheesecake. Some of the models went on to gain legendary status for their "artistic" contributions, or rather, for their plainly evident physical gifts. Girls such as *Tempest Storm*, *Candy Barr*, the infamous *Blaze Starr* and the legendary *Betty Page* graced those pages. Nonetheless, most of the girls who posed did so to escape the drag of everyday life. These girls and ladies who undressed before the camera and smiled slyly and shyly, clumsily and classily, were housewives, nurses, phone operators, and secretaries satisfying their exhibitionistic urges and rounding out their bank accounts. These are the girls of unpublished pleasures of the flesh, of intense or nonexistent sensuality, of exotic attributes with natural or ambiguous expressions on their faces who happily live on the almost eighty pages of *Cheesecake! The Rotenberg Collection*, an excellently edited gift/coffee-table photography book. A splendid volume, necessary addition to your smutty history collection, and great opportunity to warm up your walls any old winter.

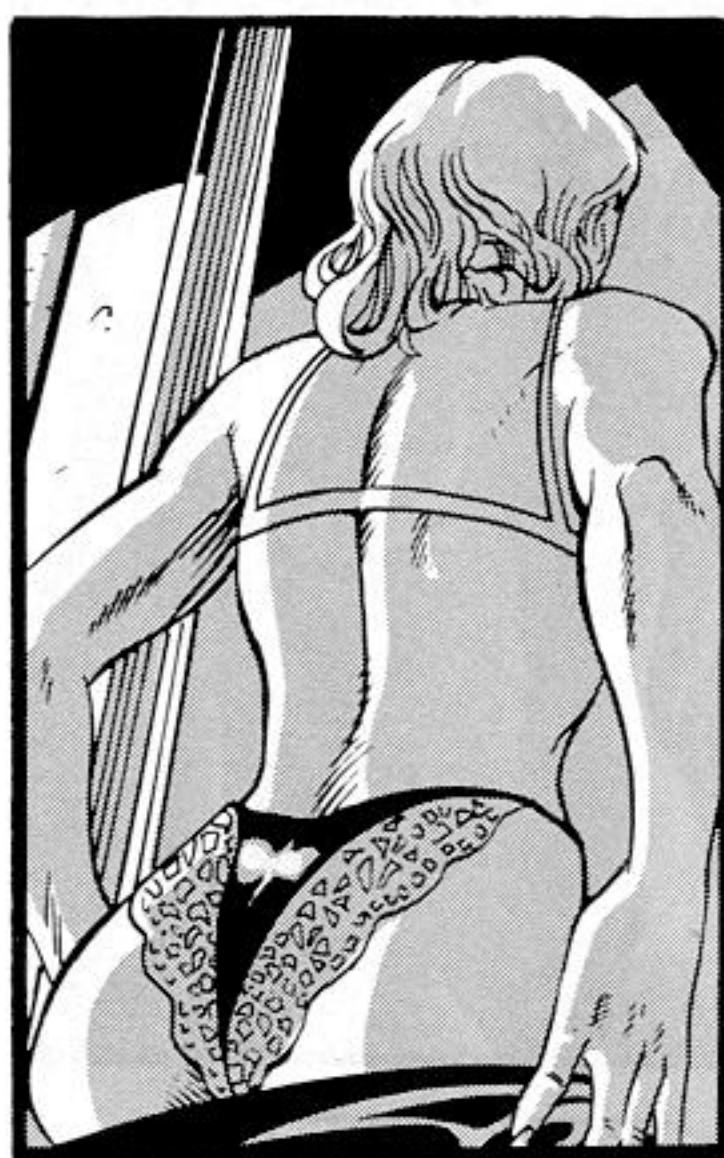
CHEESECAKE! THE ROTENBERG COLLECTION

Taschen

www.taschen.com



THREE VERY GOOD FRIENDS • by Messina



OOOH! WHAT A DAY AT THE OFFICE! IT STARTED ALL WRONG AND WOUND UP EVEN WORSE!



FORTUNATELY, THEY ARRIVED
LATER.



THEY SEEMED KIND OF
STRANGE AT FIRST... I CAN'T
EXPLAIN... KIND OF ECCENTRIC.



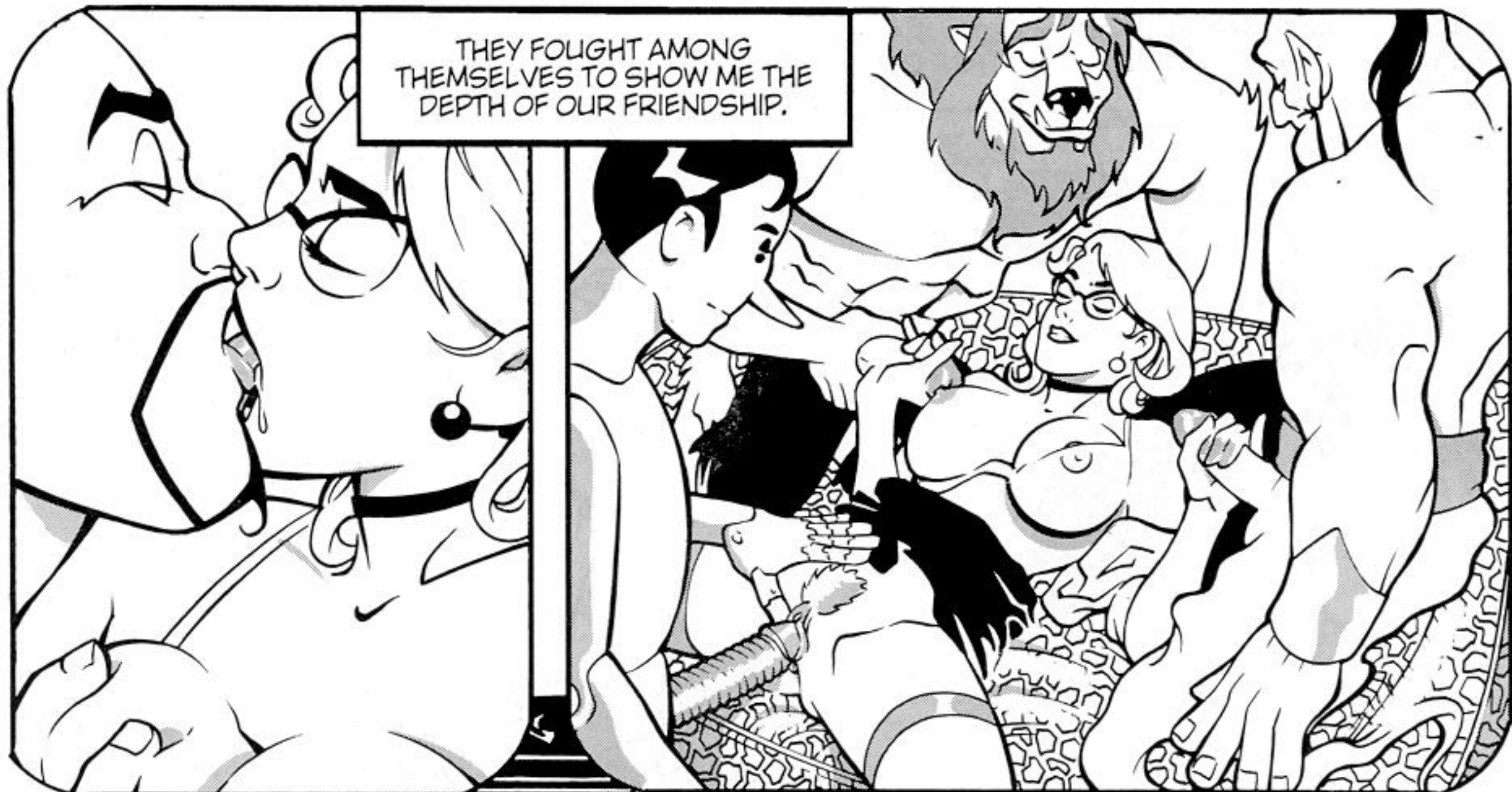
ONE THING LED TO
ANOTHER AND THEY WERE
JUST REALLY NICE, TOTALLY
ADORABLE!



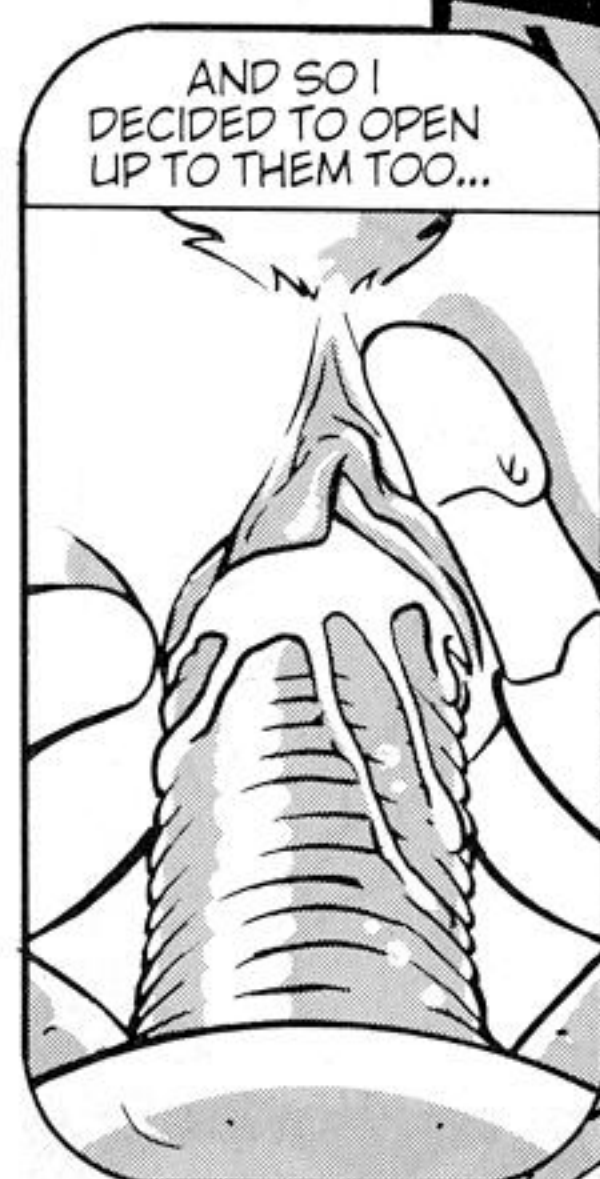
THE MORE WE TALKED, THE MORE
IT SEEMED LIKE WE WERE OLD,
I MEAN, INTIMATE FRIENDS!







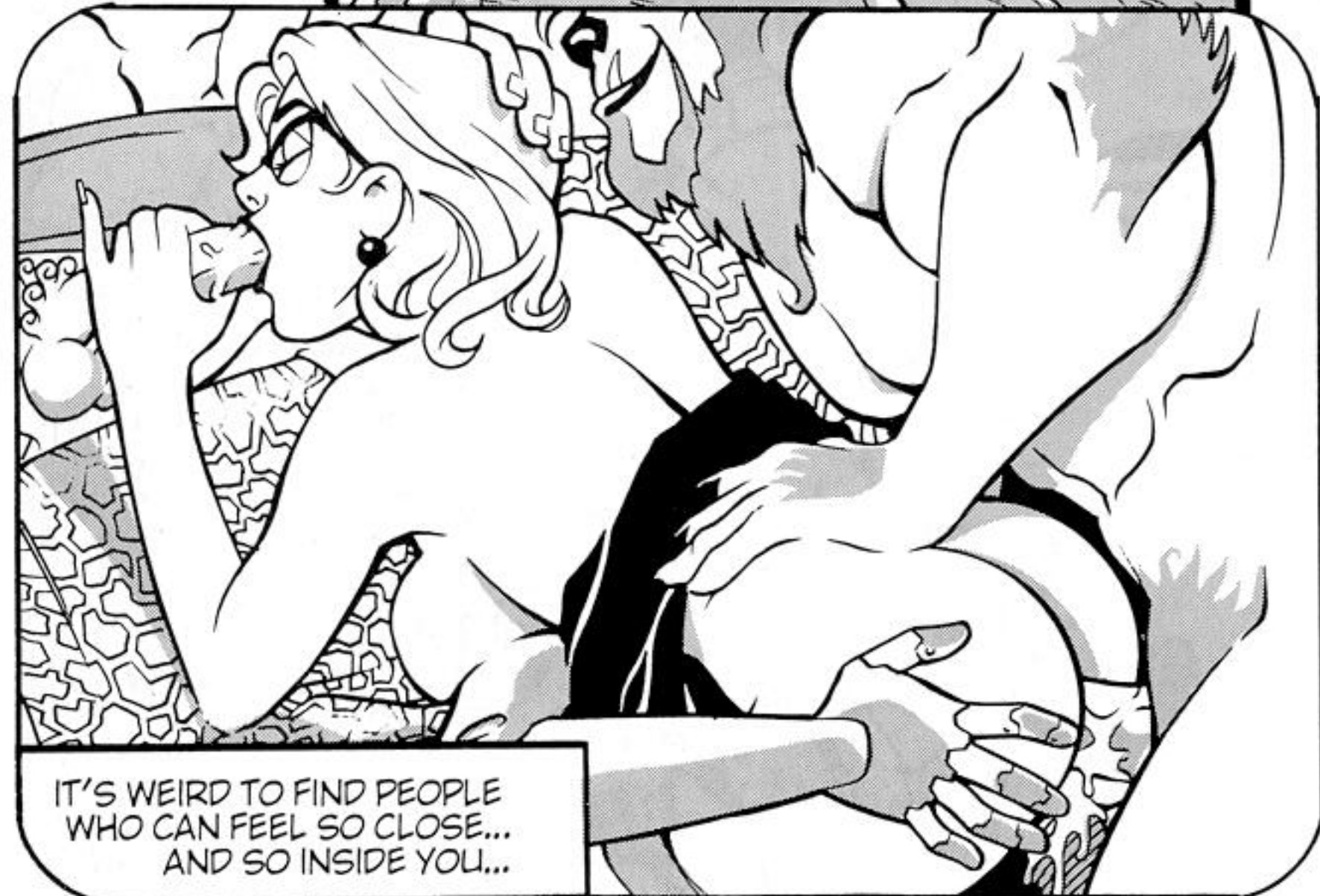
THEY FOUGHT AMONG
THEMSELVES TO SHOW ME THE
DEPTH OF OUR FRIENDSHIP.



AND SO I
DECIDED TO OPEN
UP TO THEM TOO...



YESS!
I WANT ALL OF IT!
ALL THE WAY!
MMM!



IT'S WEIRD TO FIND PEOPLE
WHO CAN FEEL SO CLOSE...
AND SO INSIDE YOU...



AAAH! YES!
ALL THREE INSIDE ME!



AND CONTINUING SO
FINELY TUNED-IN TO EACH OTHER...
SO COMPLETELY IN HARMONY...



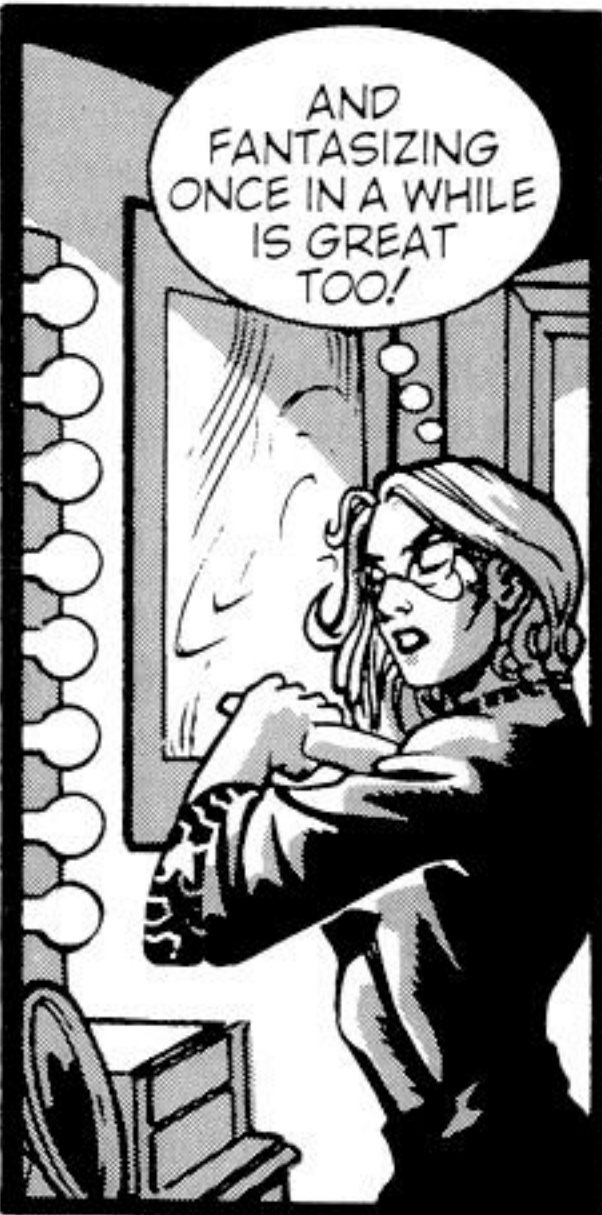
WE ARRIVED,
IN UNISON, AT THE SAME
CONCLUSION.



AAH! MAKING NEW FRIENDS
IS SO GREAT! MMM!



AND
FANTASIZING
ONCE IN A WHILE
IS GREAT
TOO!



OH NO!
I TOLD THAT
GENIE- NO
HICKEYS!!



THE END

Britney Speared

"Oops! ...I did her again".
Frankie Nitti

-Is that you, Frankie...?
-Yes, Maxwell, it's me, all right.
-I knew that you'd left, but I didn't know you'd come back to California. How're things going with your sister?
-Uhhh... Well, fine, but then we had a little problem, if you will. Right now I'm staying at a hotel in Van Nuys, just temporarily.
-You'll never change, Frankie. I suppose you're not just calling to say hello.
-Well, I am calling you to say hi, and also to see if you're still working as the spokesperson for that soft drink company...
-Yep, I still am. I don't know what you're up to, but I hope it doesn't have anything to do with that...
-Come on, Max, it's only a small favor...
-Jesus Christ, Frankie, you'll never change...

A gorilla dressed up as a tourist in Hawaii opened the door. He didn't seem to respond to my name and job title. He only stood there, looking at me the way one might stare at a roach.

-It's okay, Mason. We were expecting him.
The sun was beating down hard that afternoon in Malibu, so I thanked, from the bottom of my heart, the tall guy with a quick smile who let me in. After a brief handshake and a tight smile that bared his meaty gums capped by small, gapped teeth, he accompanied me to the shadowy, air-conditioned interior.

-You must be Richie.
-Exactly. And you...pardon me, I've forgotten your name...
-Percy Wolfe.
-That's right. Percy... That's quite a name, if I may say so. -and later, with undisguised curiosity- Do you usually do these kinds of things often? I mean...

-Huh? Oh, no, this is an exceptional case. My office is in Beverly Hills and my work is really quite monotonous, I can assure you.

-All right -he continued, walking with me to a cool living room big enough for me have installed a golf course inside of- I suppose you must be a genius at what you do, for Peppy Cola to give you these responsibilities. Your PR man told me that he's on his way. Have a seat, please. Would you like a drink? A Peppy? -he said jokingly.

-No, thanks. The sooner we get this done, the better - I said, while I opened my briefcase.

-Okay, I'll go get her. Britney must be playing with her computer.

Richie left through a door at the end of the room. That gave me time to take a look at the giant walls, covered with a huge collection of

teddy bears (I recognized the famous figure from her last cover of Vanity Fair), and to prepare everything. I thought I heard the murmurs of a conversation, and the screeches of a high-pitched voice. On the other side of the large window, Mason stood guard. I closed the Venetian blinds and turned on all the lights in the den. We were going to need as much light as possible.

-You're the fucking doctor?
I turned around. There in front of me: Britney, the most famous teen singer of the moment. Recently turned nineteen, three CDs on the market, more than twenty million records sold worldwide. A goddamn little kid.

-Gynecologist, if you don't mind.
-I always thought this part of the contract was stupid.

She was wearing simple leggings with the Simpsons on them, which I wasn't sure would make my job harder or not, and a white top. She had a look on her face that had the kind of spoiled rich girl haughtiness I'd expected, but at the same time, there was a certain premature melancholy to her that reminded me of Marilyn.

-Lie down on the sofa, please.-I had her get in a position that would allow me to examine her.-With the cushions underneath the small of your back.

-The small of my back? -She had a look on her face that said "Where did this old geezer come from?" But she put her bubble butt on the couch and got in a horizontal position, with the cushions under her back.

-Is this all really necessary? My word isn't enough?

-You know it's not -I responded, while I slipped my right hand into a transparent plastic glove. -The procedure requires a manual exam. The Peppy people insist: you have to stay a virgin until you're of legal age, 21, or your exclusive contract with them goes down the toilet.

I heard her sigh crossly and when I turned to her, she already had her leggings and a pair of pink panties down at her ankles, her legs bent double and separated. I was visibly alarmed.

-Do you have a boyfriend? -I asked her, to distract her from my blushing.

-My agent set me up with Brandon, from the Alley Kids. But really, all this precaution isn't necessary. I know I'm not going to make love until I'm 21.

-Hmm... You're a smart girl, huh? -her brown bush, carefully trimmed, contrasted with the pure whiteness of her crotch. Her pubic hair stopped right as her pussy began, where her fat, colored lips swelled. Her clitoris, which resembled the first joint of a pinky finger, stuck out impudently. Her pubic hair wasn't the same color as her blond hair. I stuck my fingers in some Vaseline, spreading it on them. Then I introduced both fingers into her very carefully.

-Ooh! -she exclaimed- Your fingers are cold. I felt my dick get hard right away. I started to move my fingers slowly in wide circles inside her pussy. I noticed Britney's cheeks start to go red, and a mild heat rising from her little body electrified the atmosphere between us.

-No... what are you doing? -she whispered.
-This is the quick method for checking the existence of your hymen. I have to produce vaginal juices to be able to tell better.

-Ah... -I didn't know if she was agreeing or moaning-. Yeah... Hmmm...

She writhed suddenly and she put her hand, flushed with cold, on mine.

-Your hand is so hot... -she murmured.

-I haven't found your hymen yet.

-I'll help you... -and she started to rub her clitty with rapid back and forth touches.

-I was very wet and I needed to air out my panties.

-Maybe I'll get you from behind... -I muttered, my mouth filled with drool.

With the other arm, I made her turn over, rotating herself around my fingers inside her pussy. She stretched out, her mouth downward, with a hand on her clitoris, the other grasping my wrist. With my free hand, I undid my zipper. I grabbed the Vaseline, spread it on my cock, and spread her ass cheeks, pushing my index finger all the way into her ass.

-Ooooooh... -she moaned with a guttural sound that reminded me of the moans on her records.

I pushed inside her, inside her tender, greedy ass. I felt the walls of her ass caress my cock, squeezing it like the way you'd milk a cow. I rode her hard, while my hand underneath felt under her top, testing the bounciness of her operated tits: they were hard and inflated like balloons.

-Ooooooh... -she moaned. Her hand tugged away even stronger and I saw that she came. A shriek suffocated by a cushion escaped her mouth. I took advantage of her momentary distraction to come. I couldn't resist the temptation of shooting half of my come on top of her chunky ass cheeks.

I got my things together without moving. I didn't look at her or say goodbye when I left the room, either.

-Luigi?

-Did you do it, Frankie?

-Yep: ten minutes of wild fucking with the virgin queen of pop.

-We can get at least twenty videos for the Internet out of that. We're gonna make a fortune.

-Whatever you say. She let me fuck her in the ass so I wouldn't tell.

-So you wouldn't tell what?

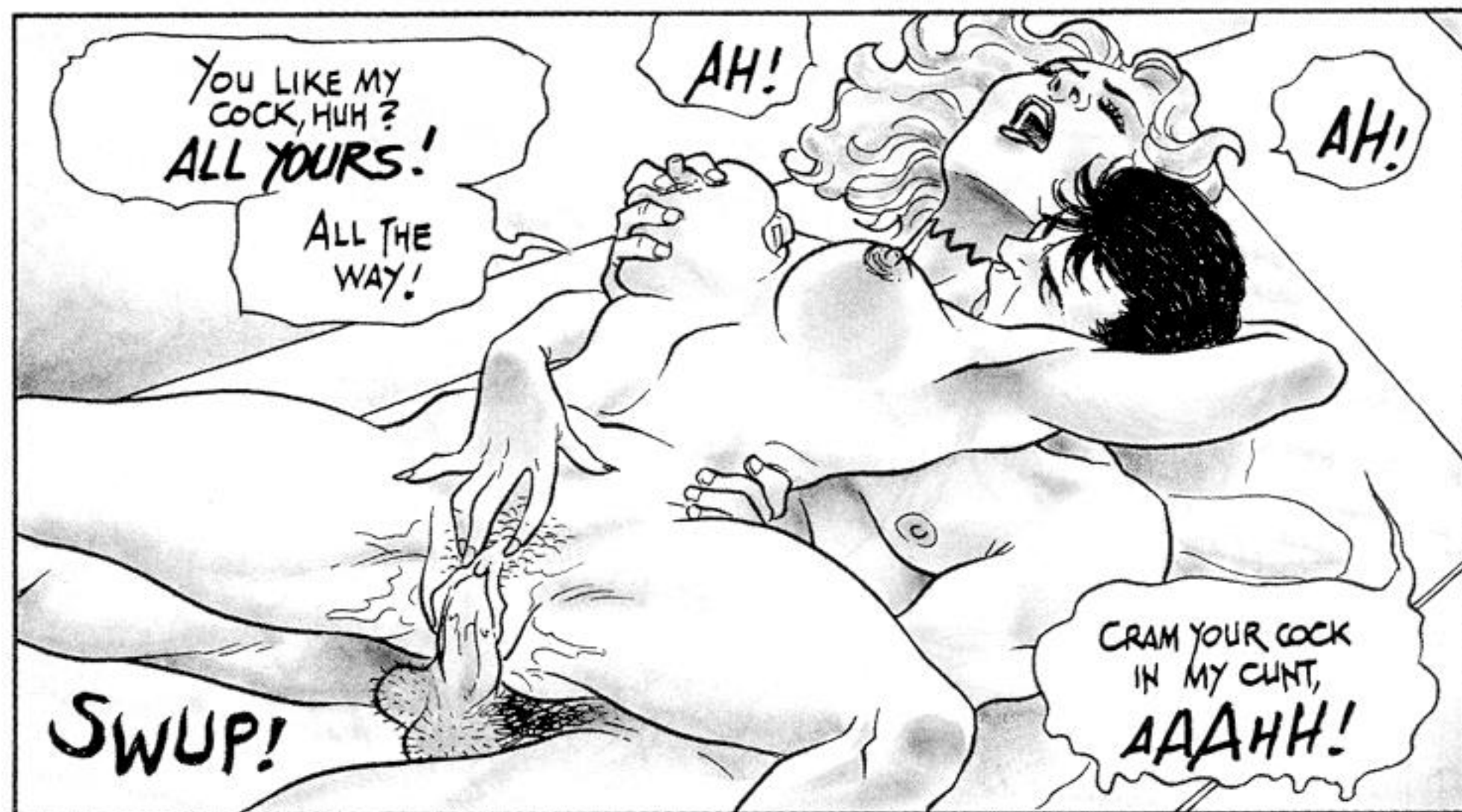
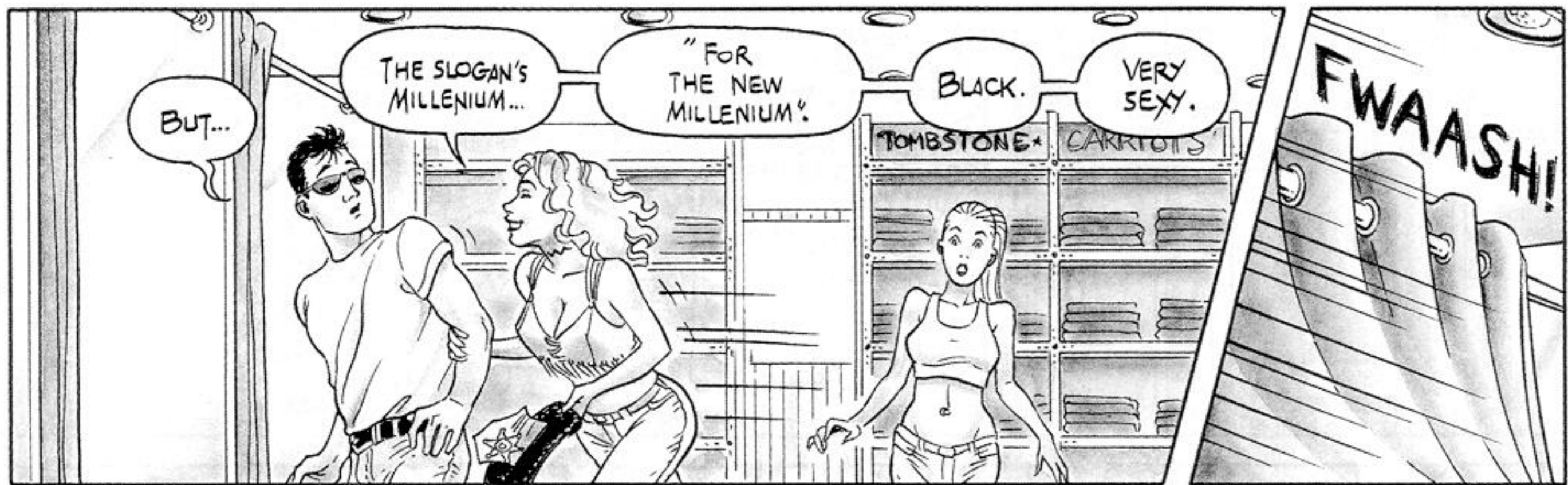
-What do you think? Virgen smirgen bullshit, man.

-Oh -he seemed truly disillusioned.



NOW THAT'S SERVICE • by Alvaro

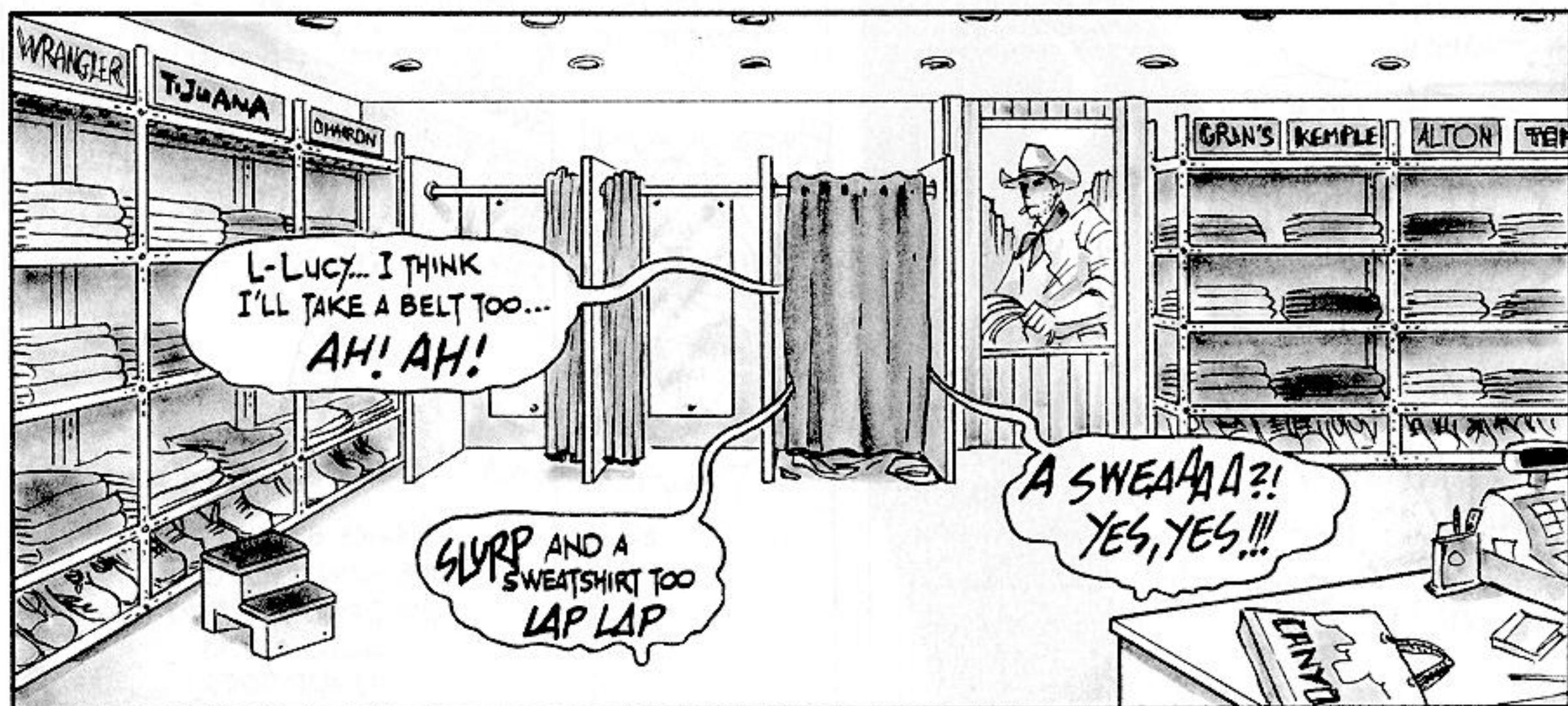
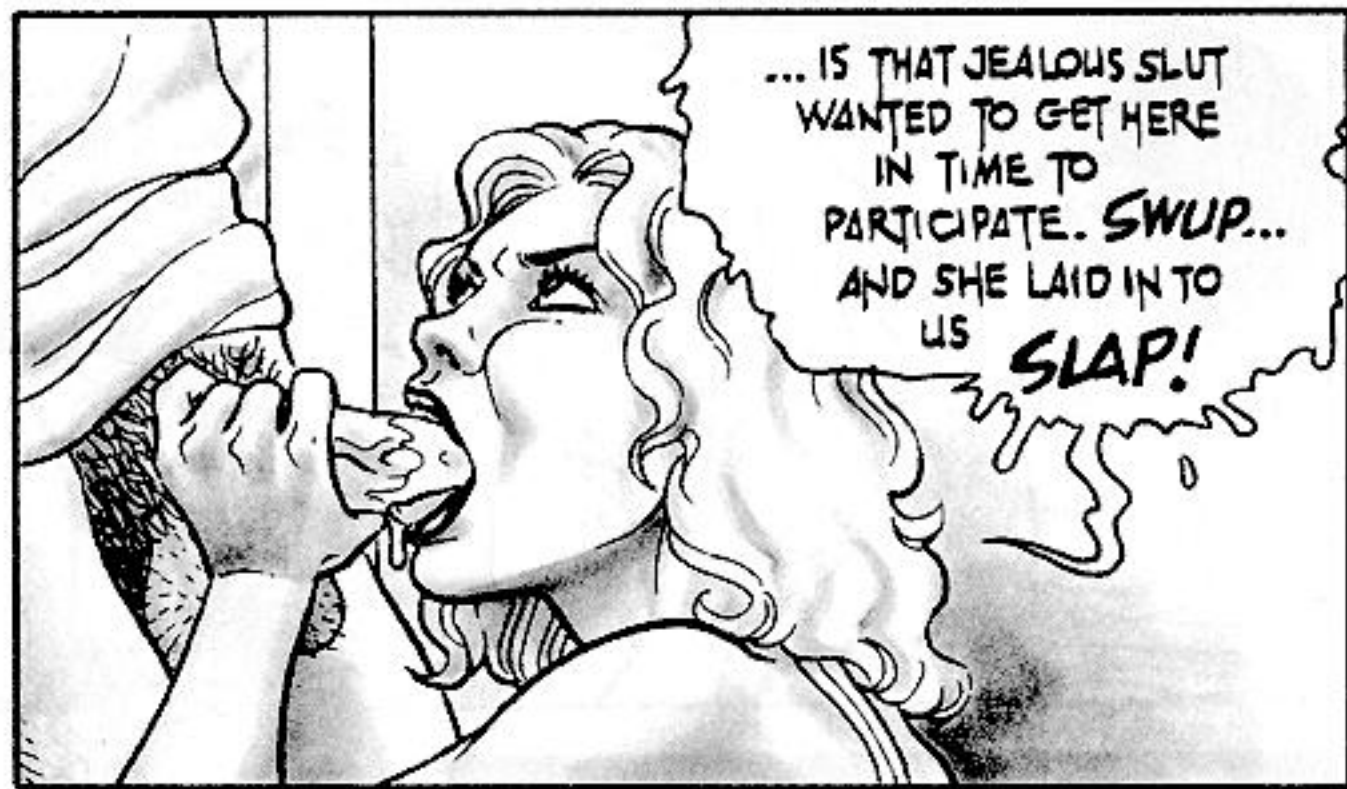










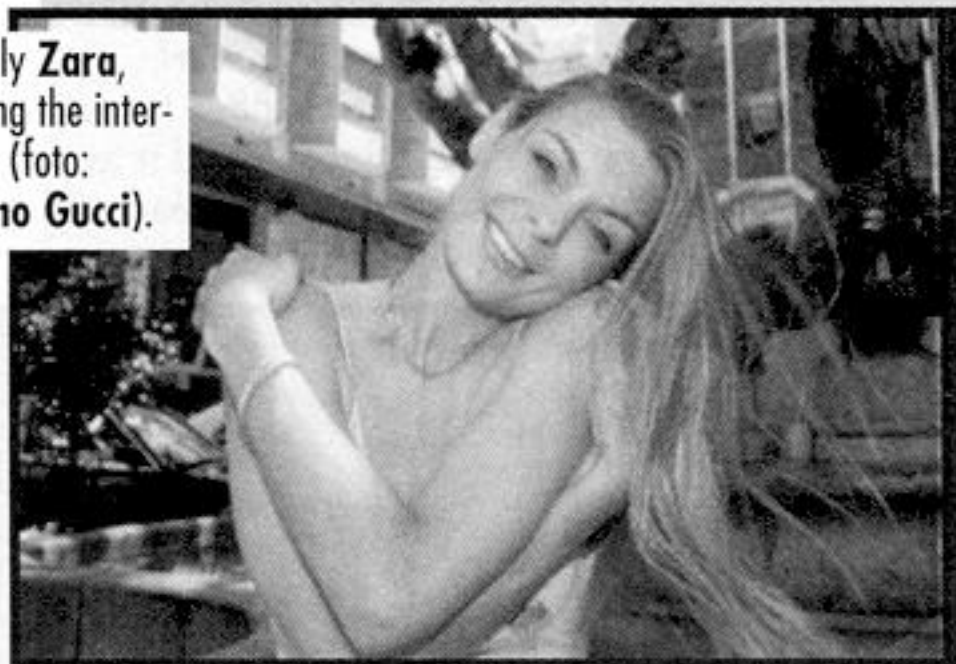


Mondo Porno

Susi Glamour

brings you the best of today's porn cinema: explosive actresses, hard'n'heavy actors, movie shoots, film releases, hot festivals....

Lovely **Zara**, during the interview (foto: Bruno Gucci).



The return of the fiery Dutch goddess

ZARA WHITES

One of the best bits of news in 2001 was the famous return of the legendary Zara Whites. At the age of 33 and after seven years of professional retirement, the Dutch actress shot *La Dresseuse* and *Divina*, two very exciting European porn super-productions that we'll be able to see here soon. Zara continues to show off her tremendous sophistication and elegance in each and every

one of her scenes, although right now she's still not screwing guys yet: she limits her self to playing with girls.

For those who don't already know, **Zara Whites** was born in Rotterdam (Holland) in 1968, and her real name is **Amy Kooiman**. When she was game to accept an offer from John Stagliano to debut in pornographic films, her mother congratulated her for her bravery. That video was called *Buttman's Ultimate Workout* (1990), and more than ten years later, it's considered one of the great classics of American porn of the 90's.

Later, while working in Europe, Zara decided to convert herself into the queen of American porn. She starred for directors such as **Anthony Spinelli**, **F. J. Lincoln**, **Henry Pachard** and **Andrew Blake**, the person who ultimately turned her into a genuine goddess of glamour and explicit sex.

Before retiring in 1993, she acted in more than fifty porn films, some as titillating as *House of dreams* (1990), *Buttman European Vacation* (1991), *Object of Desire* (1991), *Zara's Revenge* (1991), *Sophisticated Lady* (1991), *Butt Freak* (1992) and many others.

Why did you decide to return to porn?

Because I was presented with an offer I couldn't turn down. I filmed *La Dresseuse* and *Divina* in France, directed without money being an object by two of the best European directors out there: **Alain Payet** and **Mario Salieri**. They're films with detailed stories, beautiful locations, very good actors...and big budgets. But I returned putting

"In the United States, porn is a big industry, very professional. Europe is very different: I've arrived for work on films where there wasn't even a bathroom for me to clean up in".

in various conditions in my contract: I won't participate in any sexually explicit parts with male actors. I'm limited to making love with other girls.

And why is that?

Because I'm happily married. I'm in love with my husband and I don't want to fuck any other guy, not even in porn movies.

How's your son?

Stupendous... I feel proud to do what I do, and if tomorrow my son wanted to be a porn actor, I would help him in any way I could. When I started in porn, in 1990, that's what my mom said after I filmed my first film here, in the United States. She reacted very well: she told me she'd always be by my side. That helped me so much.

THE AMERICAN QUEEN

-After triumphing in European porn, you decided to come to the United States. How was the experience?

It was fantastic. I started making tons of money. I had the great luck of working for directors as prestigious as **Andrew Blake**, the person who shot me the most beautiful ever. All the actresses who work with him are gorgeous and spectacular, and he makes them even more beautiful. He is a director with a very sexy style, nothing trashy. He was a photographer for several very elegant erotic magazines, and the look of his films is like the magazines, but a hardcore version. Some of my best and most sensual films are ones I've acted in for him.

Do you have a favorite



Gorgeous and very glamorous: **Andrew Blake's** muse





The Dutch queen of X, one of American fans' favorites.



film?

House of Dreams and *Secrets*, both by Blake. I shot them in 1990.

Another director you've worked with is John Stagliano...

Yes, we became friends. He's a genius, and all of his videos have a very fresh look. It was fun to work with him. One of my best scenes, an anal penetration with Rocco Siffredi, was shot by him.

Now that you're back, will you film anything here?

Unfortunately, I don't think so. I suppose I'll act in two or three more movies in Europe and later I'll retire for good.

What's the difference between American and European porn?

More than anything, the way you work. In the United States, you take it as a big industry and take care of even the smallest detail: there's direct sound during the shooting, they use the same kind of cameras that they do in the "conventional" Hollywood films, you work more calmly... Europe is another thing. I've gone to work on films where there wasn't even a bathroom for the actresses to clean up in. On the other hand, North American

films are less strong on the sexual level than European ones. I like that more, and it's a fact that here I've shot many anal scenes.

What can you tell us about the porn you've shot in Europe?

The ones I like the most are the ones I shot in France. For example, *Rêves de Cuir*, that has very modern feel, Andrew Blake style, and has some really exciting sex scenes. I also shot several films for director Mario Salieri, which are considered classics today and have made me very popular among the fans.

-Out of curiosity, why did you decide to become a porn actress?

Well why not? I came to the United States to work as a model for erotic publications and then they suggested that I shoot a porn film. I'm a very curious person and I didn't think twice.

-You never thought you were getting into a dirty business?

No, and I don't think so now. It was just a try and I liked it.

-What is the porn business like on the inside?

Depends on the people you meet up with. For me, in the United States, I loved working because it seemed like I was shooting a conventional movie. Everything was very professional. In Europe, it was different, much harder: there weren't any normal working hours, and we'd start in the morning and finish the next morning.

PORN IS A MAN THING

-Why did you decide to retire from porn in 1993, right when you were a big star?

Because I received a television offer to star in an erotic series in France. I kind of did it as a lark, because I'd dedicated two years already to porn, and I was a little tired. When it was over, other things came up, and I left X cinema.

-Have you ever wanted to be an actress in conventional cinema?

Well, inside I am. The only problem is that people tell you in the beginning that they want you to act in a film; when they know you've done porn, they tell you that wouldn't give you a good image. And that really bothers me.

-Is porn a genre solely for men?

I don't think so, but it's true that men like it more than women. Men like to have everything visualized; they don't need to use their imaginations to watch porn. We women, without a doubt, need to stimulate our imaginations more to be able to enjoy.

-Do you think that porn for us women is possible?

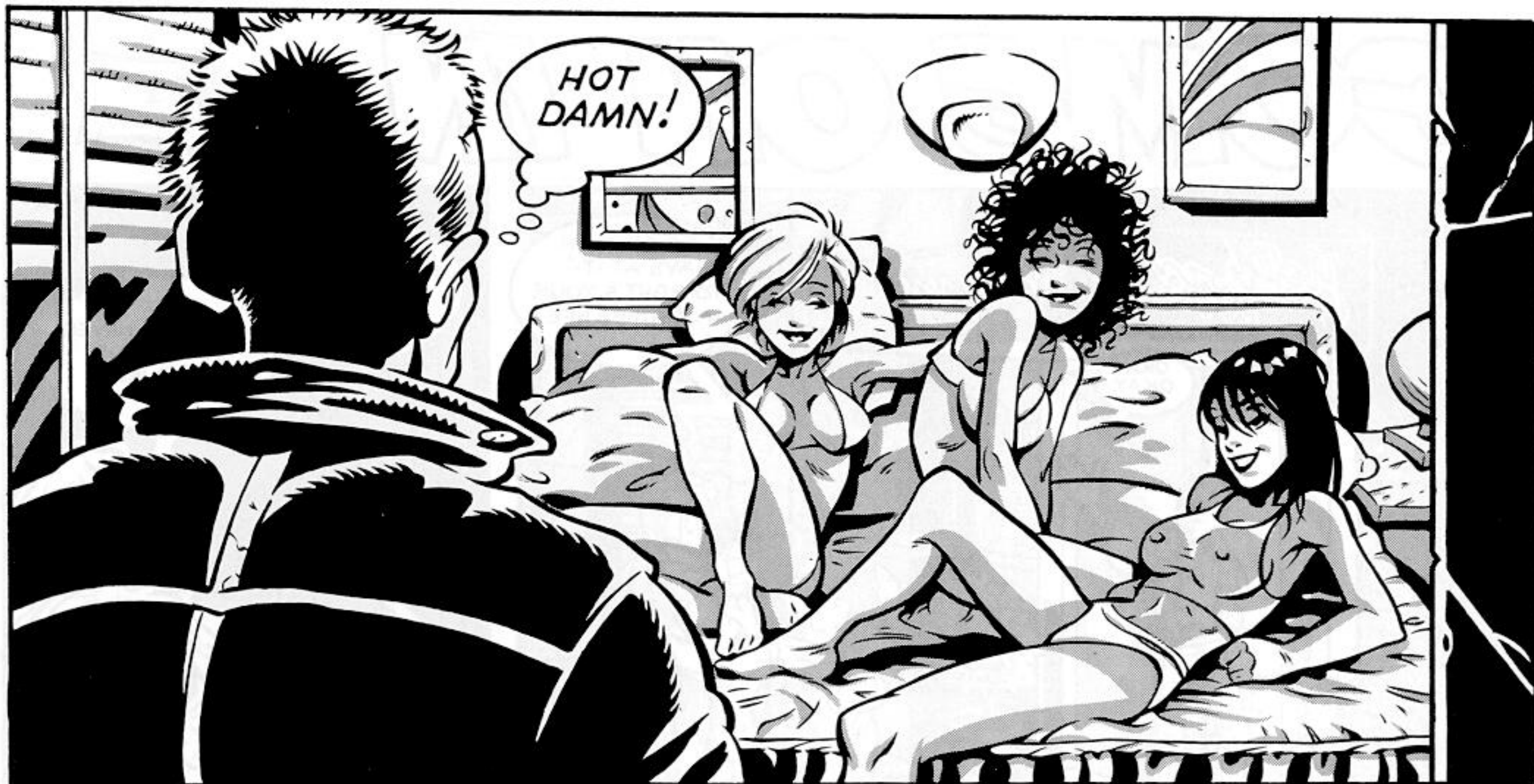
Honestly, I think it would sell less. We women prefer reading or watching erotic films more than porn.

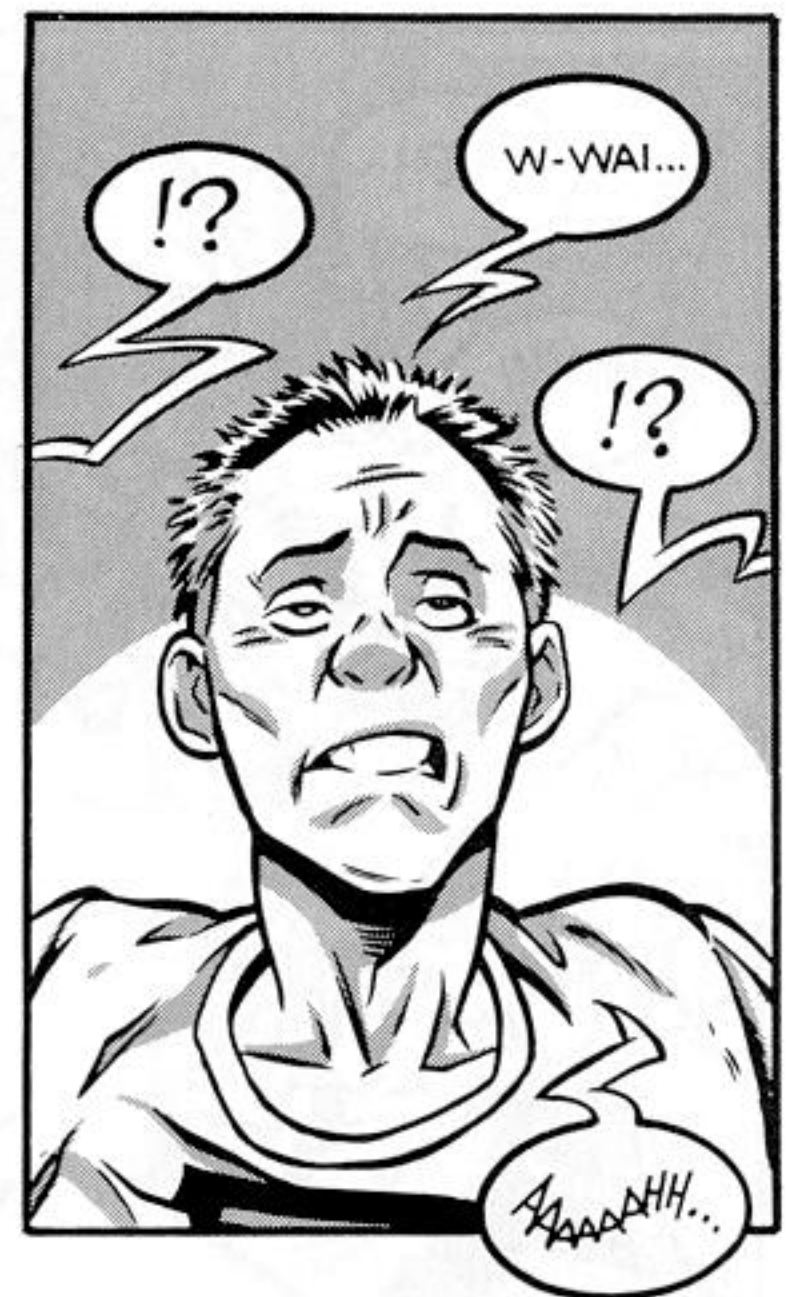


COME ON IN...

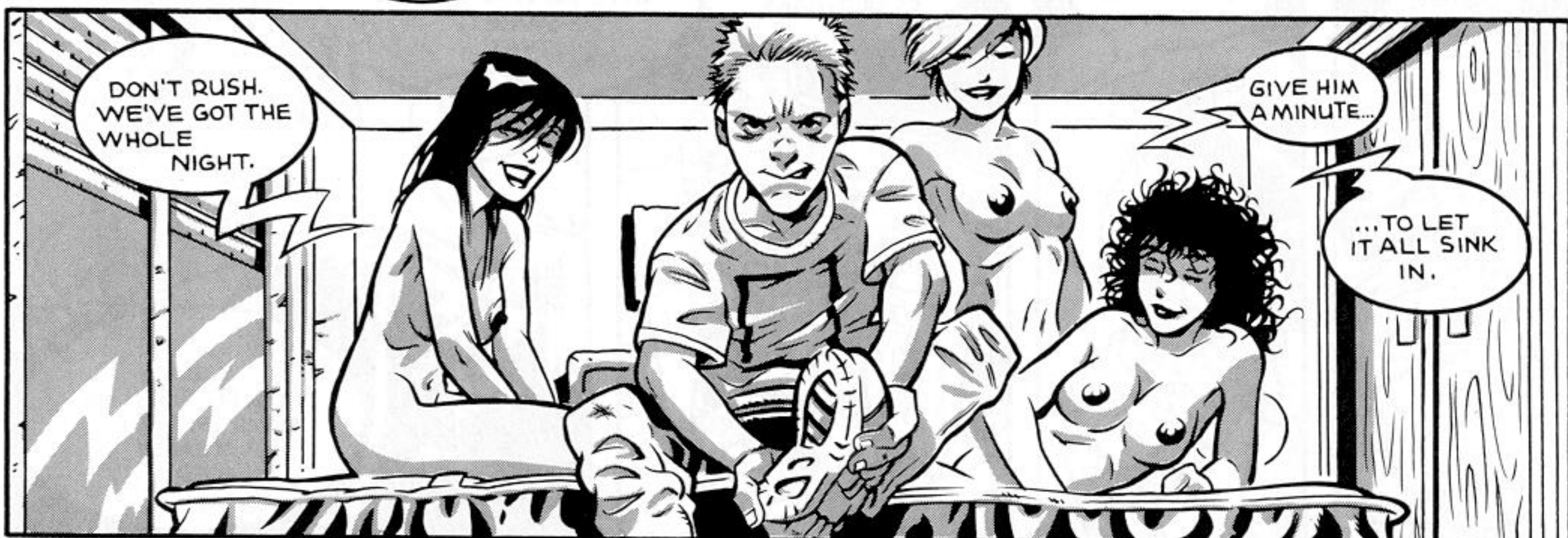
HONEY & BUNNY

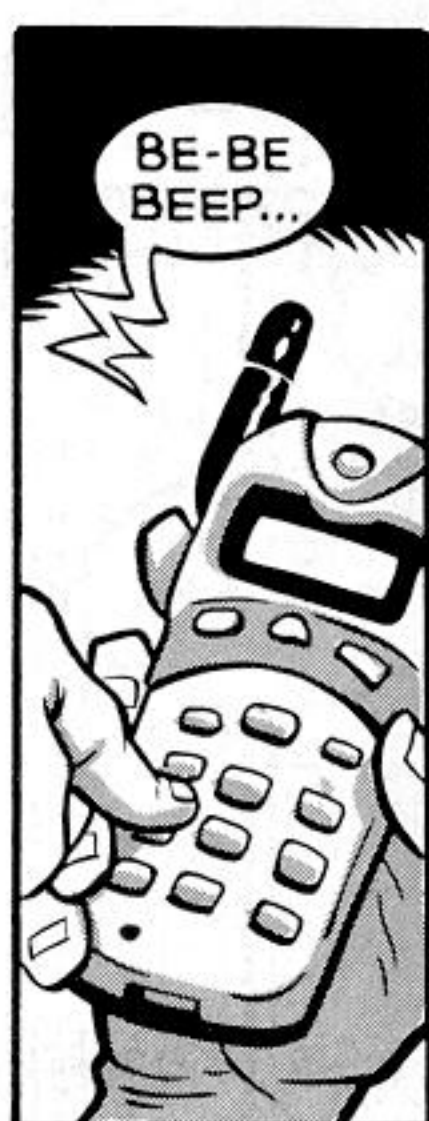
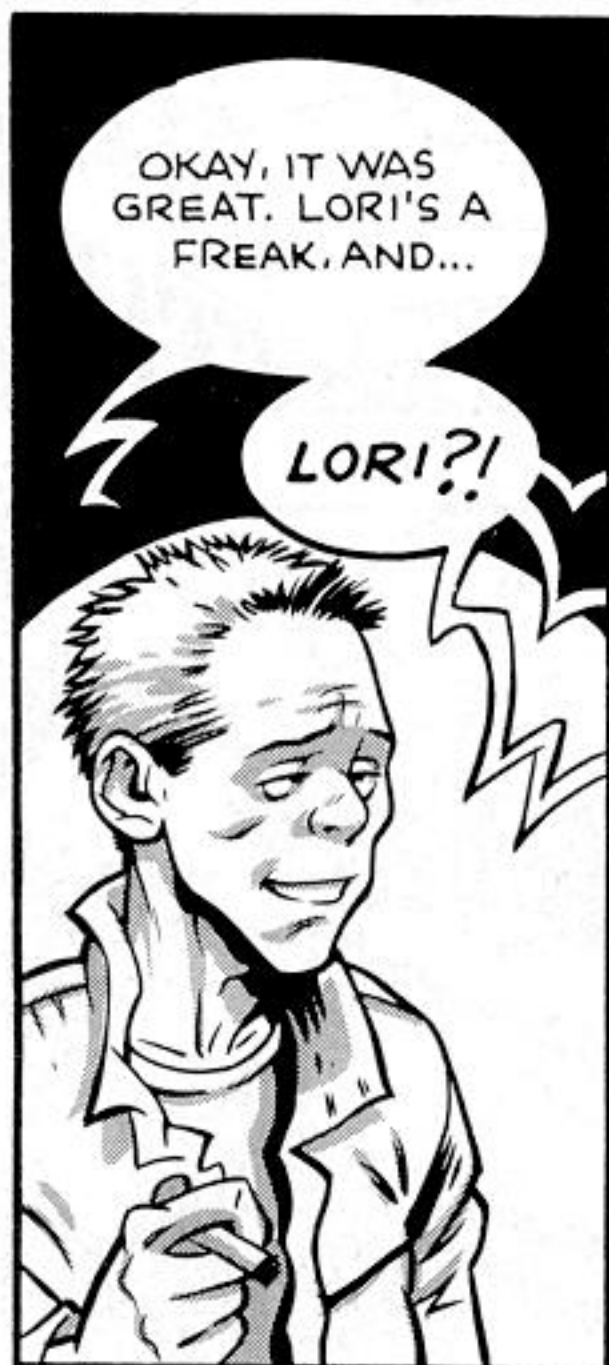
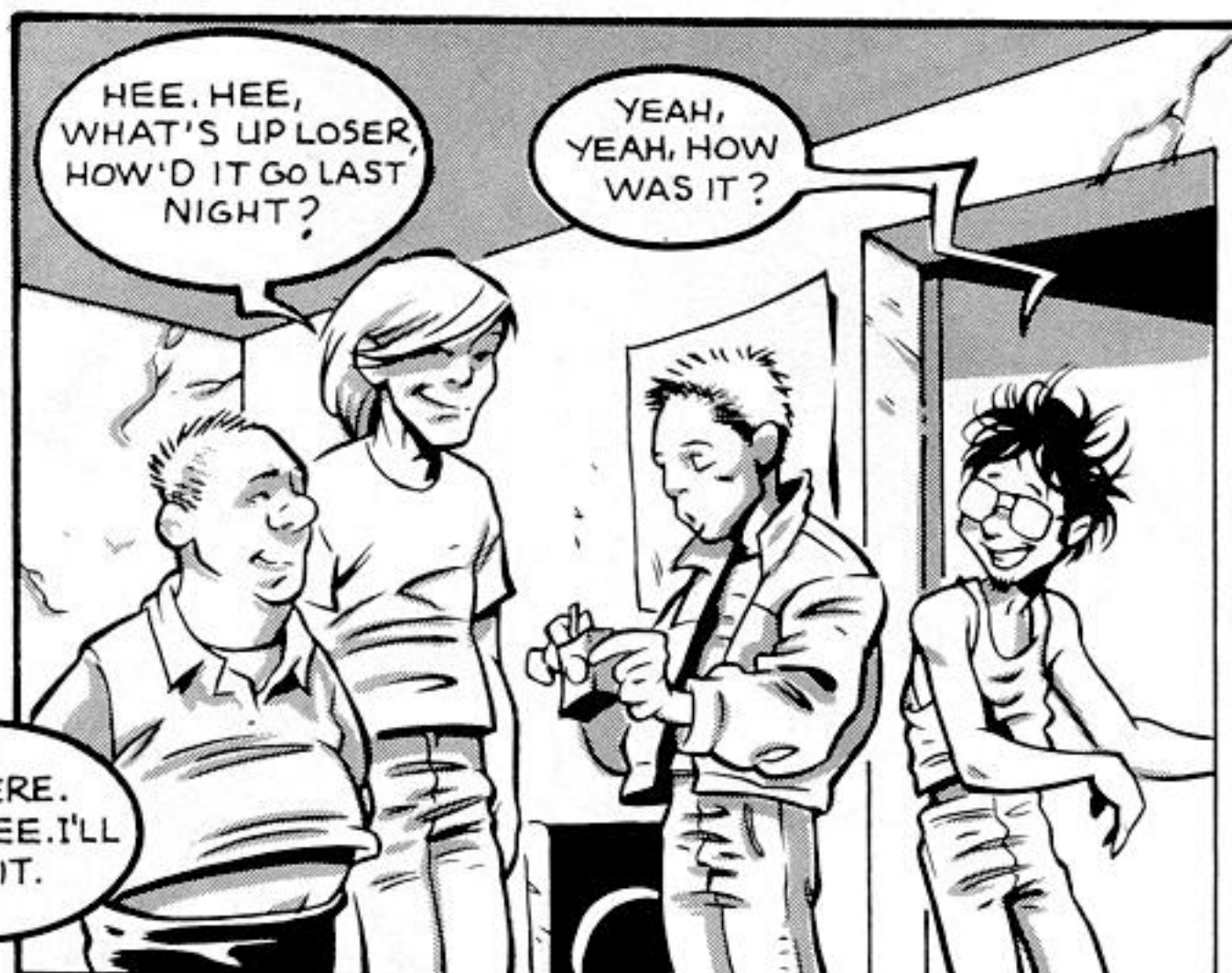








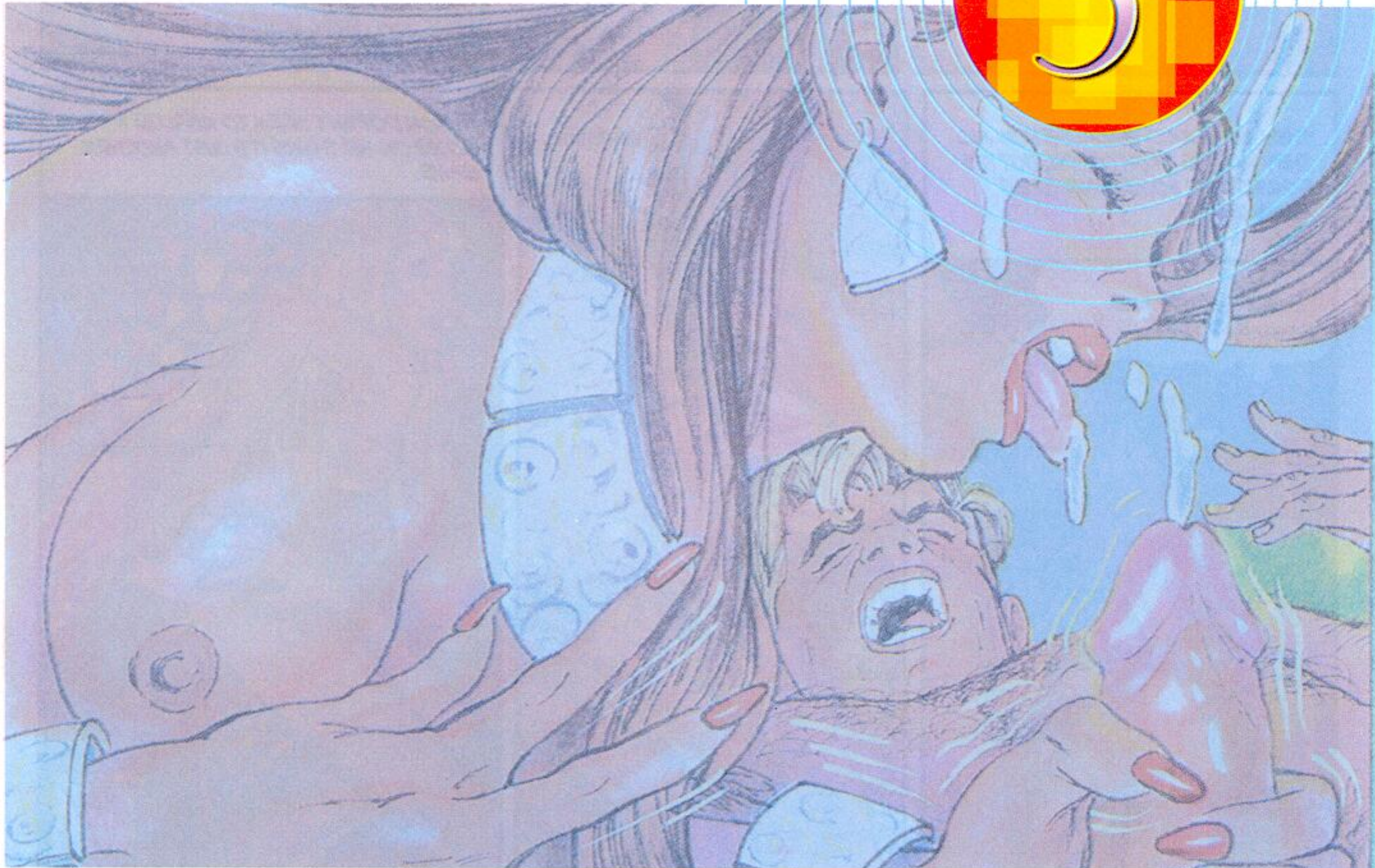




Pearl

by Ferocius

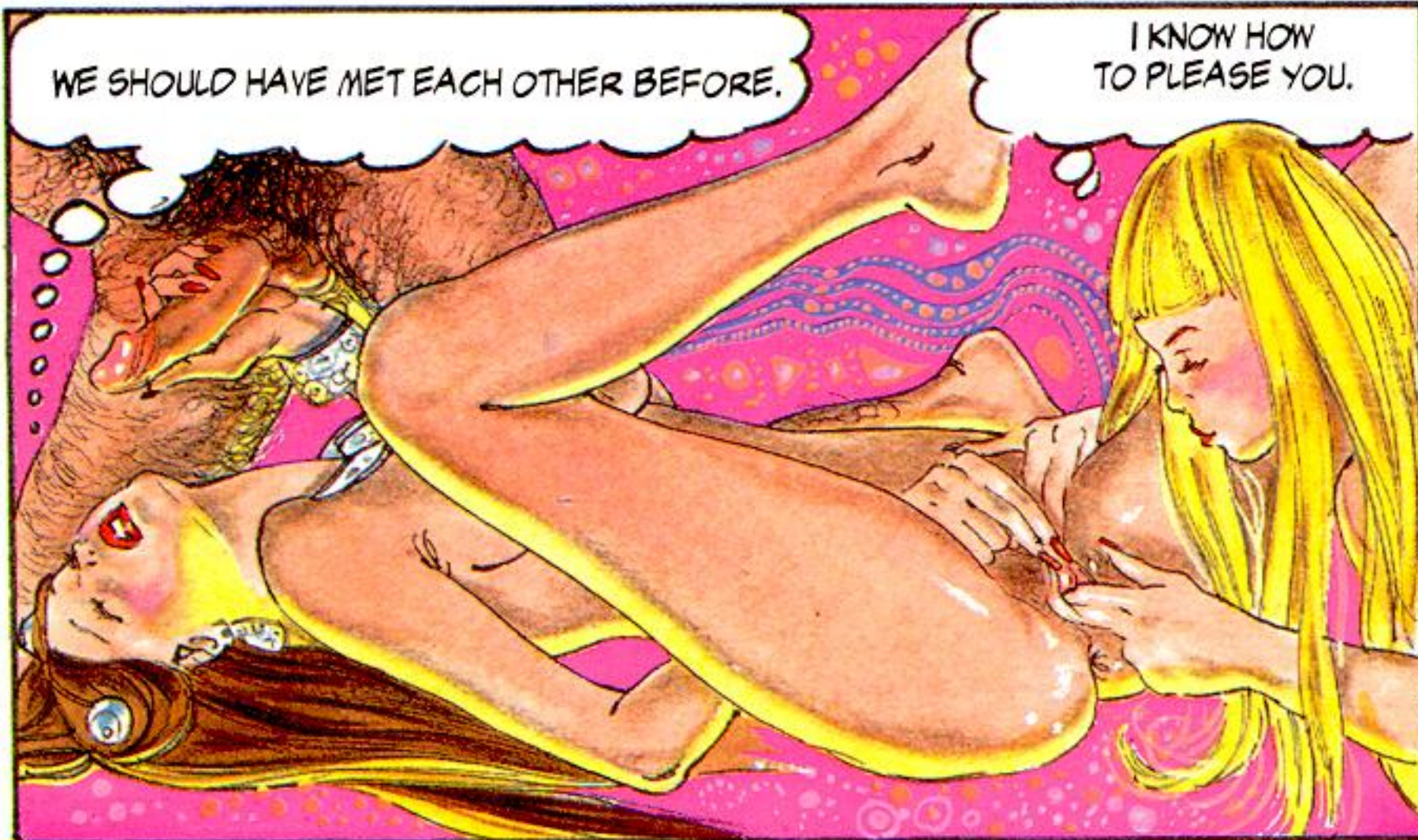
"Nacre Point: a dazzling place where ecstasy emerges from the waves." Two recent acquaintances, **Byron** and **Pearl**, are experiencing a mutual, irresistible attraction where words are unnecessary. They are neighbors, and while **Byron** lives with his girlfriend, **Deborah**, **Pearl** shares an apartment and her erotic fantasies with a hypochondriac painter, **Railton**. But **Deborah** discovers that **Byron** is unfaithful to her. Luckily, she also realizes that spying on **Byron** and **Pearl** fucking gets her tremendously excited. Being a resourceful bitch, she decides to present herself naked before the lovers and join them. And thus, an unexpected sensual triangle of pleasure is formed, where hidden tendencies are finally manifested...





I CAN
HARDLY
HOLD
BACK...

OH!! YES!!
YOUR SOFT
HANDS...



WE SHOULD HAVE MET EACH OTHER BEFORE.

I KNOW HOW
TO PLEASE YOU.



IT SCARES ME TO KNOW I LIKE
THIS. BUT THE FEAR EXCITES
ME EVEN MORE.

YOU DO IT SO WELL!



THEY'RE AFRAID BECAUSE NOW ALL
THEY WANT IS EACH OTHER, BUT IT'S
FORBIDDEN, SOMETHING TO BE
ASHAMED OF.

OUR SCENTS ARE
EXQUISITE.



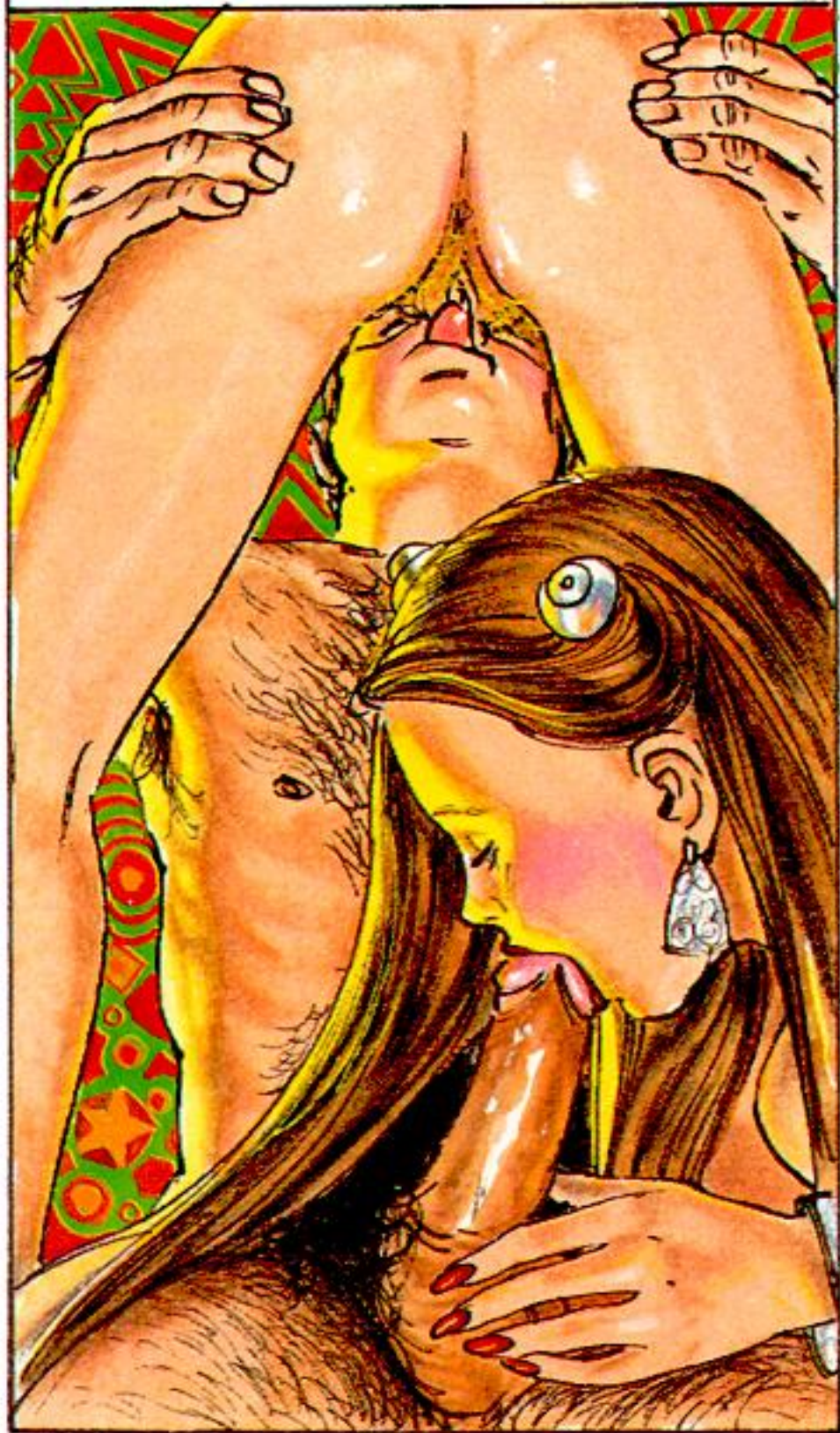
WARMER...



BYRON DOESN'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHAT'S
GOING ON. HE THINKS IT'S JUST ANOTHER
GAME.

3.1

THEY CAN'T LET BYRON DISCOVER THE STRANGE FLOWER THAT HAS BLOSSOMED.



IT MIGHT ONLY BE A FLEETING FANTASY AND THERE WAS A LOT TO LOSE.



OH, YESS!! SQUEEZE MY BALLS!



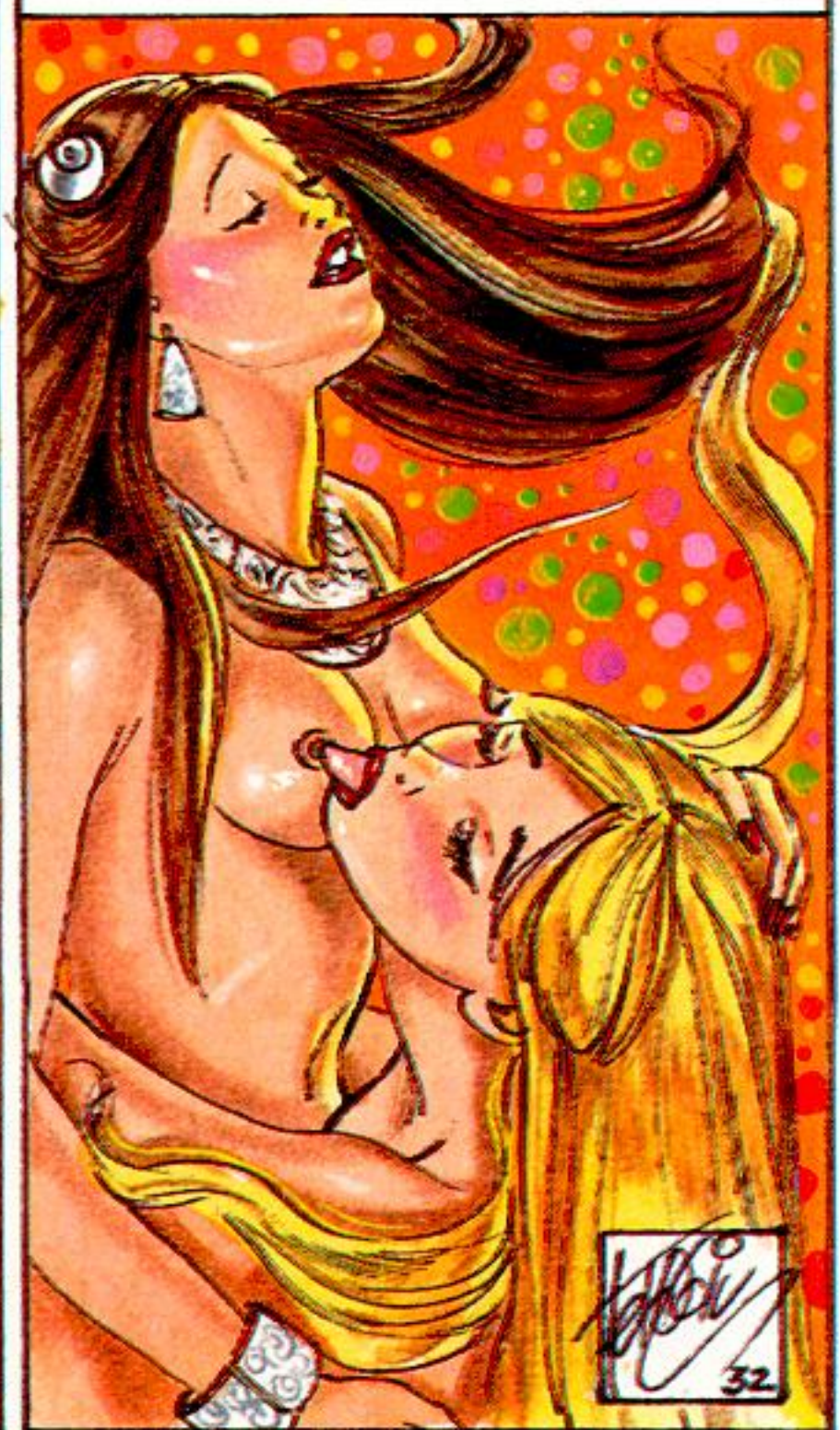
THEY WERE IN THEIR OWN WORLDS AND FOUND EACH OTHER AT BYRON'S HARD COCK.



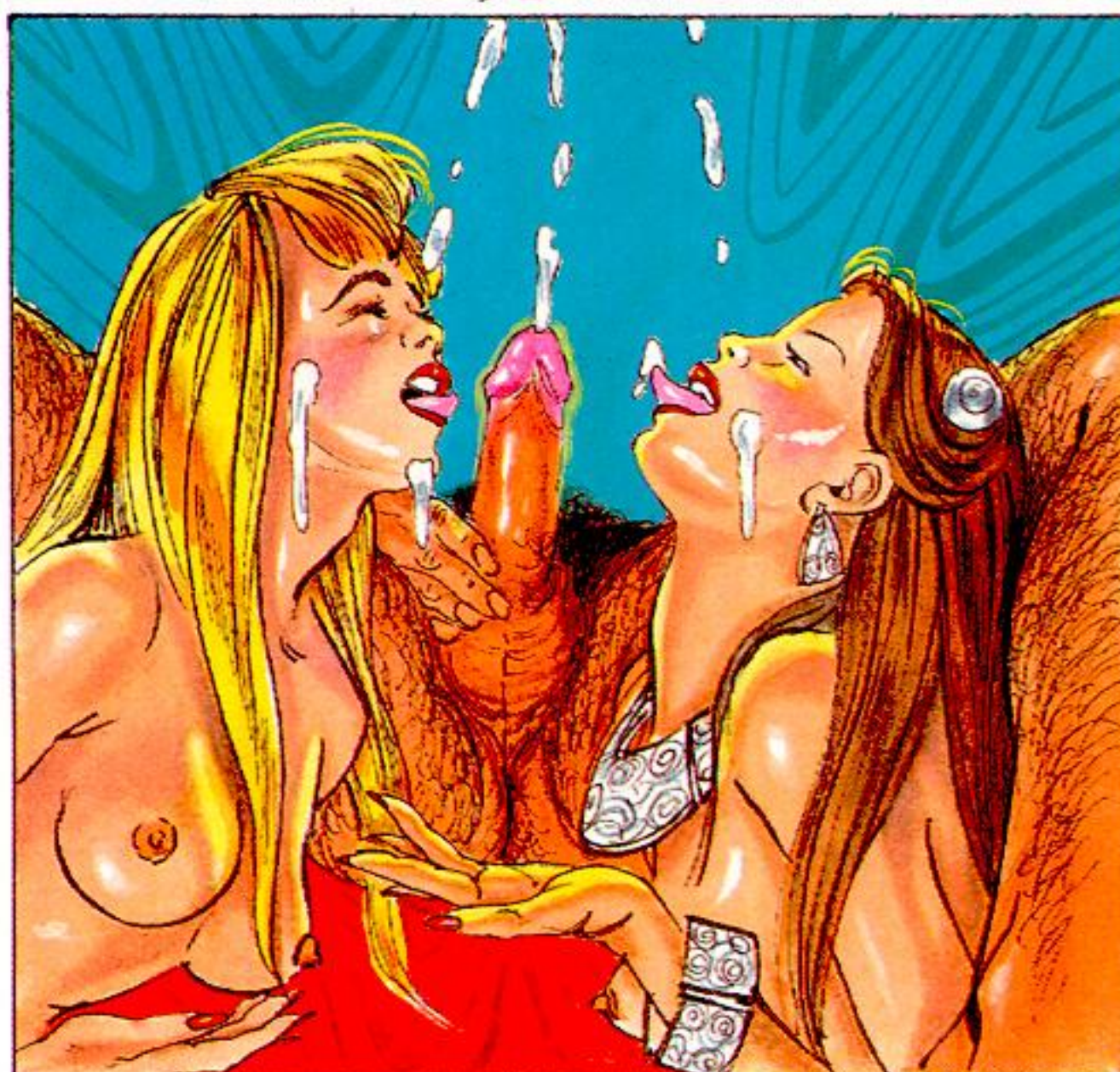
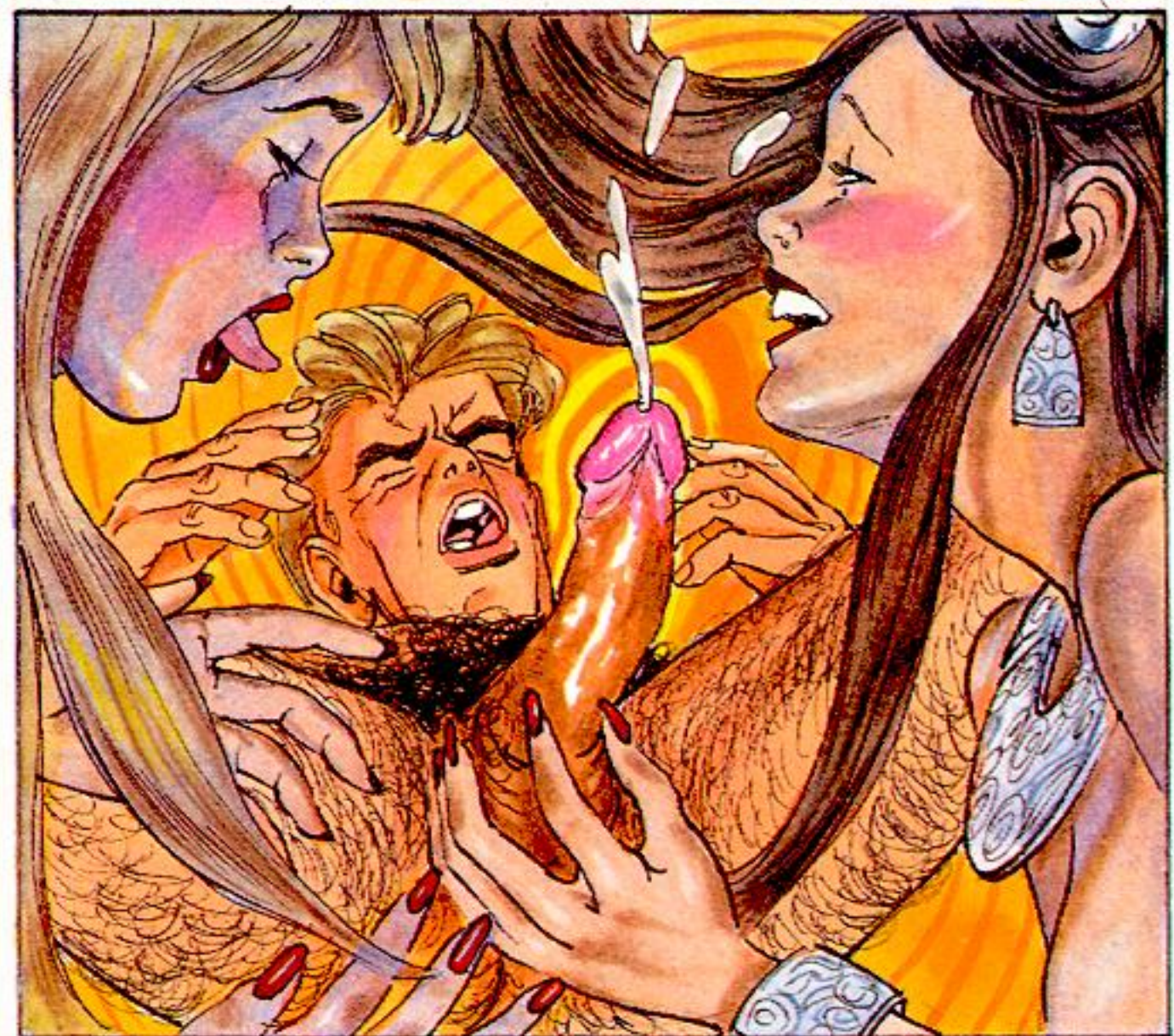
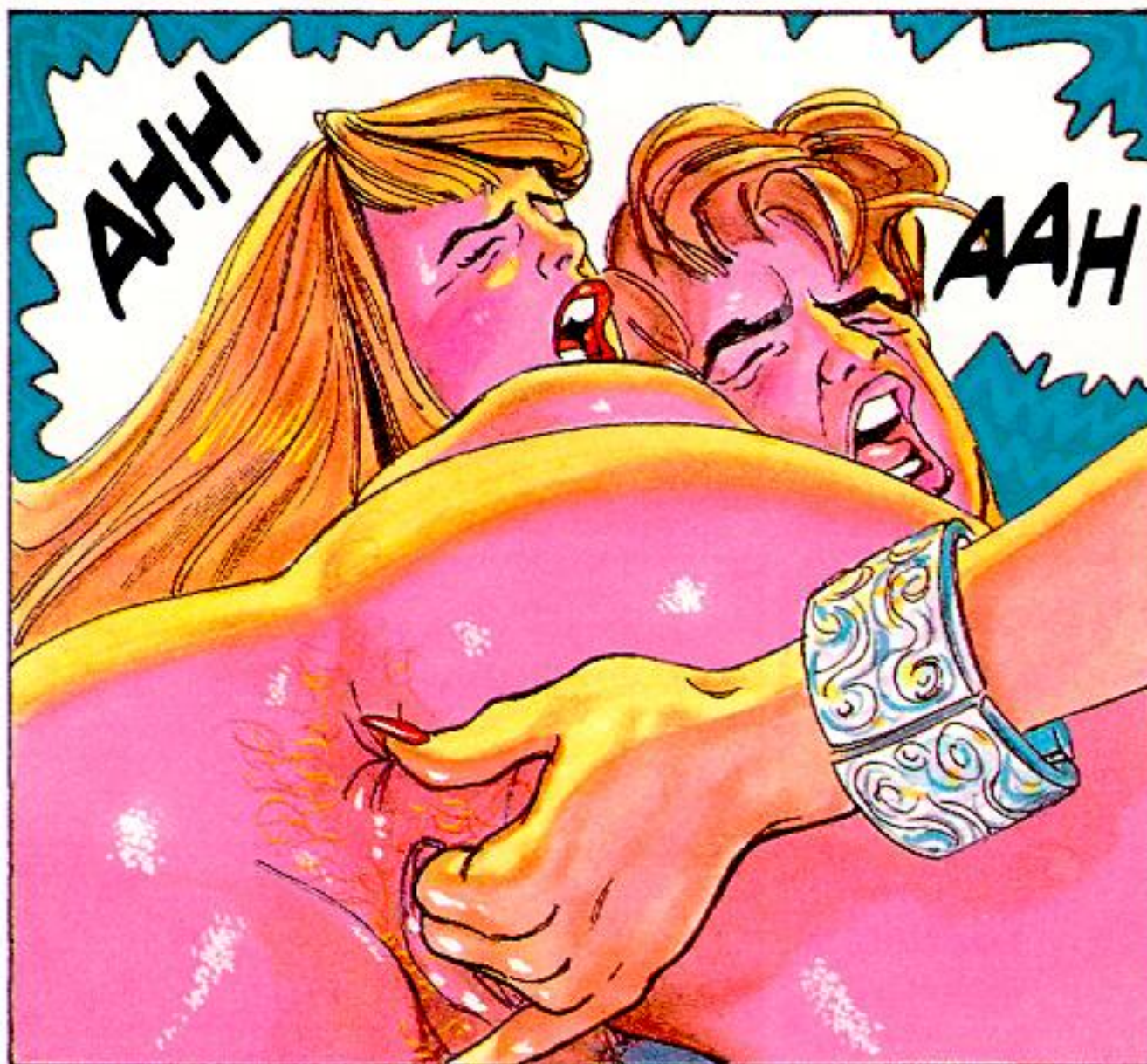
THEY EXCHANGE NO WORDS. THERE IS ONLY SKIN, NERVES AND BURNING LOOKS.



AND THE MINGLING OF THEIR JUICES IN HOT, GUSHING TORRENTS.



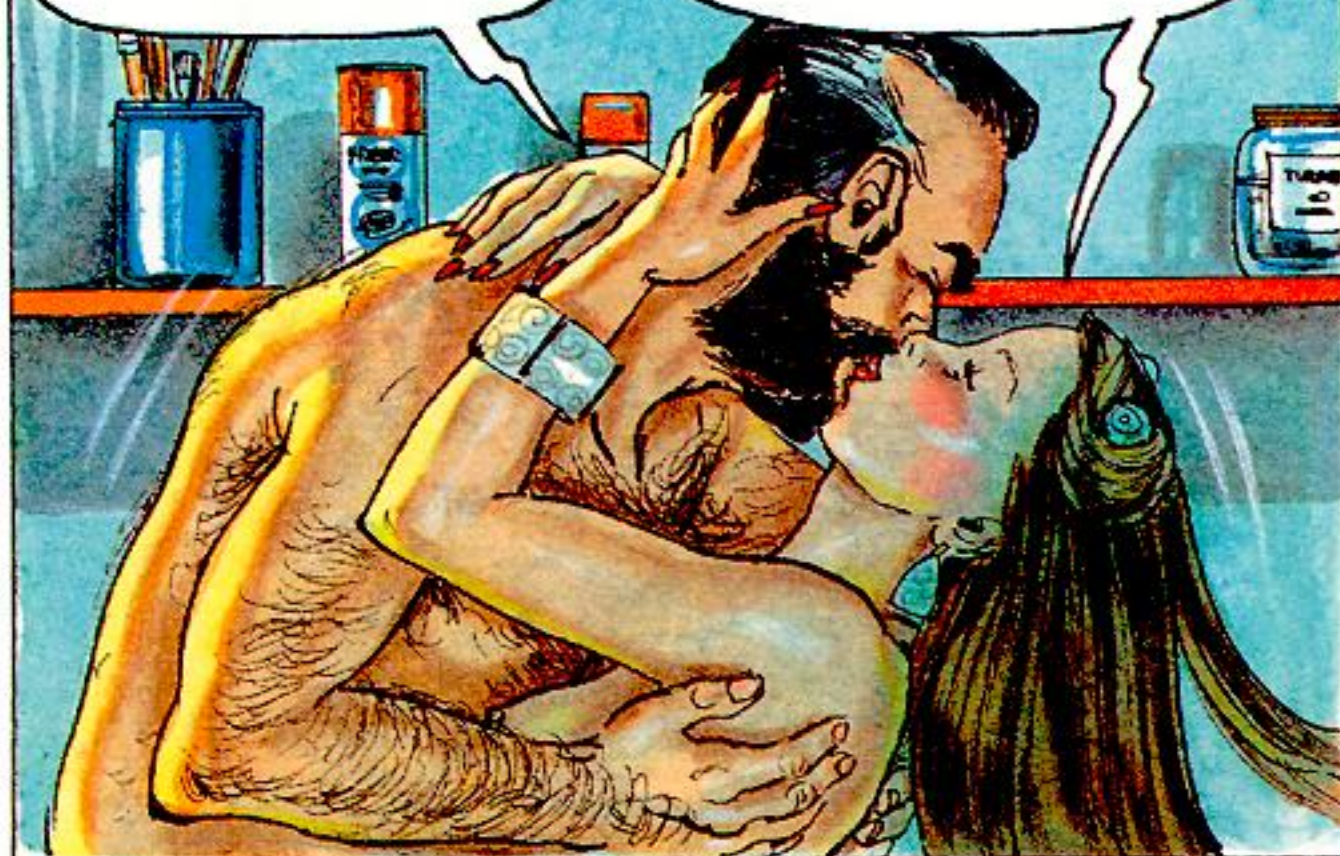
32



THE NEXT DAY RAILTON RETURNS HOME.

I HAVE TO DO SOME SKETCHES TODAY. ARE THE SERVANTS BACK YET?

NO. I GAVE THEM THE DAY OFF SO YOU AND I COULD BE ALONE.



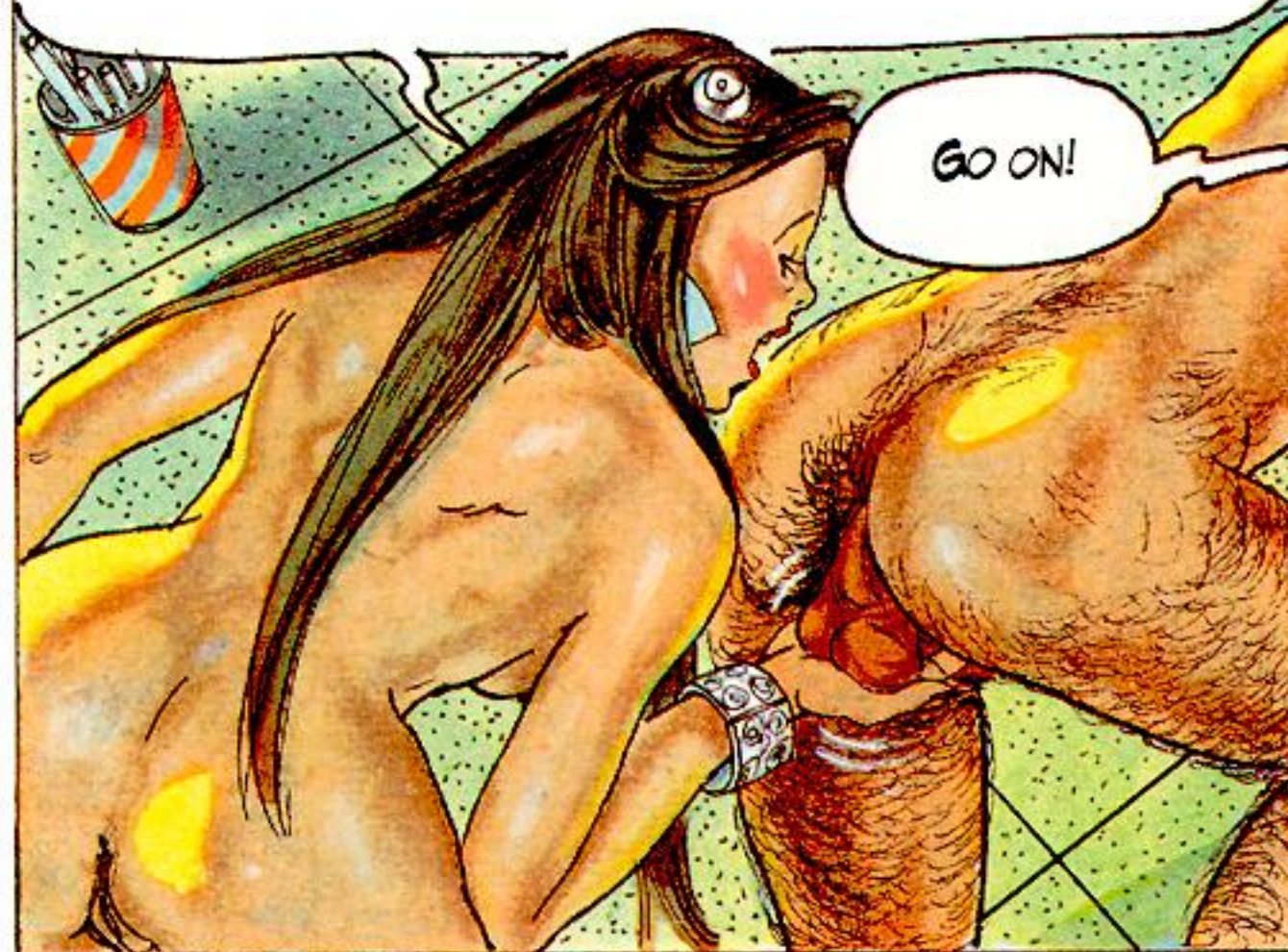
SHALL I MASSAGE YOUR BALLS?

YES! I LOVE THAT. LET'S START!



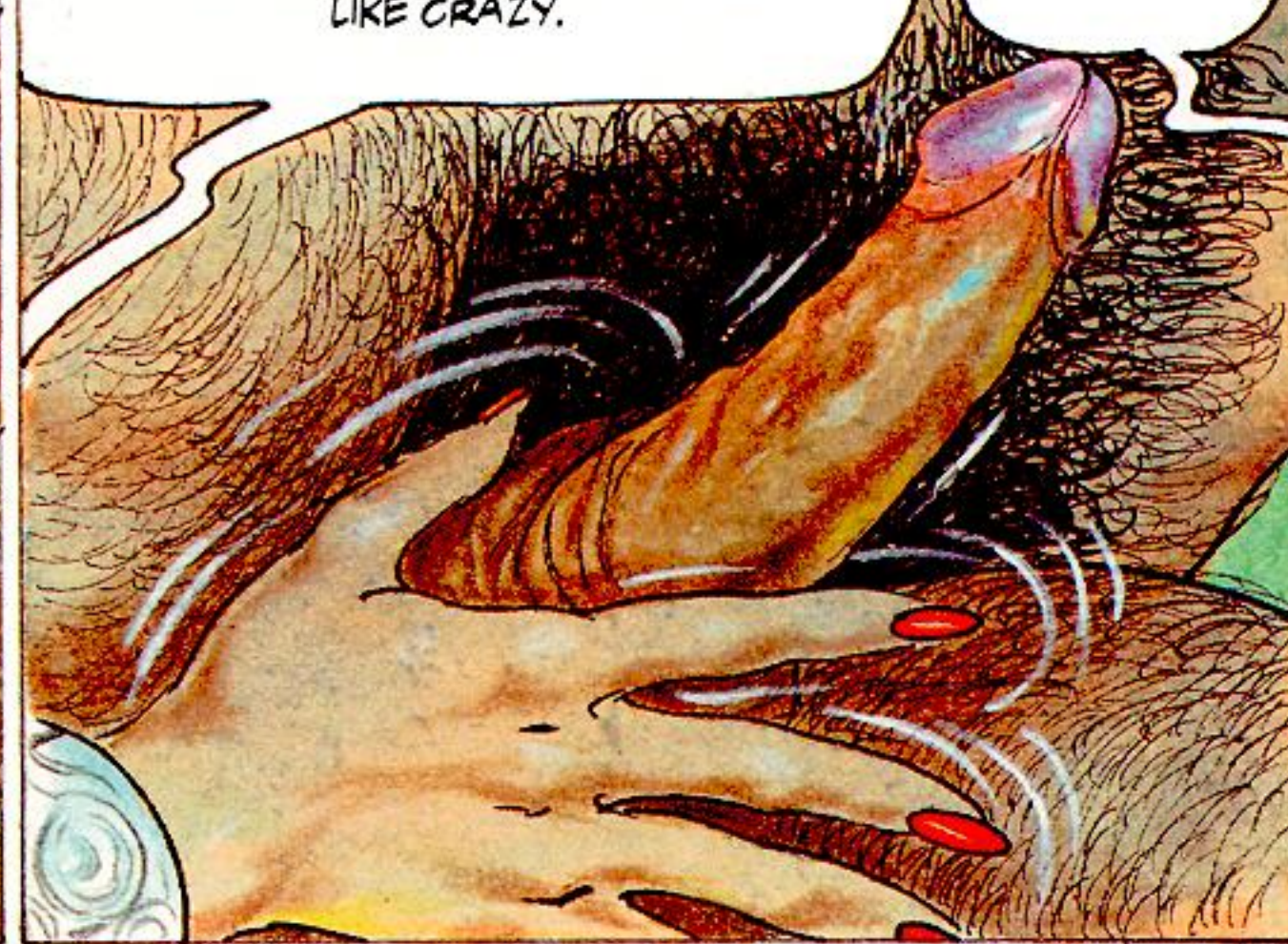
I WAS DIVING FOR PEARLS WHEN HE FOUND ME AGAIN. HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR ME LIKE A MAD MAN. THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

GO ON!



HE WAS OBSESSED WITH ME AND RIGHT THERE, IN THE GREENERY NEXT TO THE BEACH, WE BEGAN TO FUCK LIKE CRAZY.

LET'S CHANGE POSITIONS.



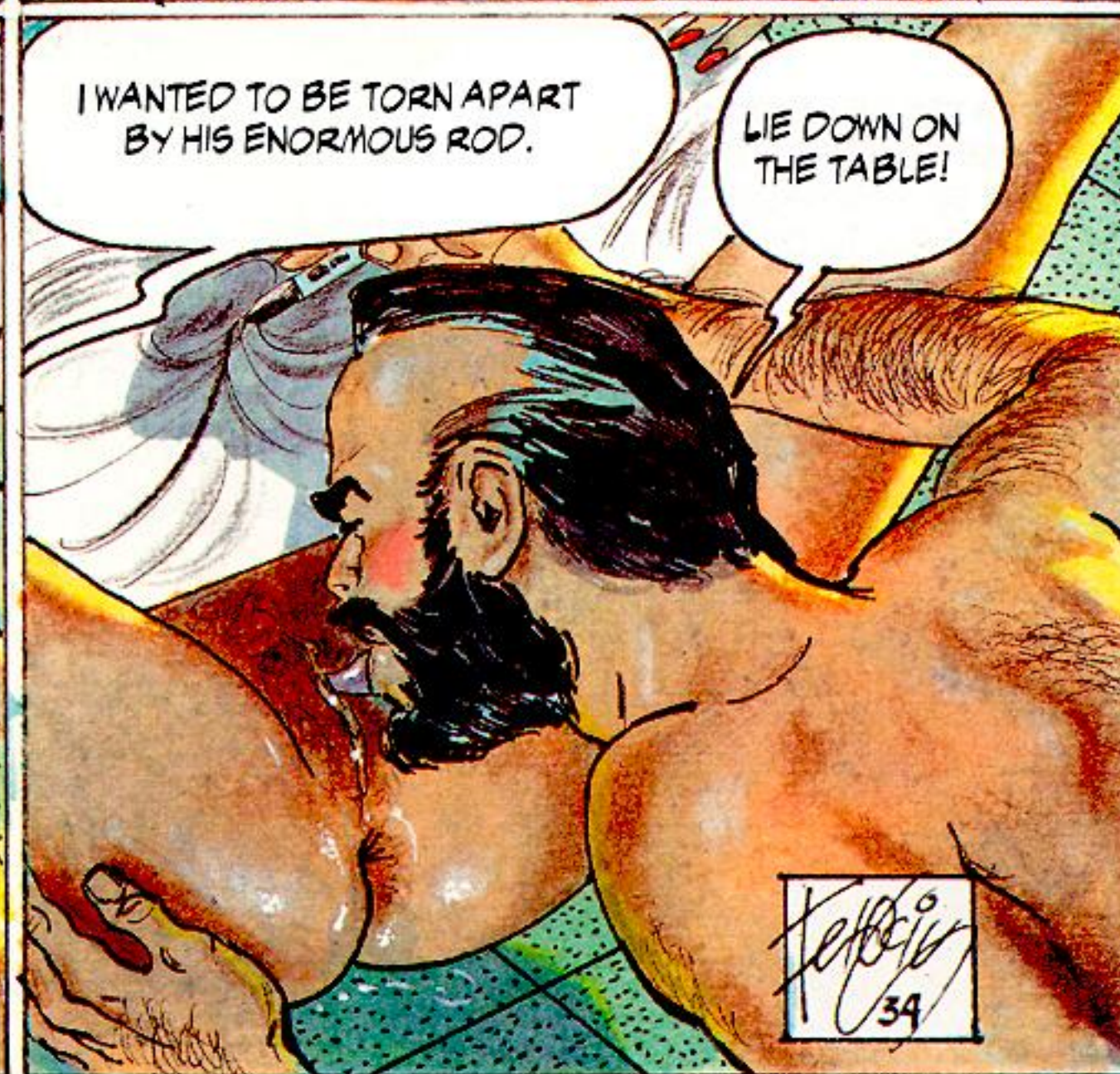
MY SWEET PUSSY WAS FULL OF SEAWATER, MIXED WITH MY HOT JUICES.

CONTINUE...



I WANTED TO BE TORN APART BY HIS ENORMOUS ROD.

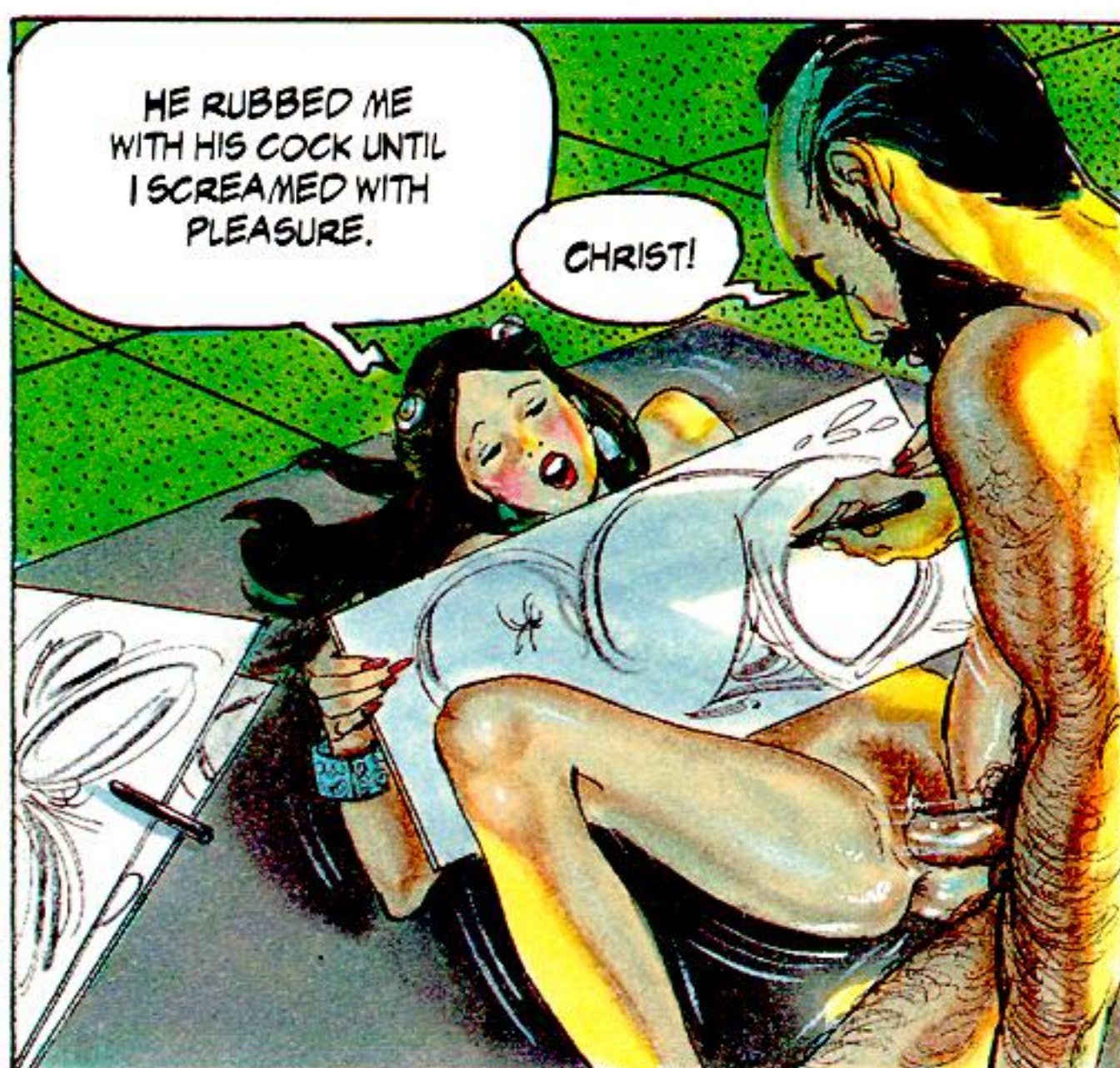
LIE DOWN ON THE TABLE!



34



MY JUICY HOLE WAITED FOR HIM ANXIOUSLY.



HE RUBBED ME WITH HIS COCK UNTIL I SCREAMED WITH PLEASURE.

CHRIST!

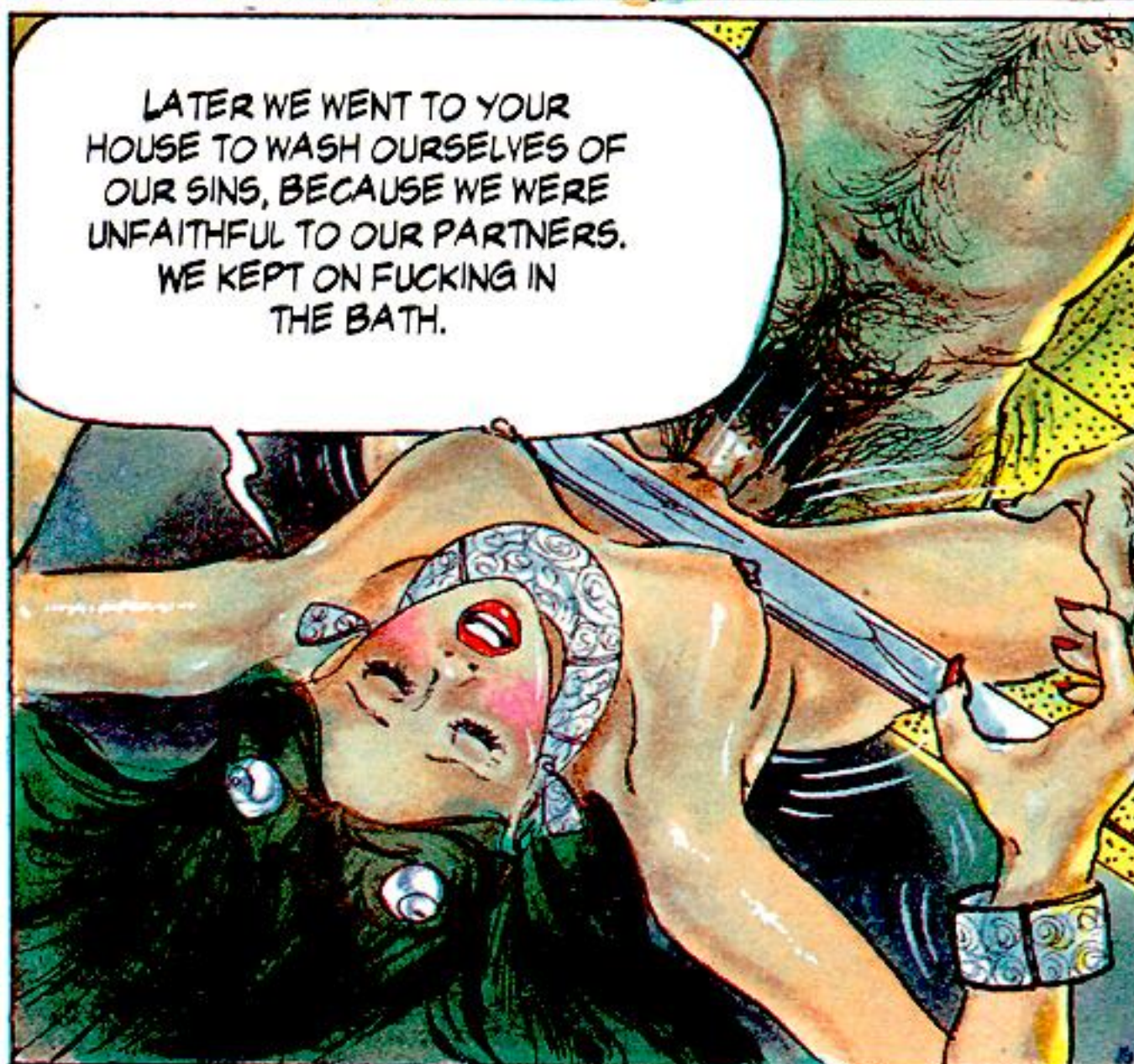


I FELT AS IF MY INSIDES WERE CONTRACTING WITH JOY.

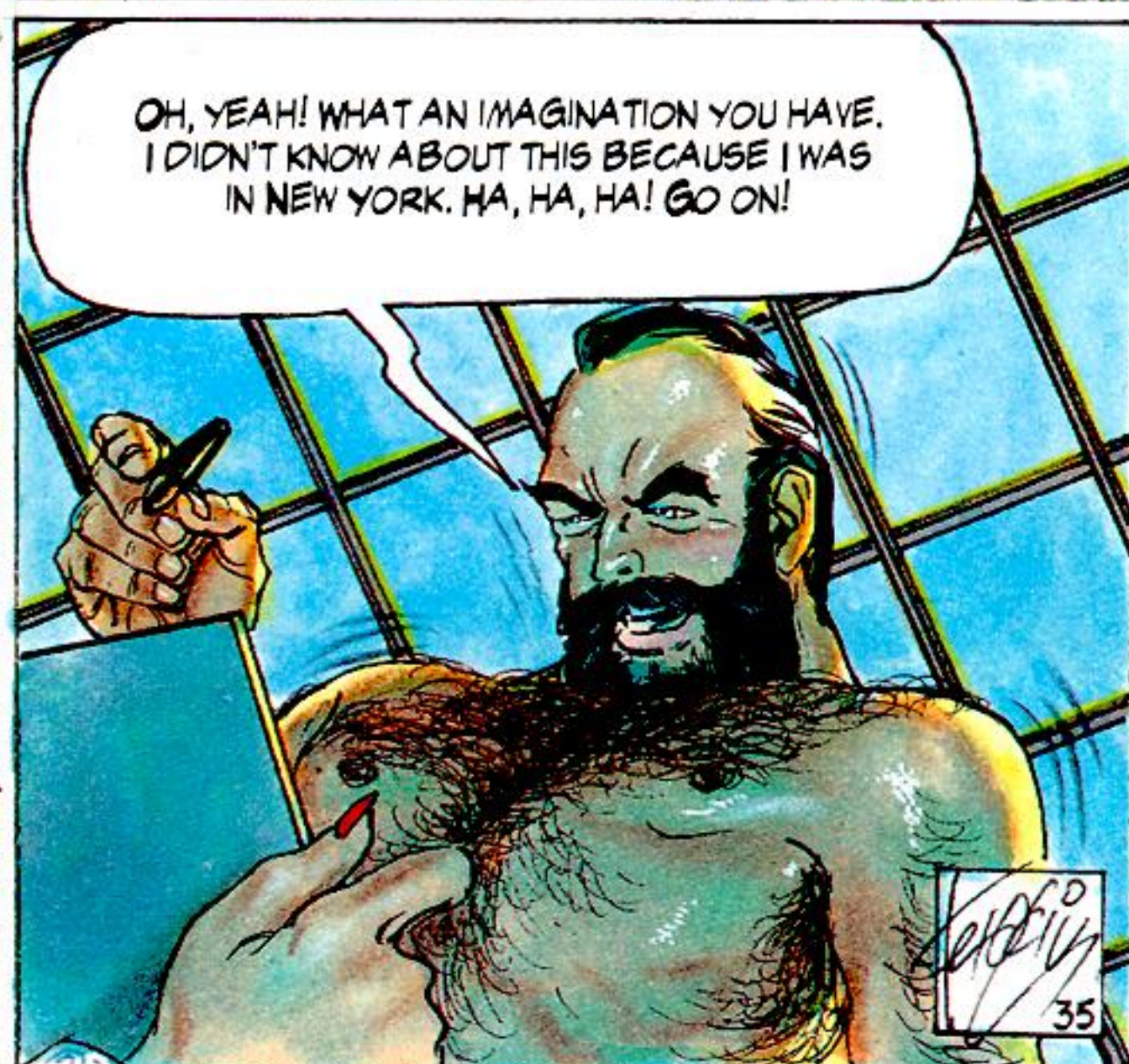


THEN HE SHOT ALL HIS CUM IN MY MOUTH.

OOF! OOF! CHRIST!

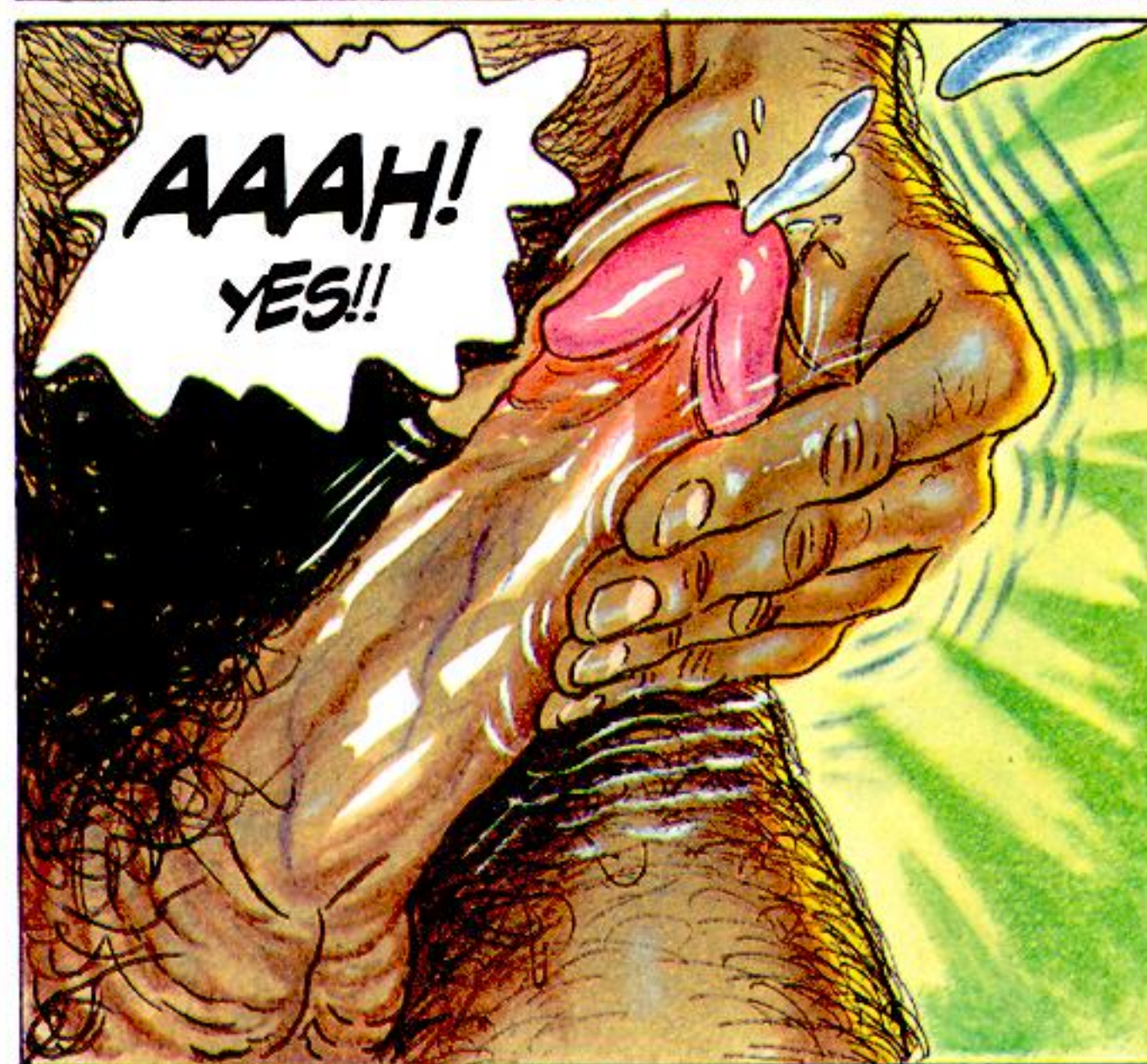
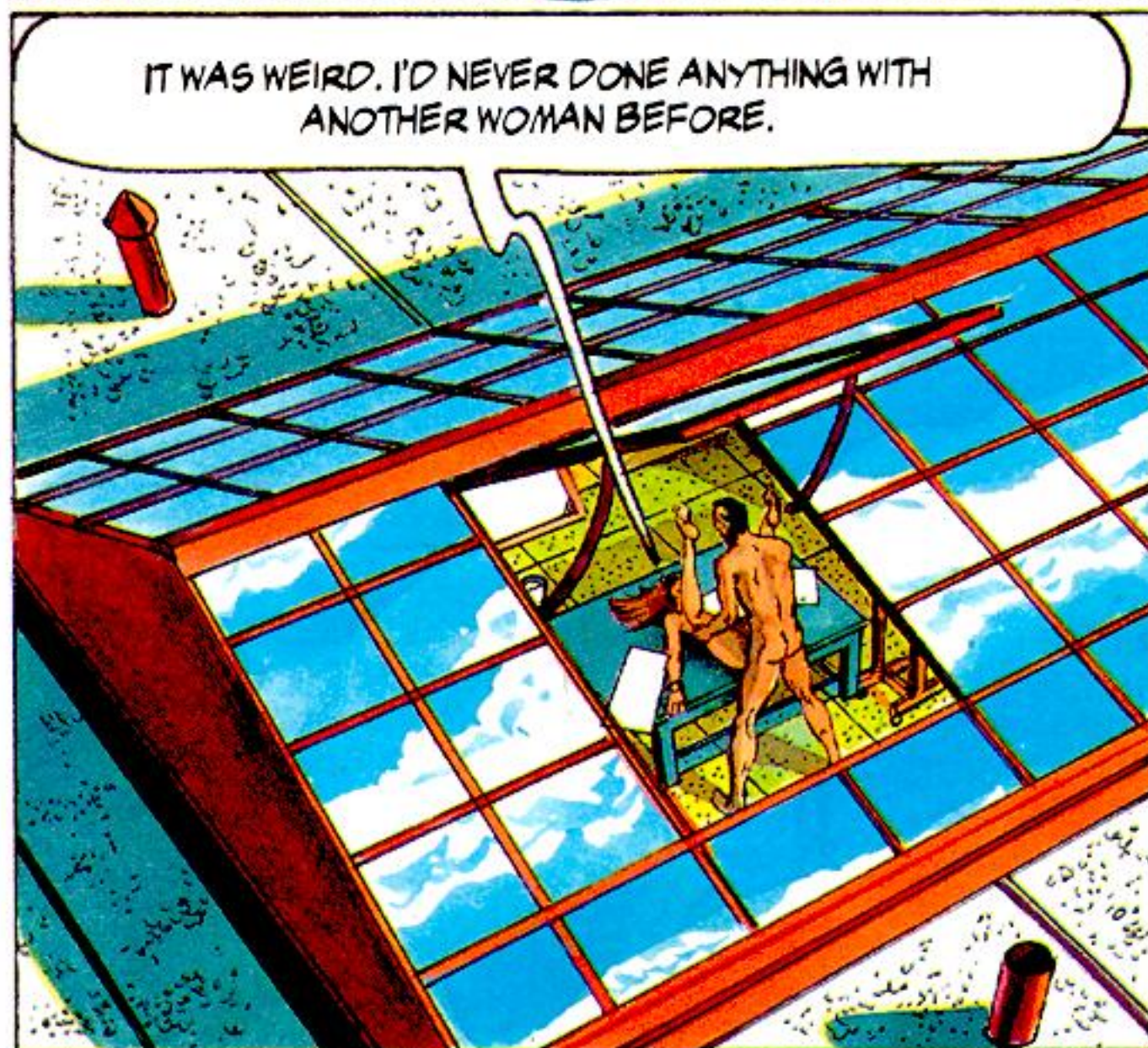
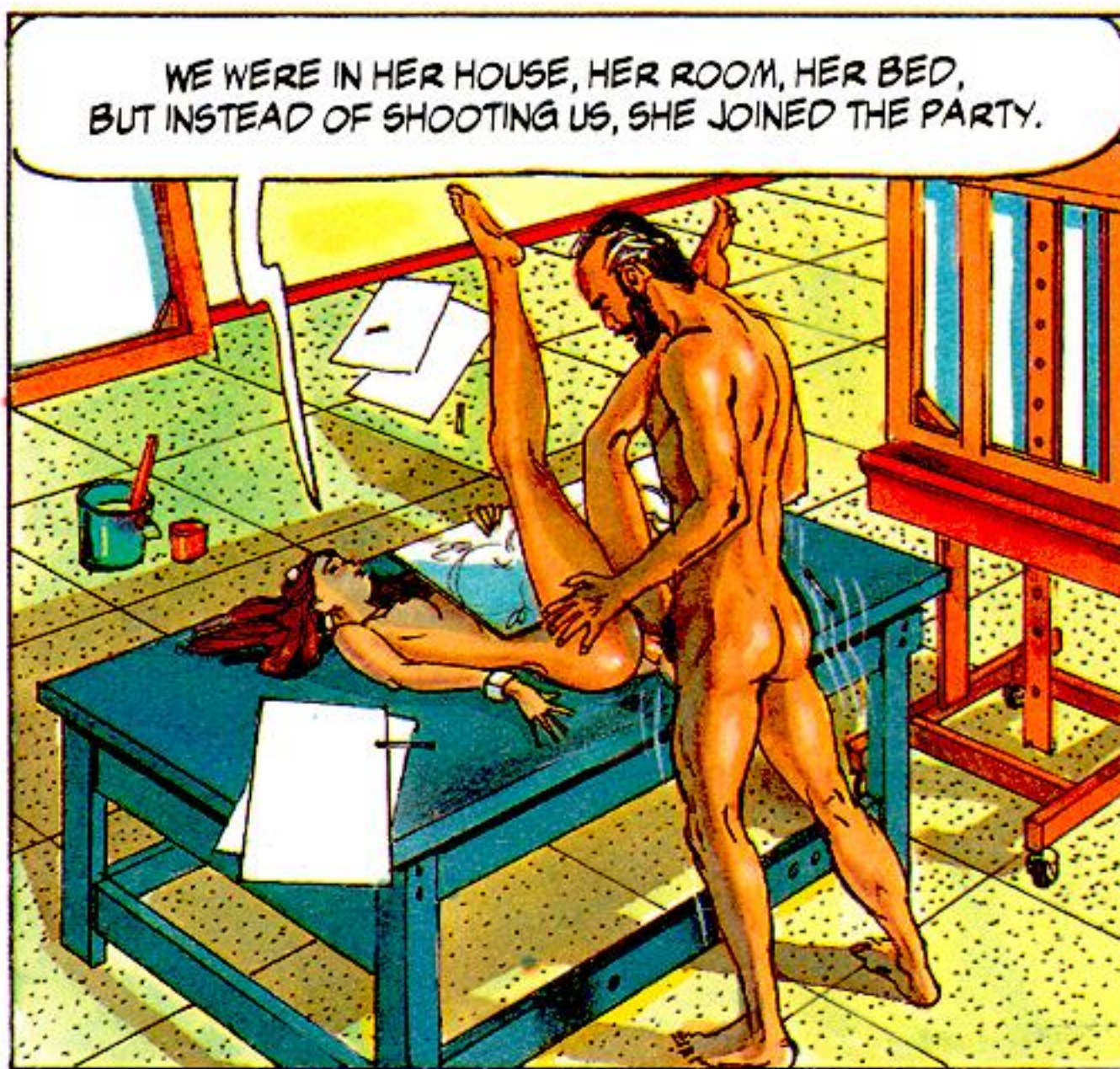


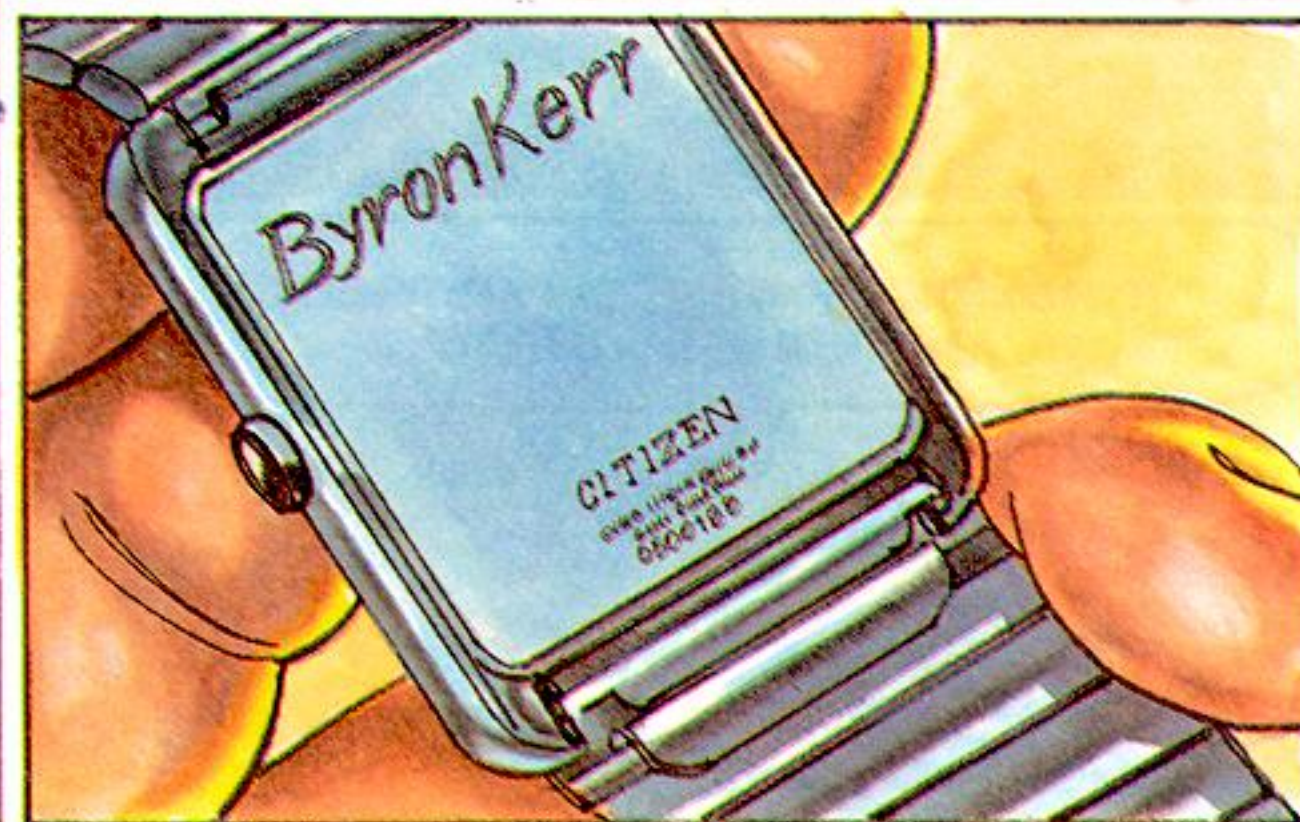
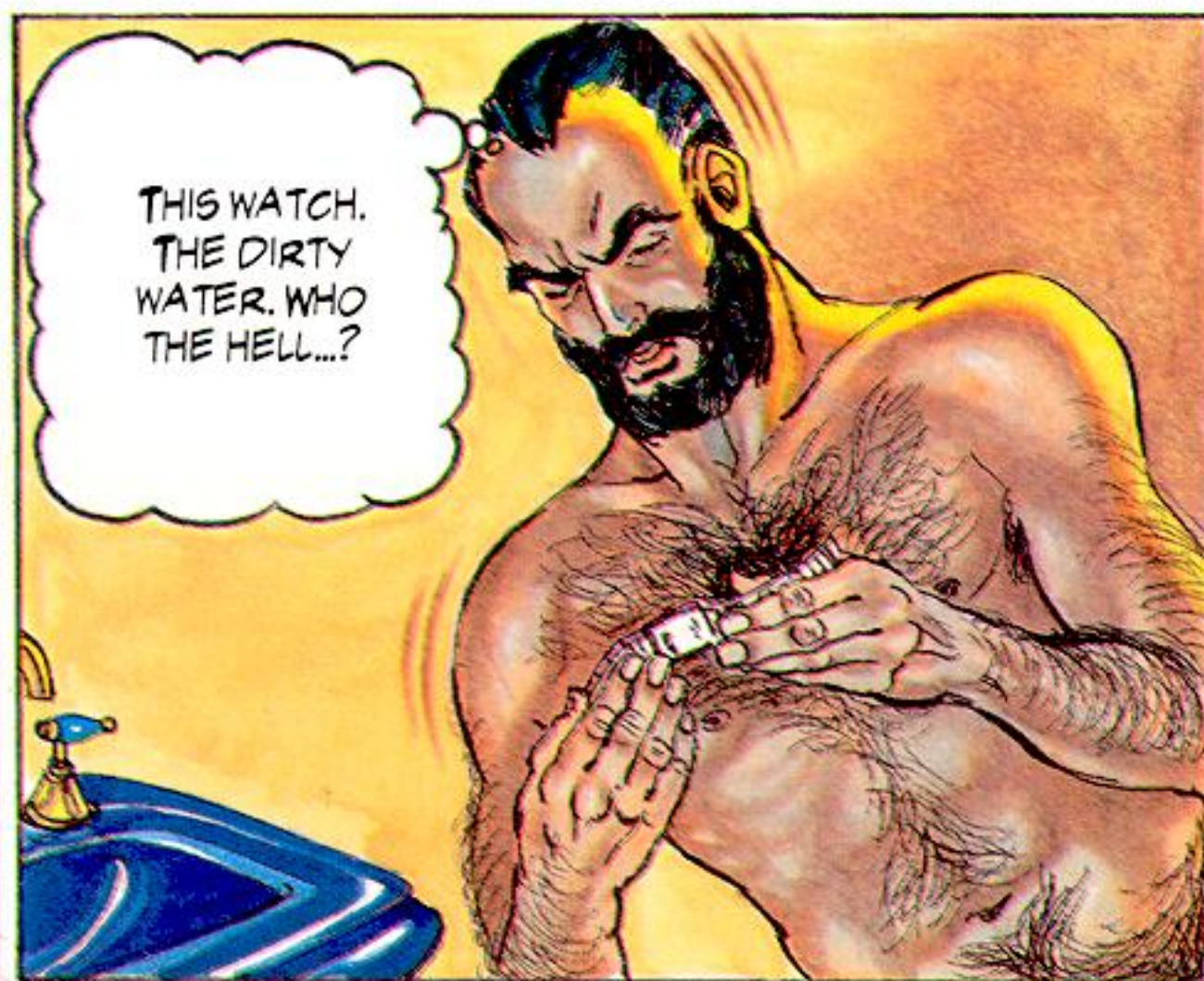
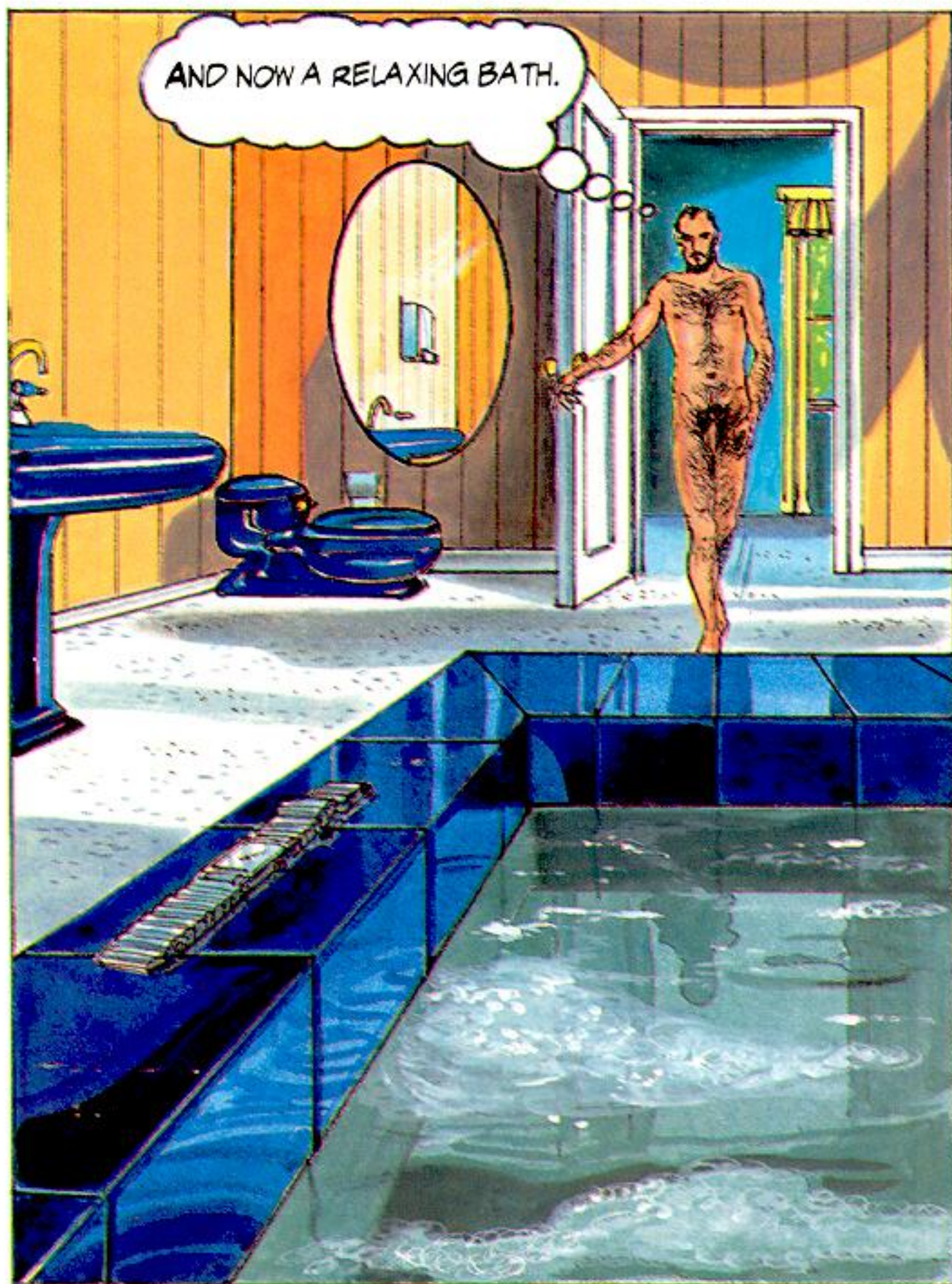
LATER WE WENT TO YOUR HOUSE TO WASH OURSELVES OF OUR SINS, BECAUSE WE WERE UNFAITHFUL TO OUR PARTNERS. WE KEPT ON FUCKING IN THE BATH.



OH, YEAH! WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE. I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS BECAUSE I WAS IN NEW YORK. HA, HA, HA! GO ON!

35



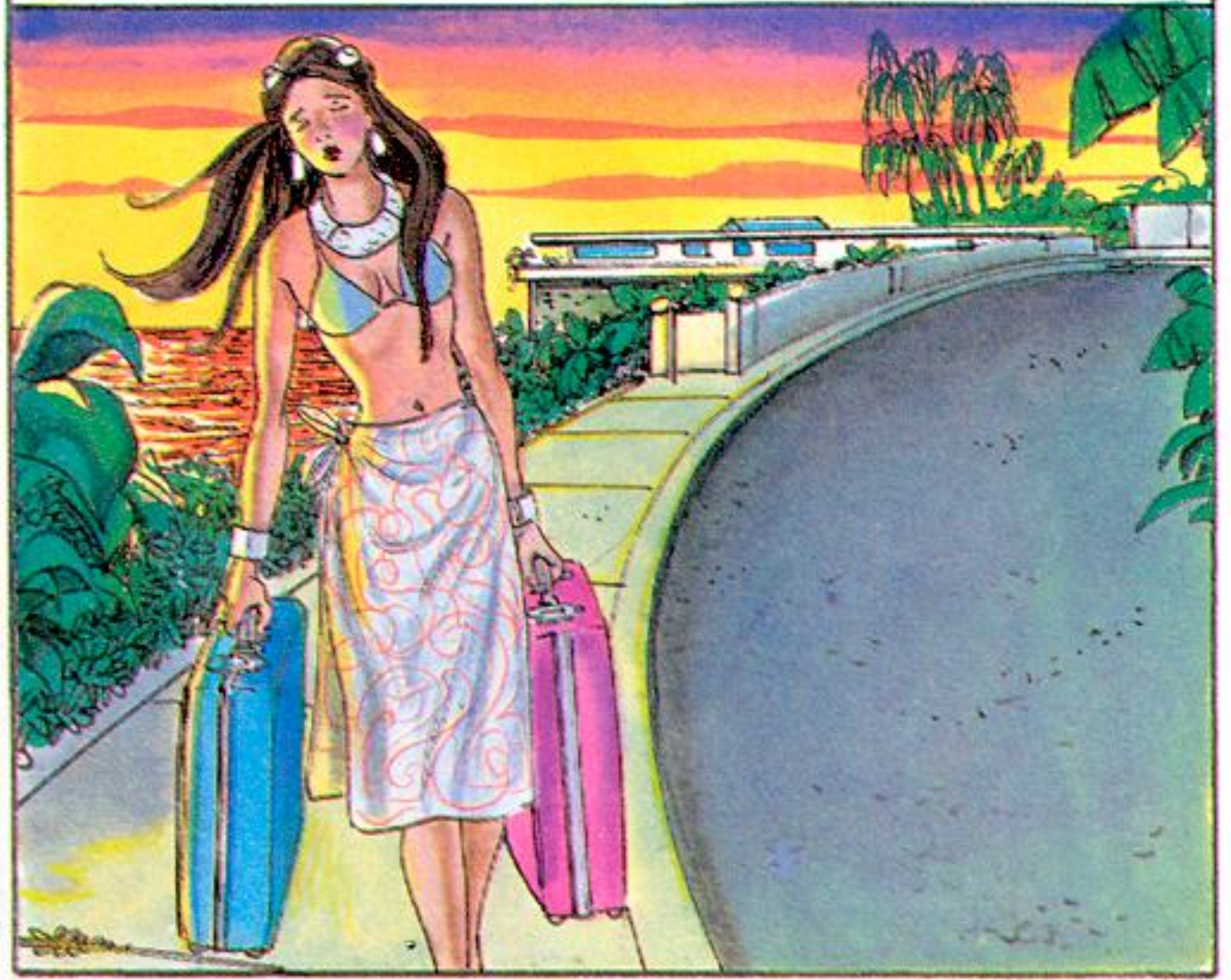


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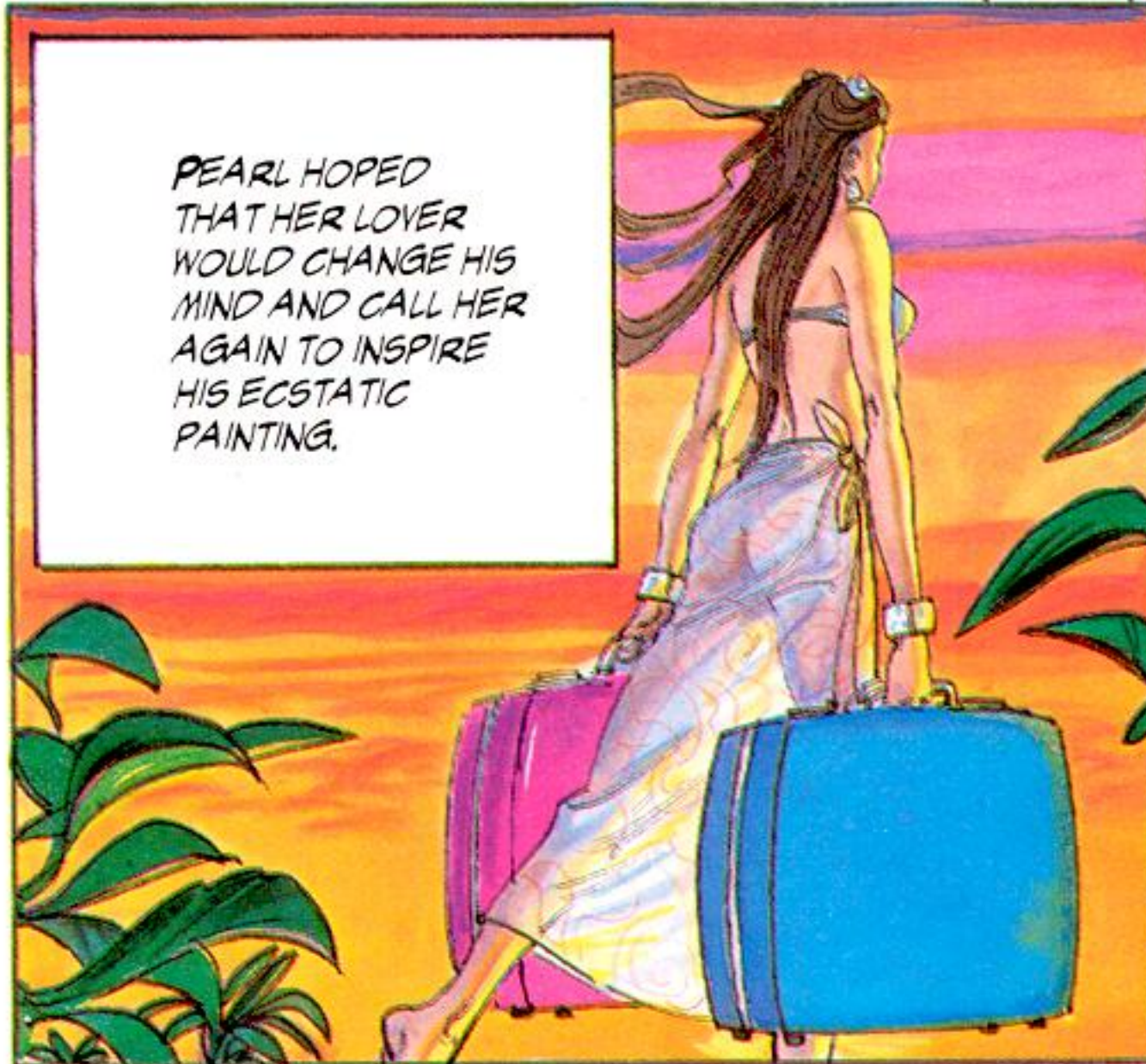
"GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU SLUT". IT WAS SO FAST.
SHE HAD NO CHANCE...



SHE LEFT BEHIND THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE FACING THE SUNSET
THAT SHE LOVED SO MUCH.



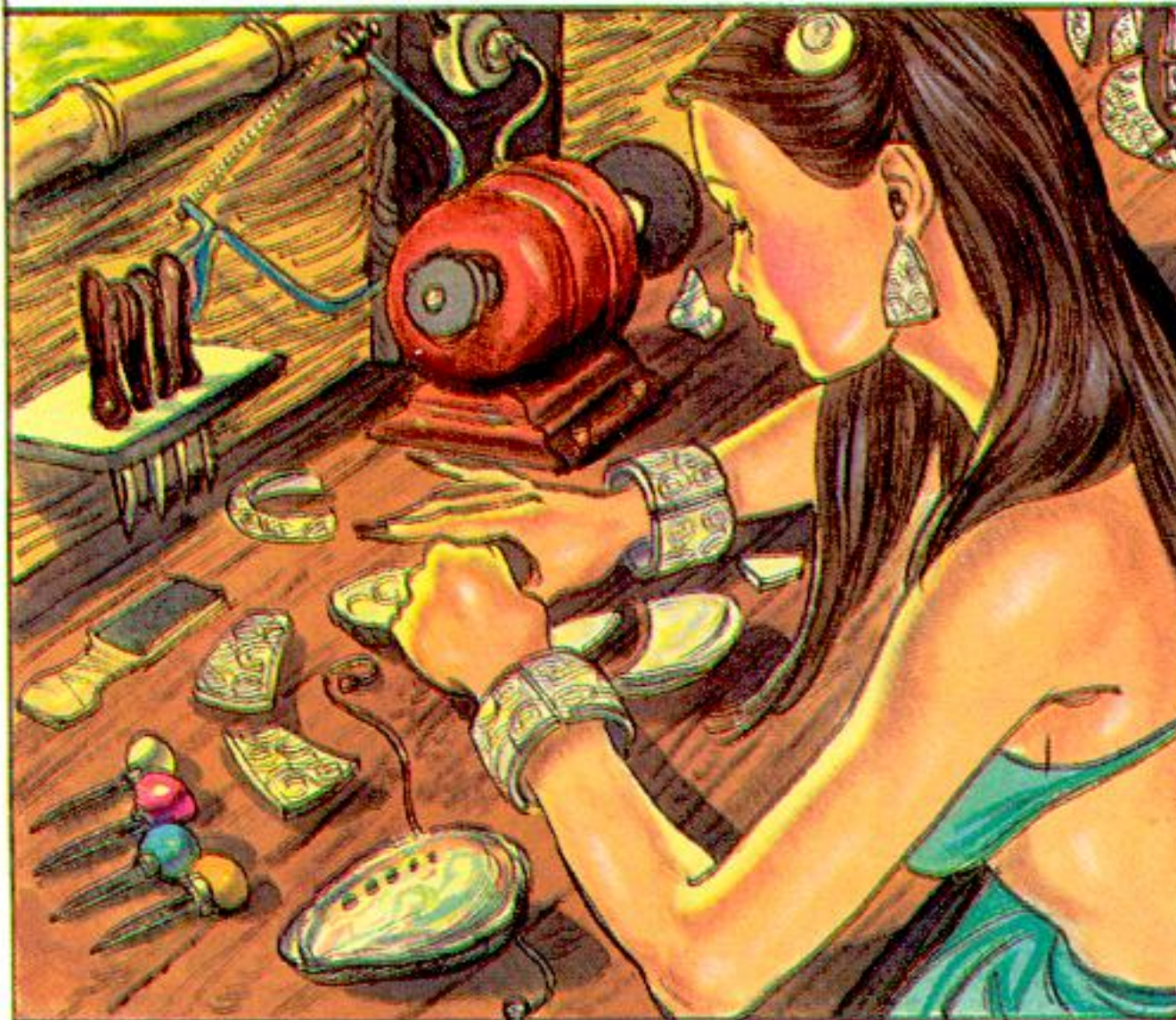
PEARL HOPED
THAT HER LOVER
WOULD CHANGE HIS
MIND AND CALL HER
AGAIN TO INSPIRE
HIS ECSTATIC
PAINTING.



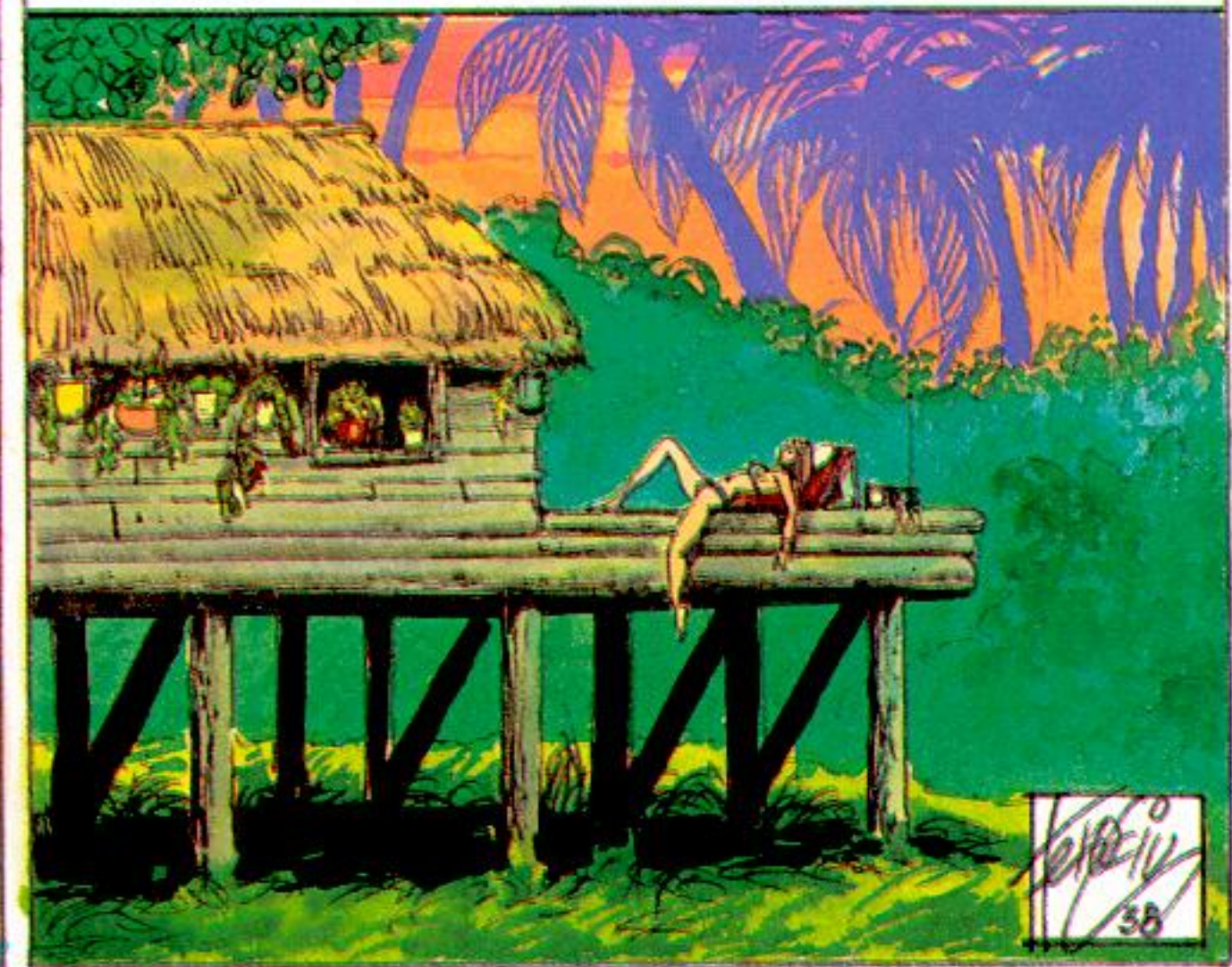
MEANWHILE SHE CONTINUED COLLECTING OYSTERS TO TAKE
THEIR MOTHER-OF-PEARL...



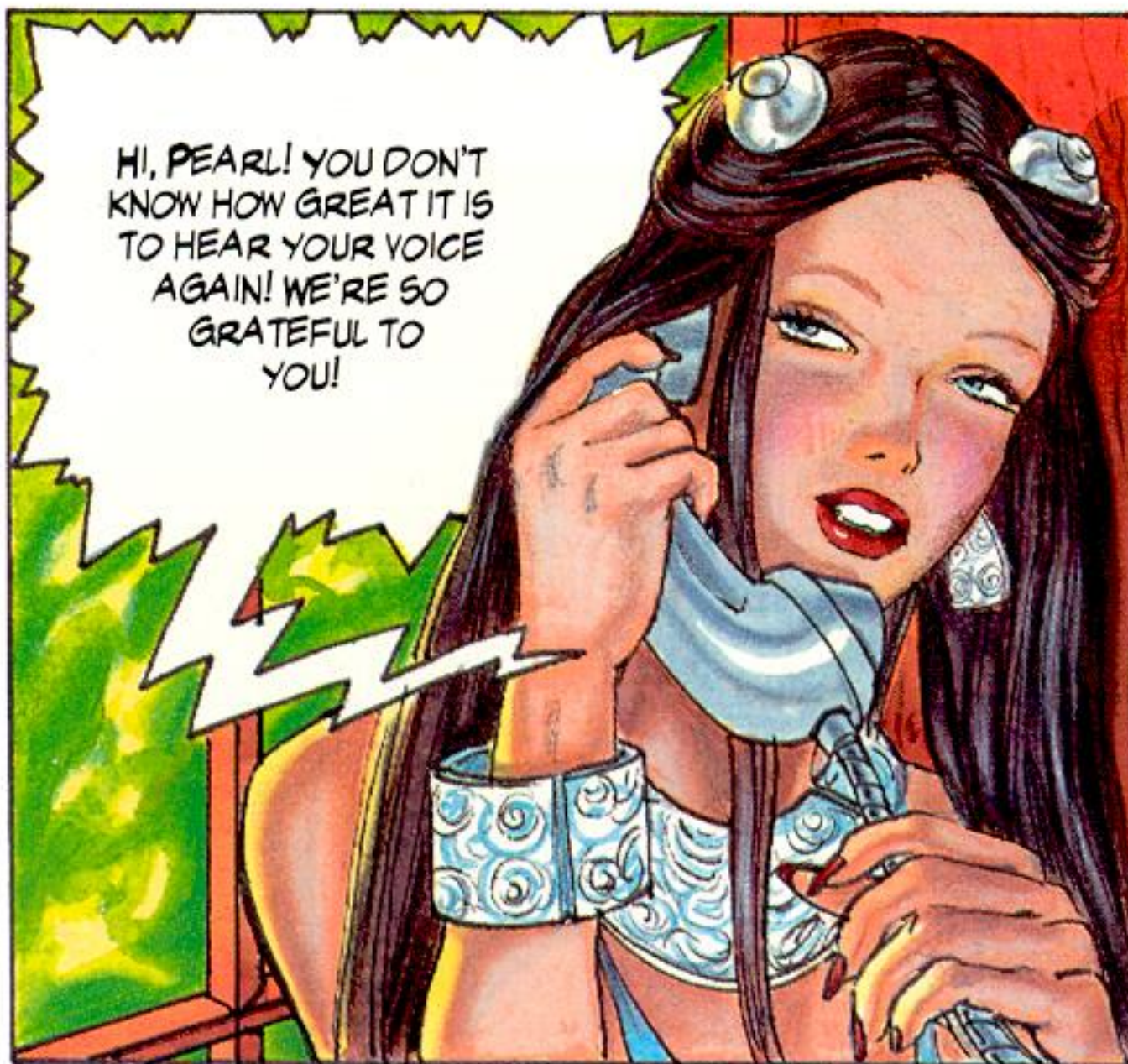
...AND TRANSFORM IT INTO IRIDESCENT JEWELRY.



SHE RETURNED TO THE PICTURESQUE, TROPICAL POVERTY
OF HER GRANDPARENTS.



59

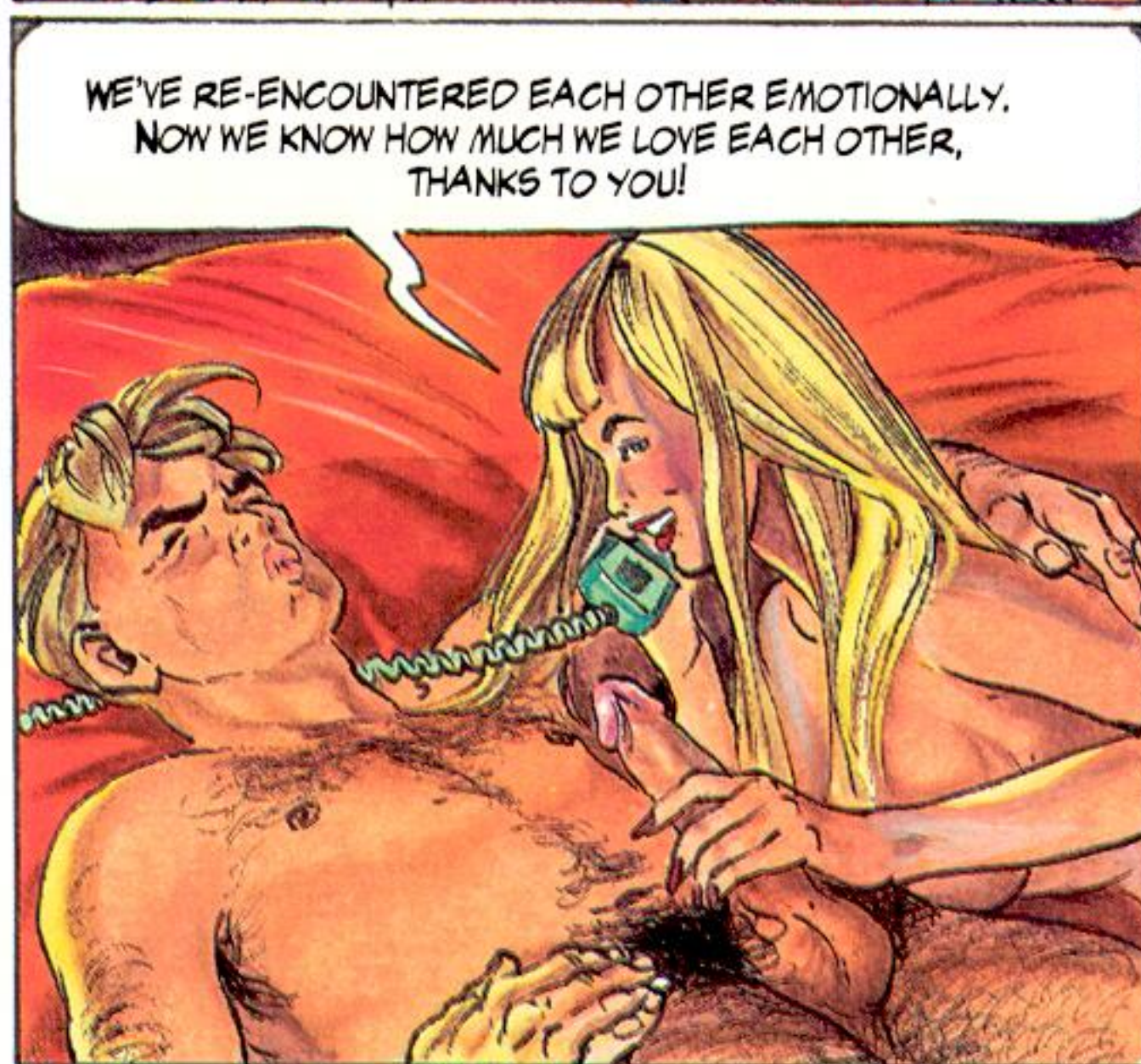


HI, PEARL! YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW GREAT IT IS
TO HEAR YOUR VOICE
AGAIN! WE'RE SO
GRATEFUL TO
YOU!



WHAT
HAPPENED
THAT NIGHT
WAS UNFOR-
GETTABLE.

IT BROKE
THE ROUTINE
BYRON AND I
HAD FALLEN
INTO.



WE'VE RE-ENCOUNTERED EACH OTHER EMOTIONALLY.
NOW WE KNOW HOW MUCH WE LOVE EACH OTHER,
THANKS TO YOU!



OH! BYRON WANTED TO KNOW IF
YOU FOUND HIS WATCH. HE THINKS HE
FORGOT IT WHILE YOU WERE... "HAVING
A BATH". HA, HA, HA!



NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN IT.
WELL, BYE. I ONLY
WANTED TO SAY HELLO.
I'M GLAD TO HAVE
PLAYED A PART IN
YOUR HAPPINESS.



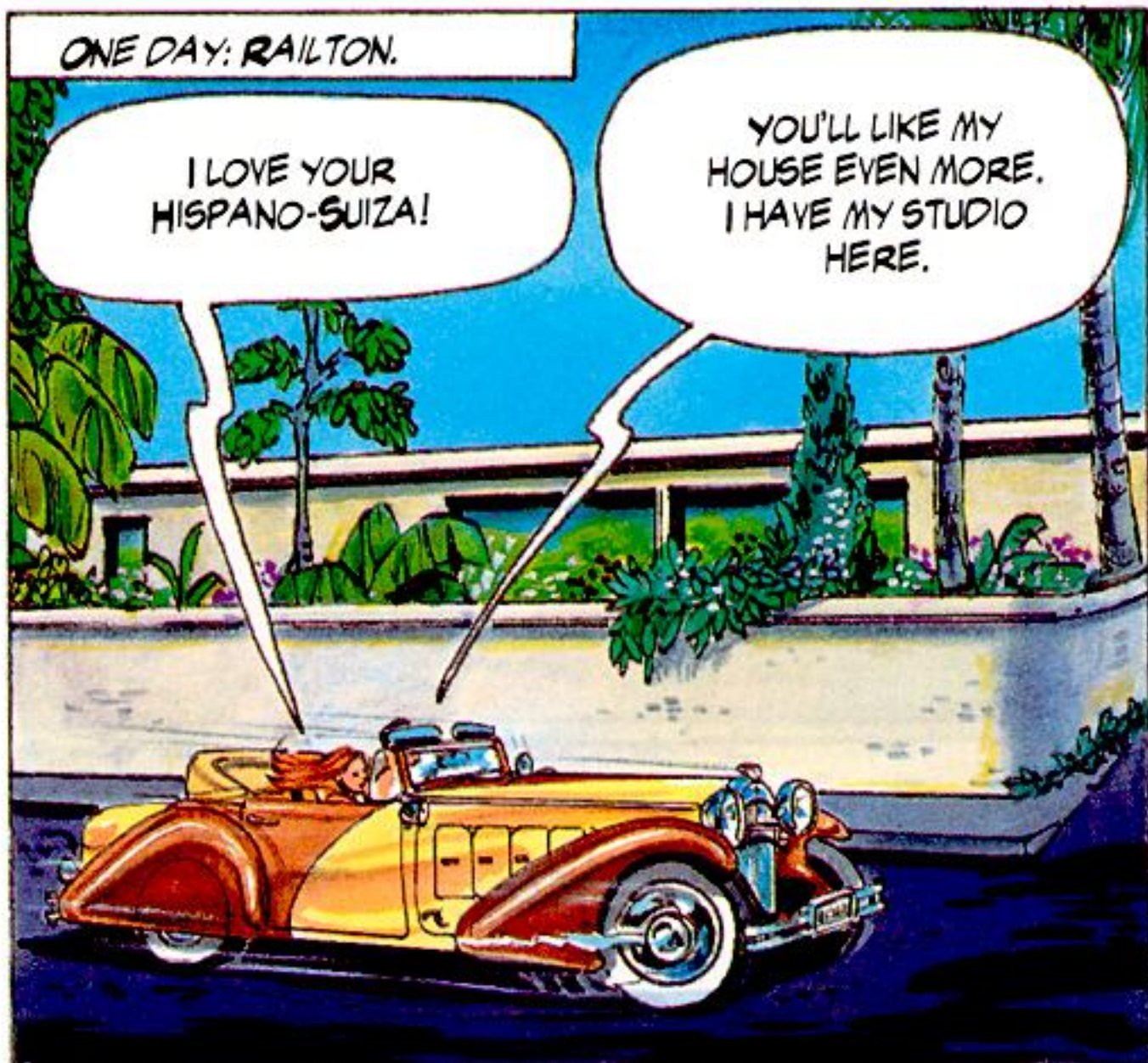
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN.

39

ONE DAY: RAILTON.

I LOVE YOUR
HISPANO-SUIZA!

YOU'LL LIKE MY
HOUSE EVEN MORE.
I HAVE MY STUDIO
HERE.



COOL!!
I'D LOVE TO LIVE
HERE, RAILTON!
UNDER ANY
CONDITIONS!



REALLY, YOU DON'T WANT TO
PUT IT IN ME, EVEN WITH A
CONDOM?



NO! LIKE I SAID,
WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR
OUR TEST RESULTS. IF
YOU'RE H.I.V. POSITIVE, YOUR
GUSHING JUICES COULD
INFECT ME, EVEN WITH
PROTECTION. GET
GOING!

YOU'RE THE
BOSS.



I FEEL A
DELICIOUS
TICKLING GO UP
MY STOMACH AND
TO MY BREASTS.
LIKE THAT?

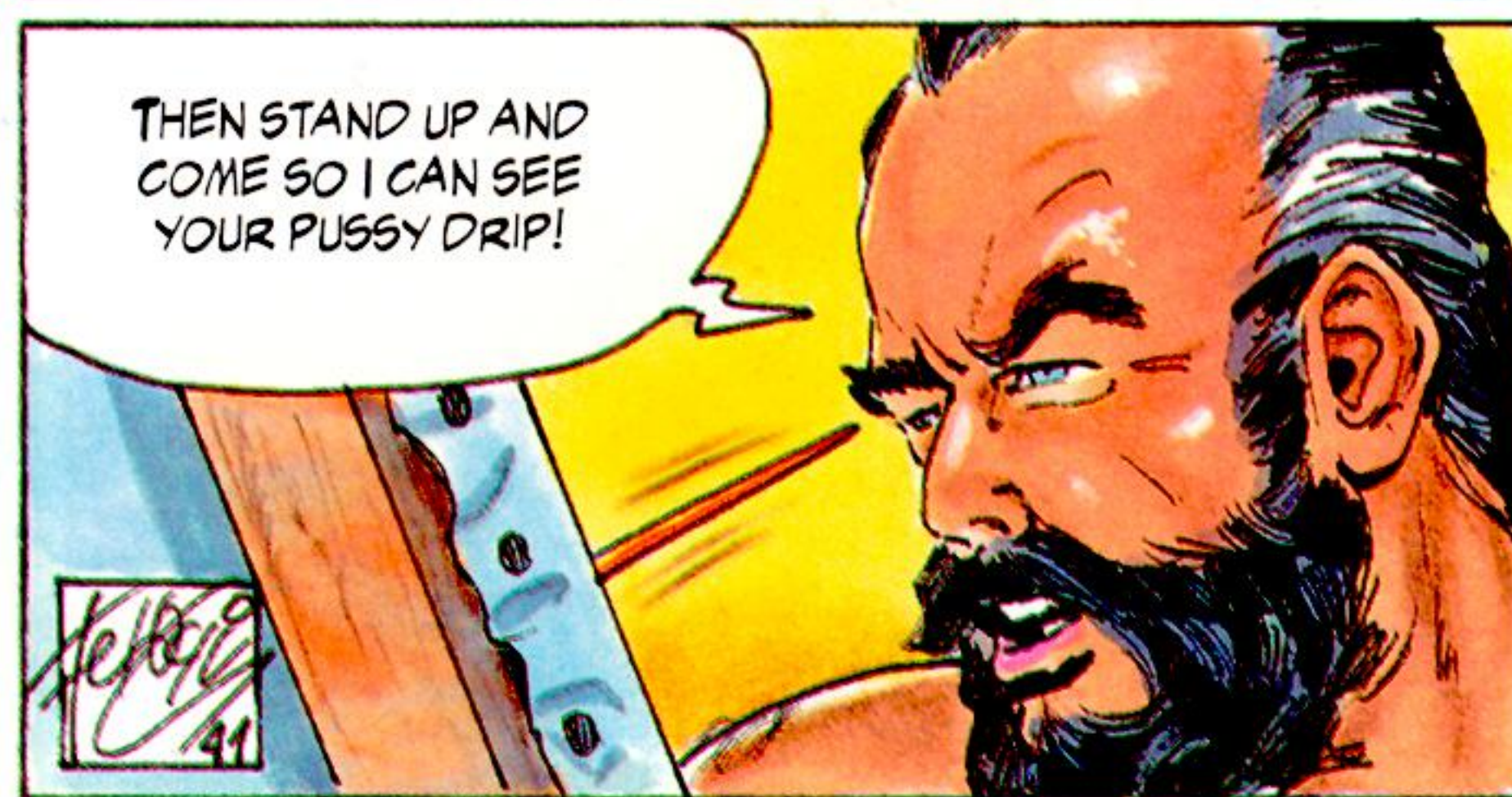
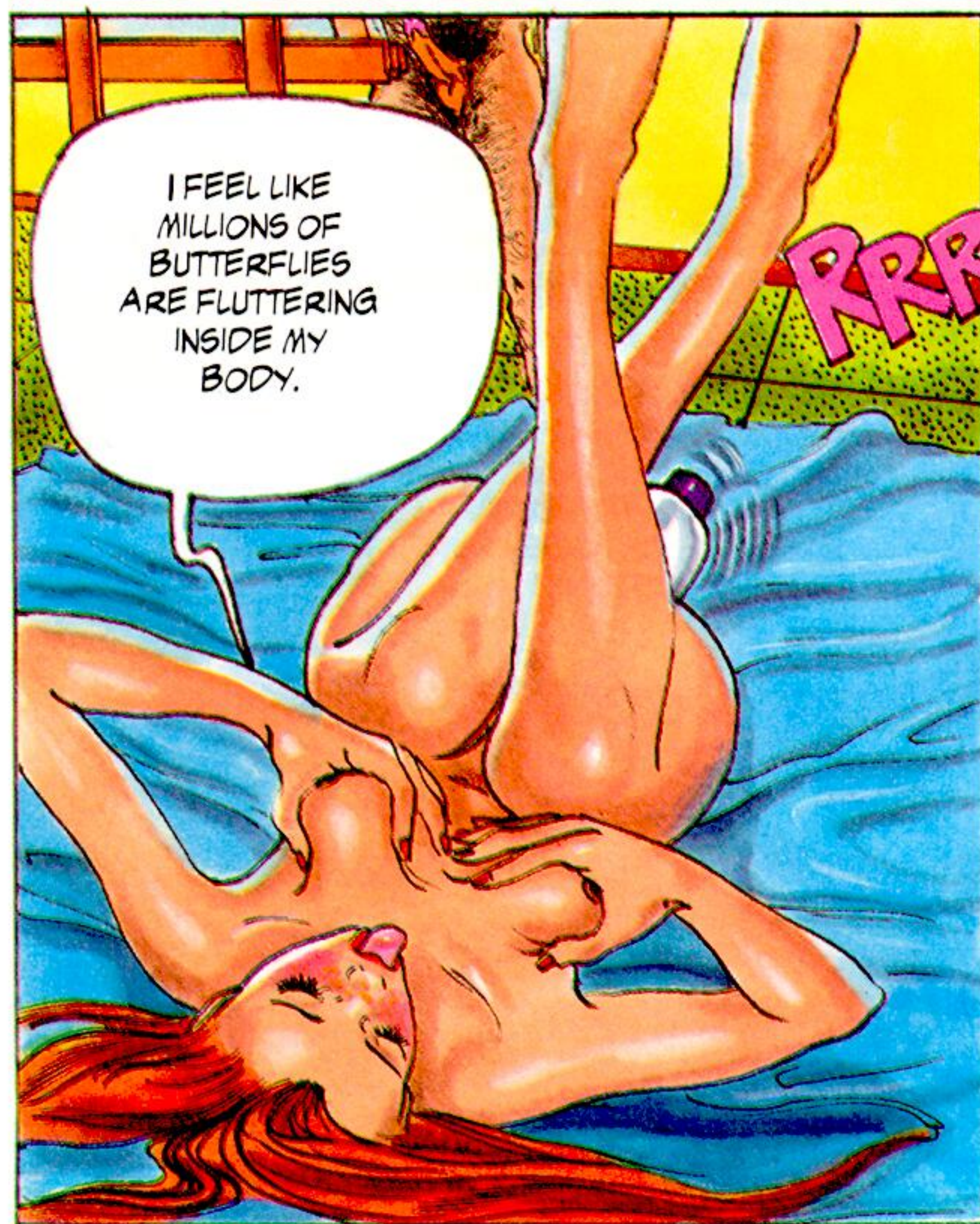
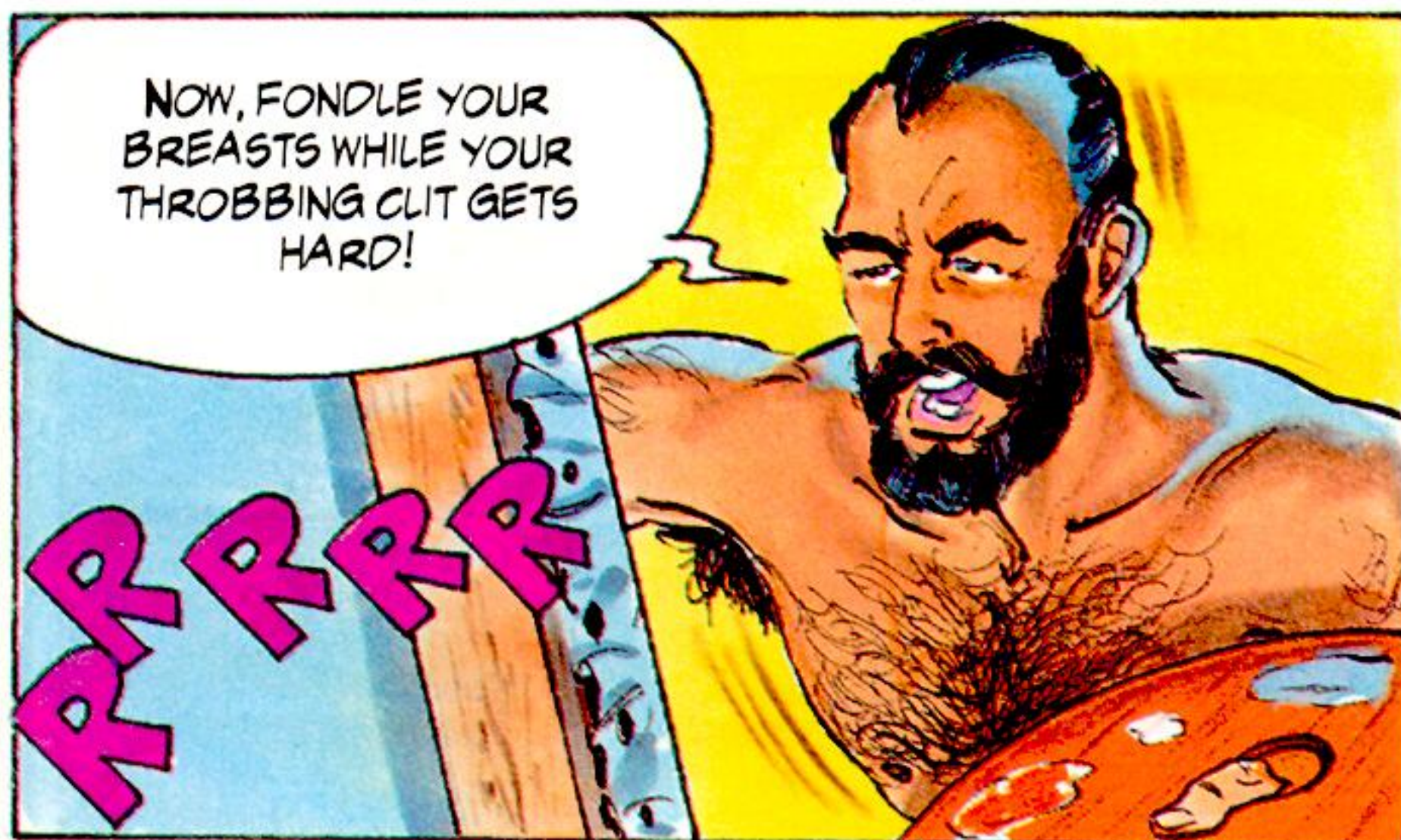
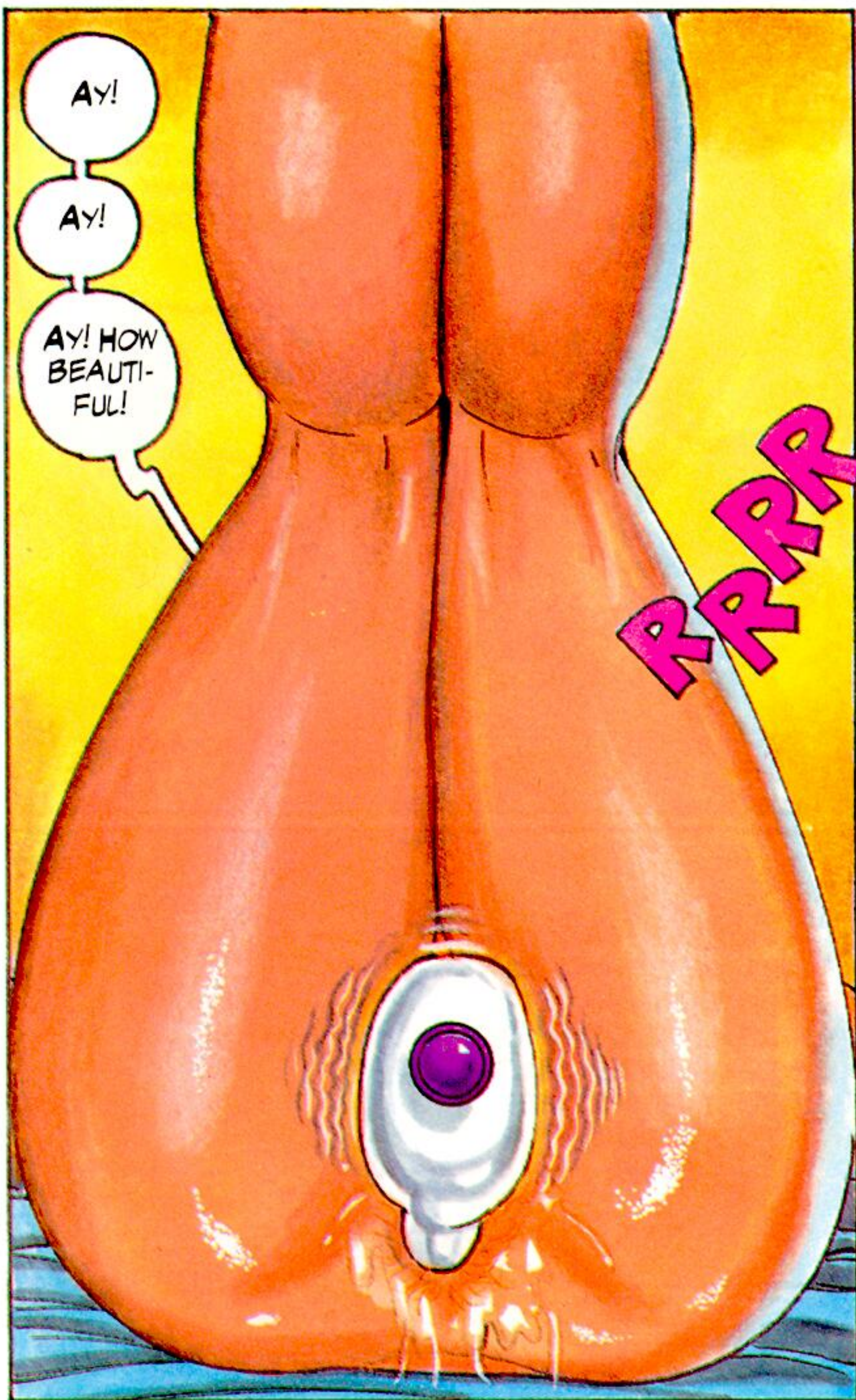
YES.

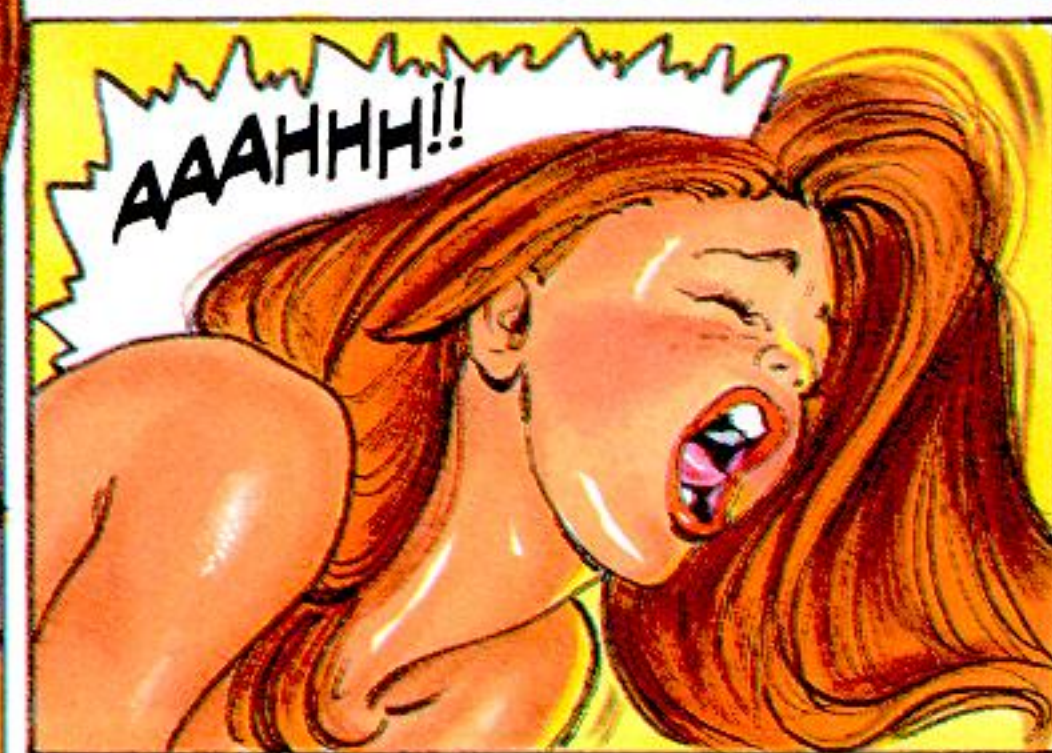


MY SLIPPERY JUICES
ARE FLOWING OUT AND OVER
MY LITTLE HOLE. MMM!
OH, THIS FEELS SO GOOD.
EXQUISITE! OH, YESS!!
SO GOOD!!

GO ON!









A YANKEE WILL COME TO PICK UP THIS CHEST. I HAVE TO GO OUT. CHARGE HIM FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH. I DON'T WANT ANY CHECKS! UNDERSTAND?

YES, GRANDFATHER.



YOUR GRANDFATHER IS A MASTER. THE JEWELRY BOX IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT I NEVER CARRY CASH.



I'LL PAY YOU AT MY HOUSE AND THEN I'LL BRING YOU BACK.

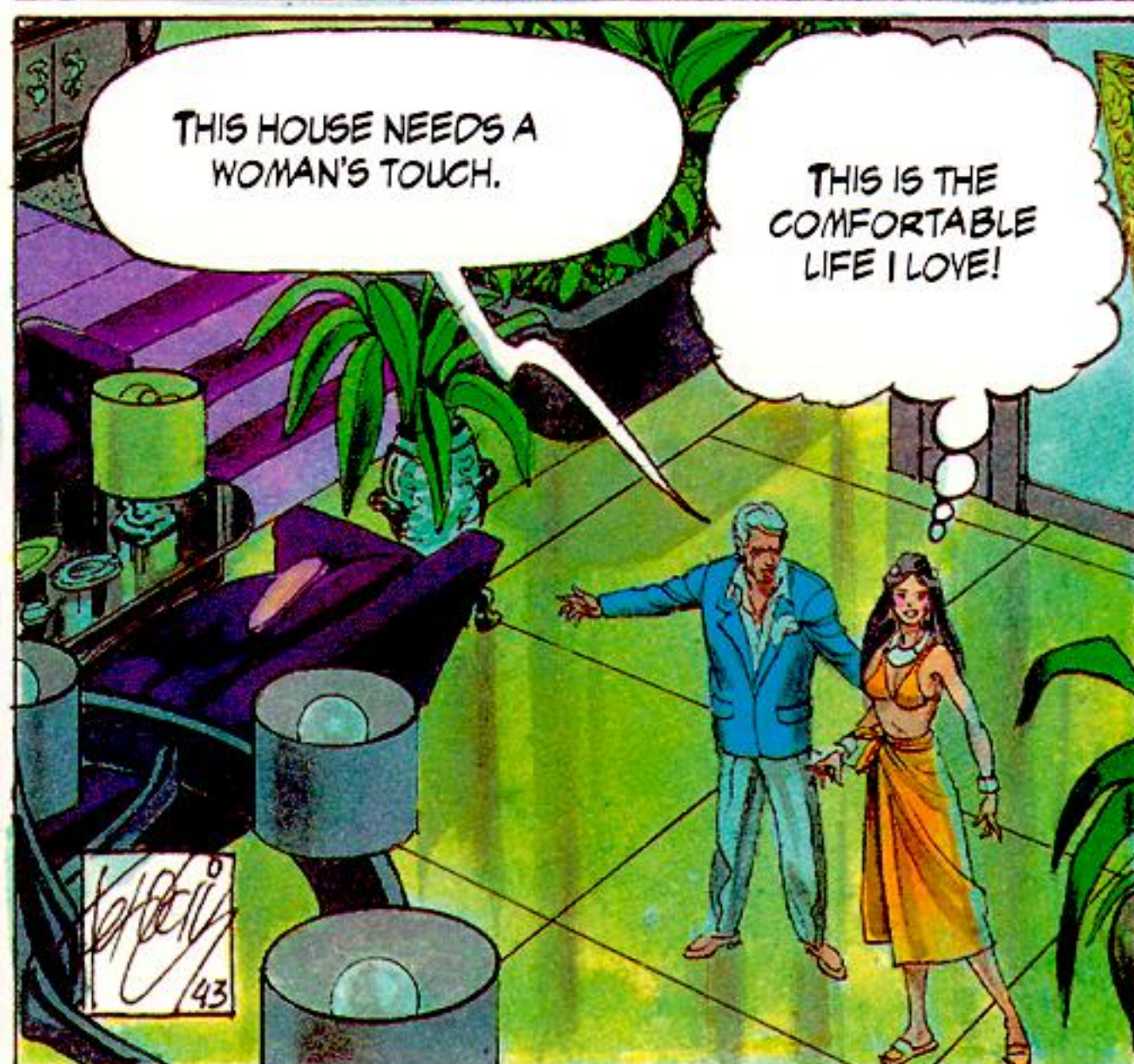


WHAT A NICE CAR!

ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T WORTHY OF YOUR EXQUISITE BEAUTY, YOUNG LADY.



MY NAME IS PEARL AND I'M DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU.



THIS HOUSE NEEDS A WOMAN'S TOUCH.

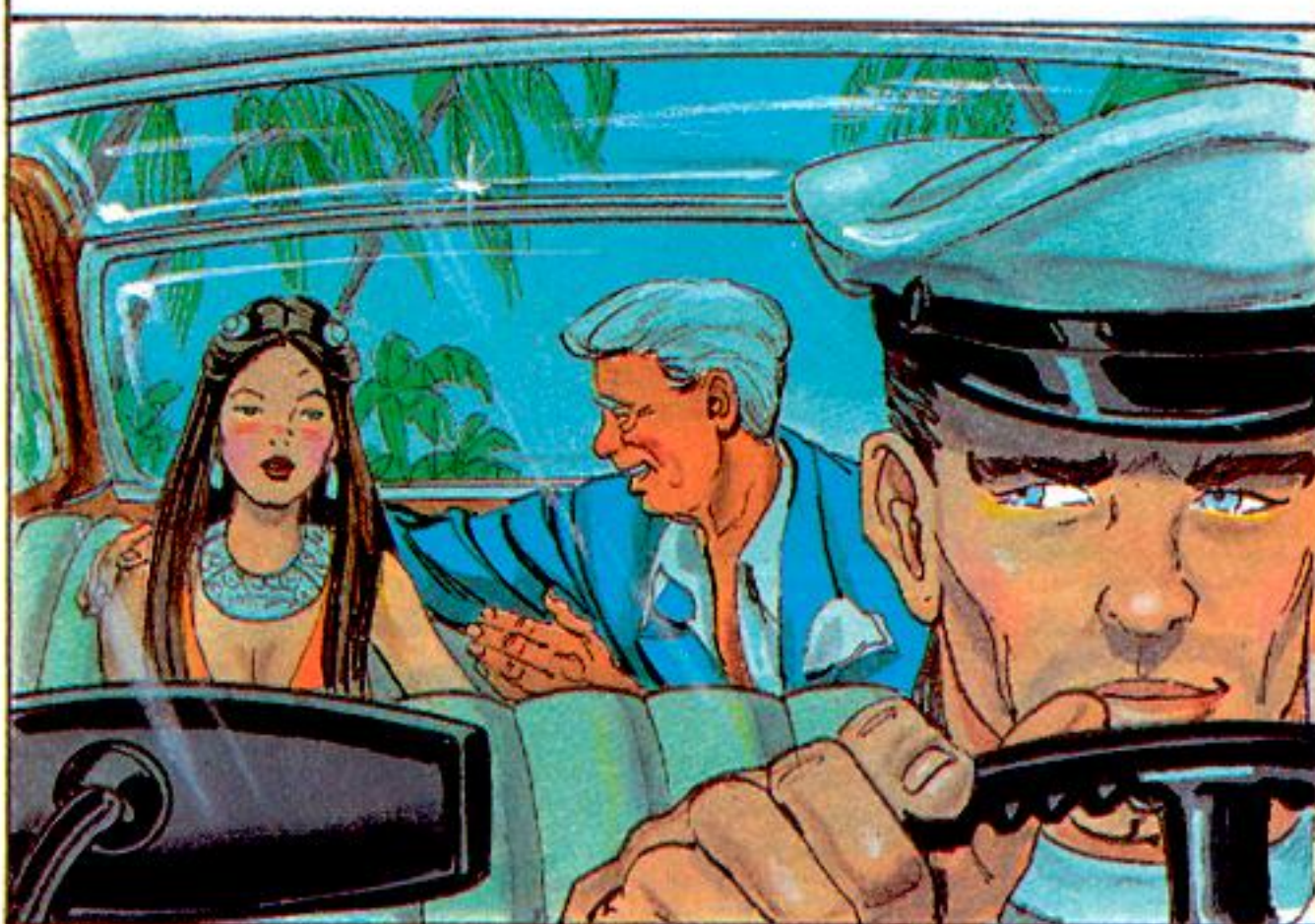
THIS IS THE COMFORTABLE LIFE I LOVE!

43

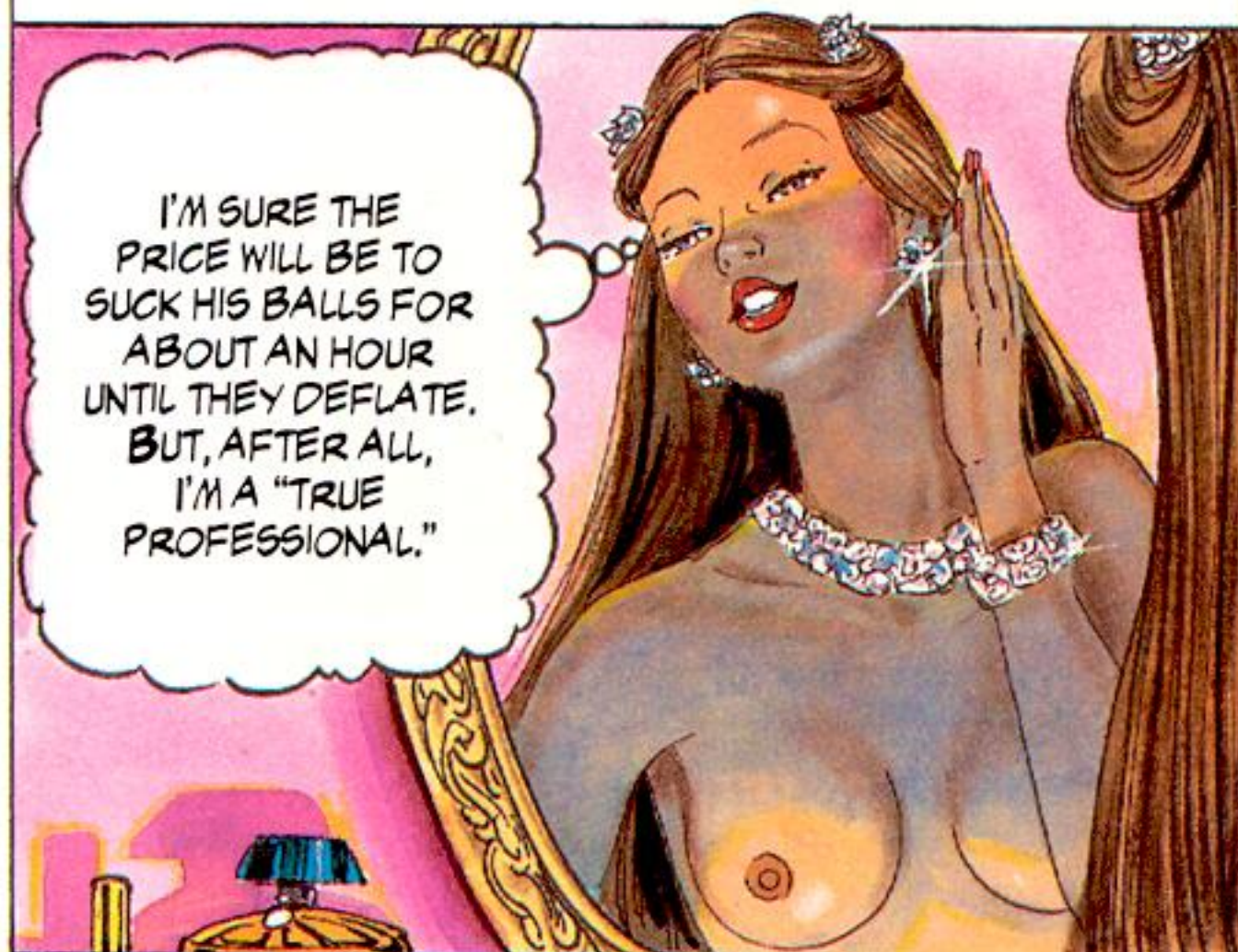
OLAF WAS A YANKEE MILLIONAIRE, THOUGH A BIT OVER-THE-HILL FOR CERTAIN TASKS. BUT WITH PEARL EVERYTHING WAS SO EASY, SO FAST....



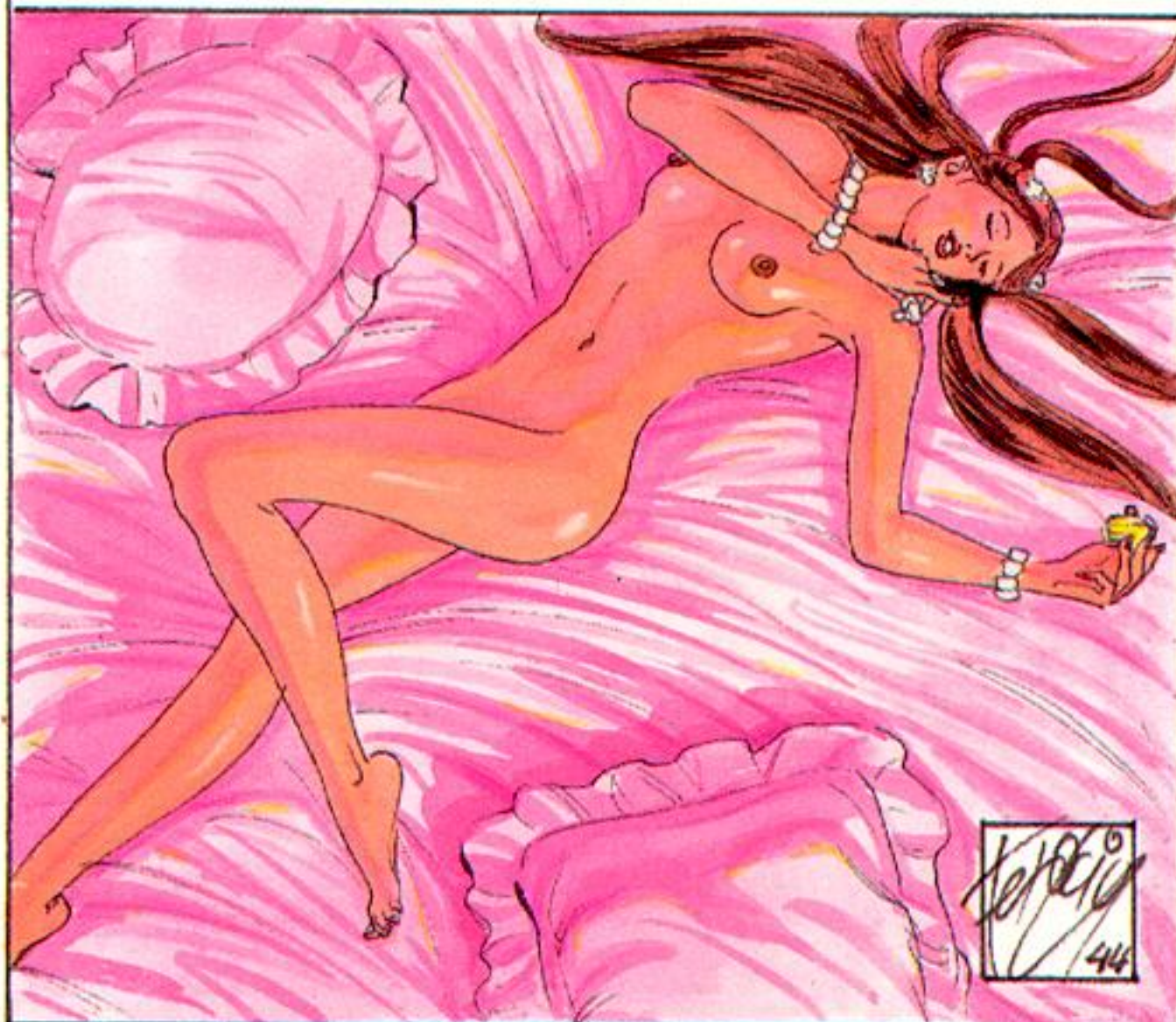
AND SHE WAS SO CLOSE TO THIS ATTRACTIVE CHAUFFEUR WHO COULDN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF HER. IT ALL NAUSEATED HER. MAYBE SOMETHING EXCITING MIGHT HAPPEN TO GET RID OF THE BAD TASTE IN HER MOUTH.

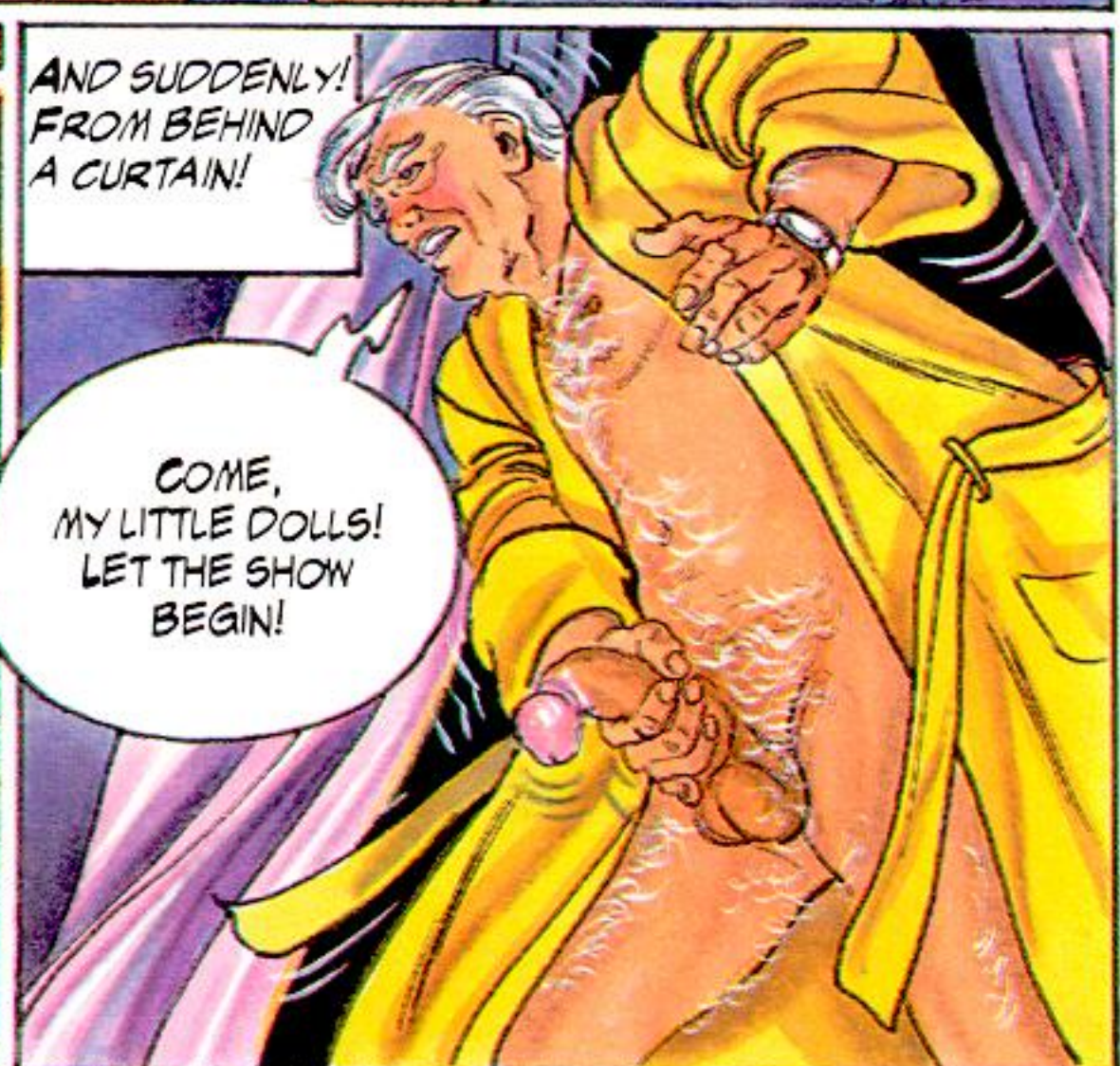


THEY CAME TO A SATISFACTORY AGREEMENT, AS HER MOTHER OF PEARL JEWELS WERE REPLACED BY SIMILAR ONES MADE OF SAPPHIRES.



SHE PUTS AN IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

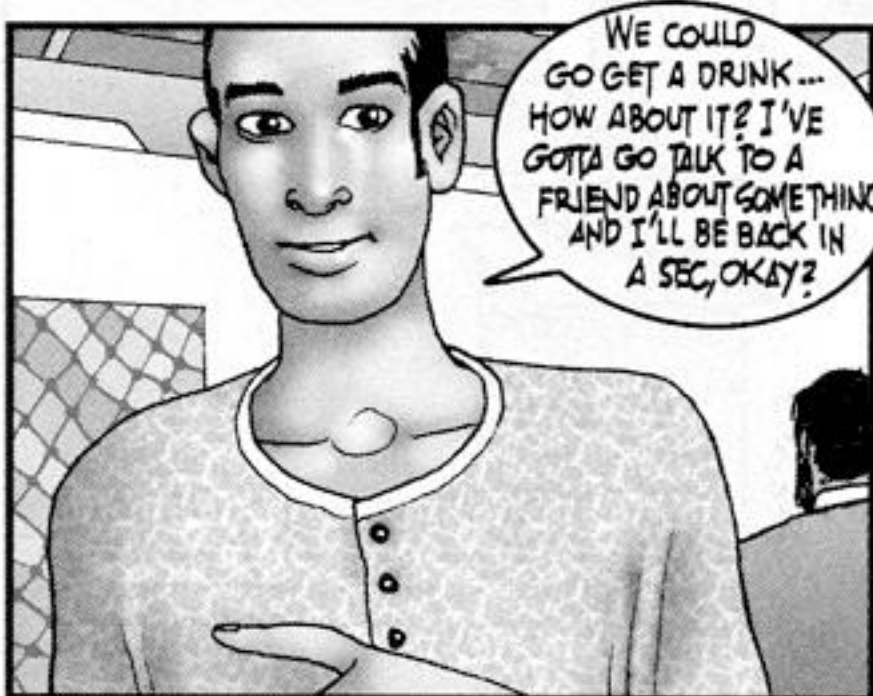


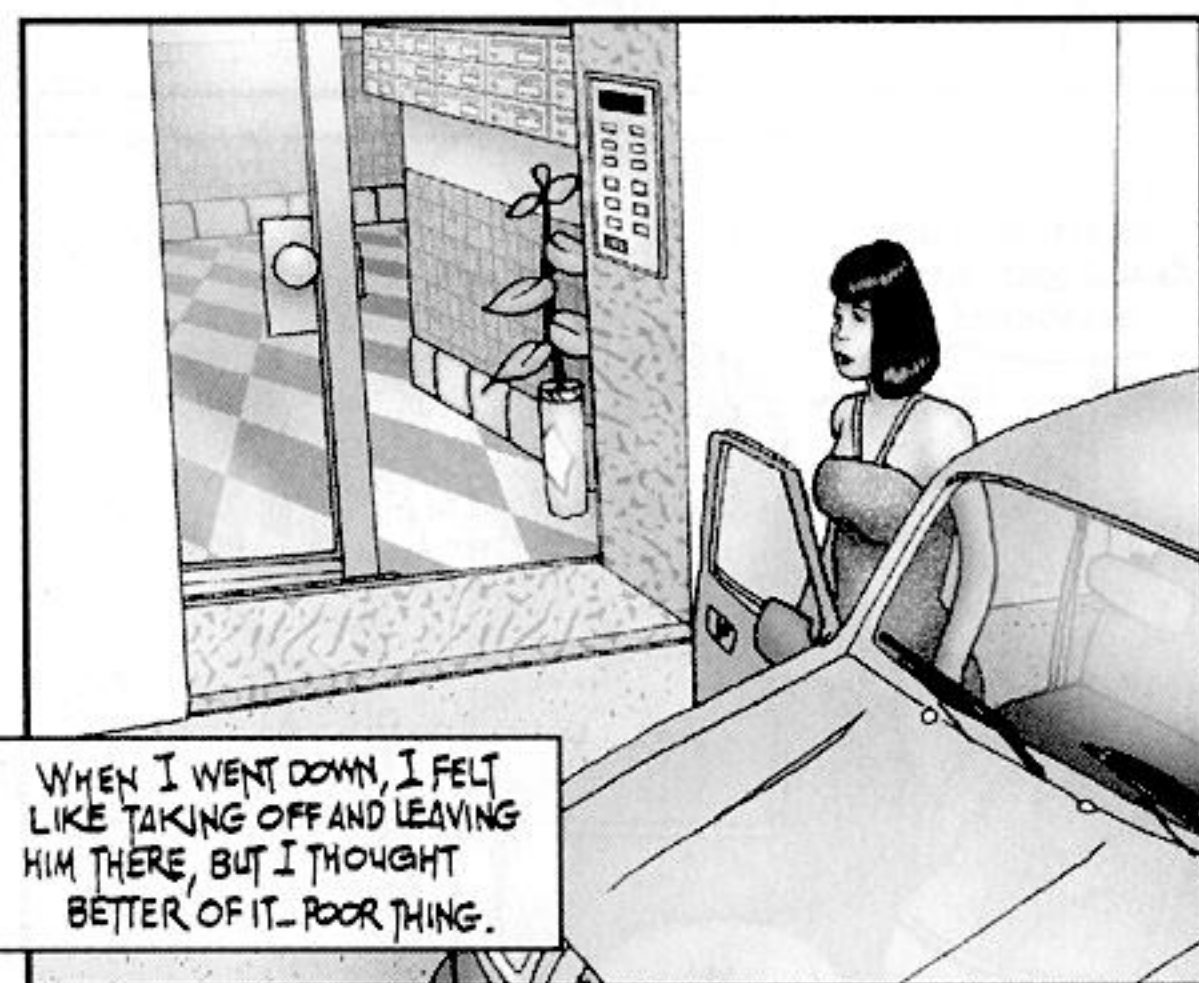


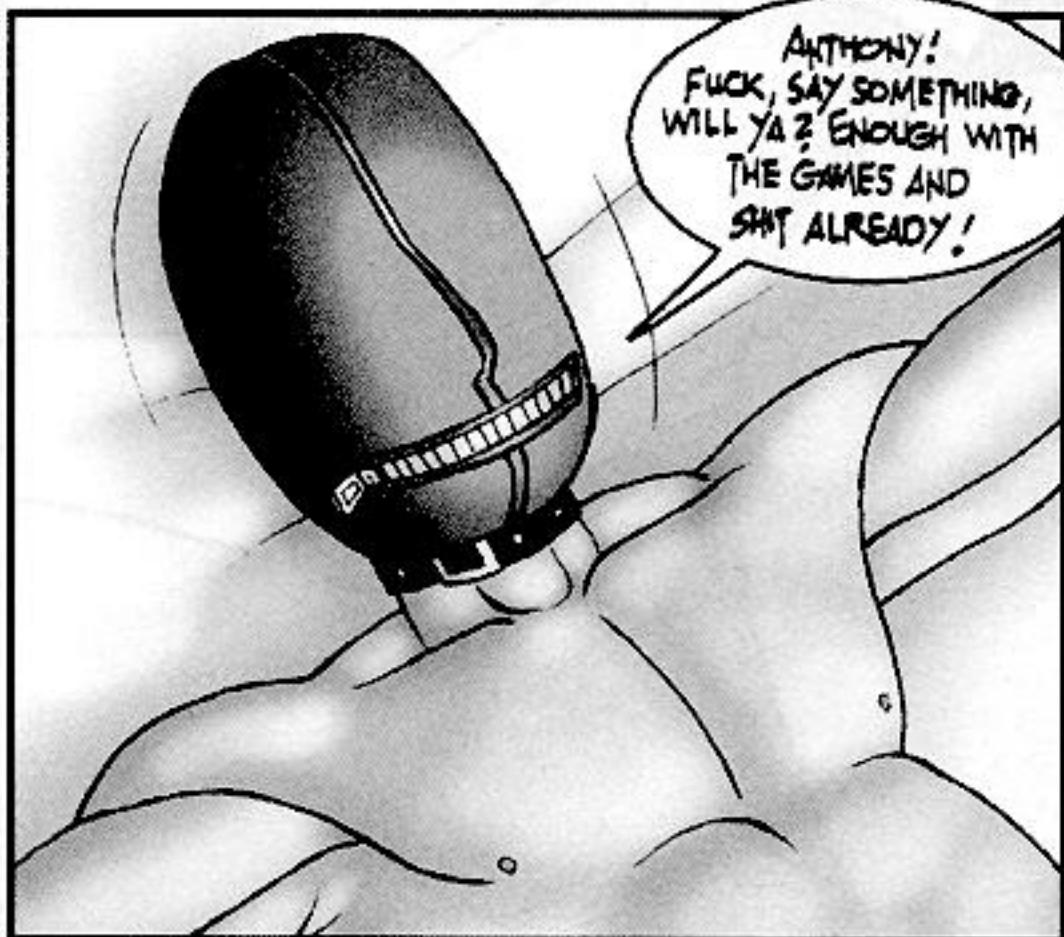


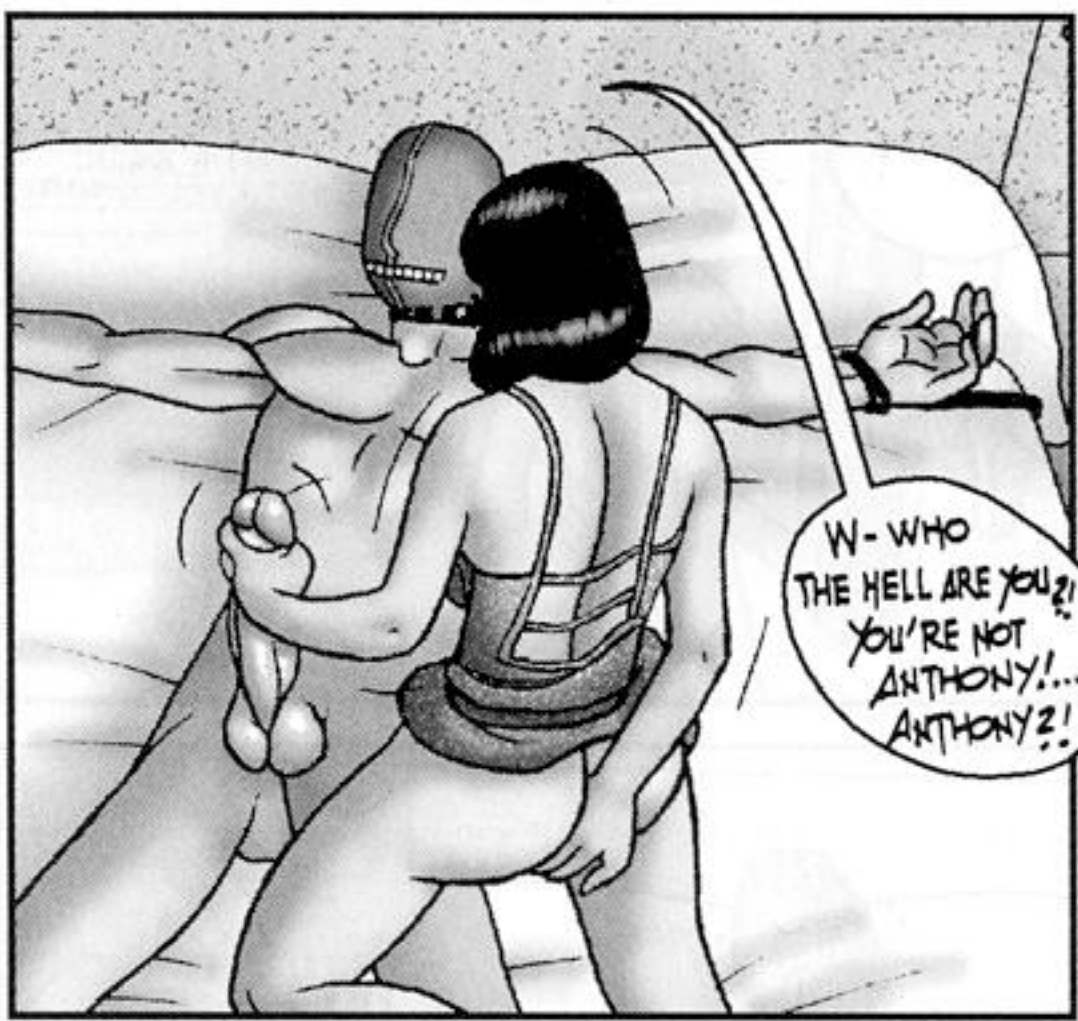
Minerva

LIVE AND LEARN • by Juan Emilio





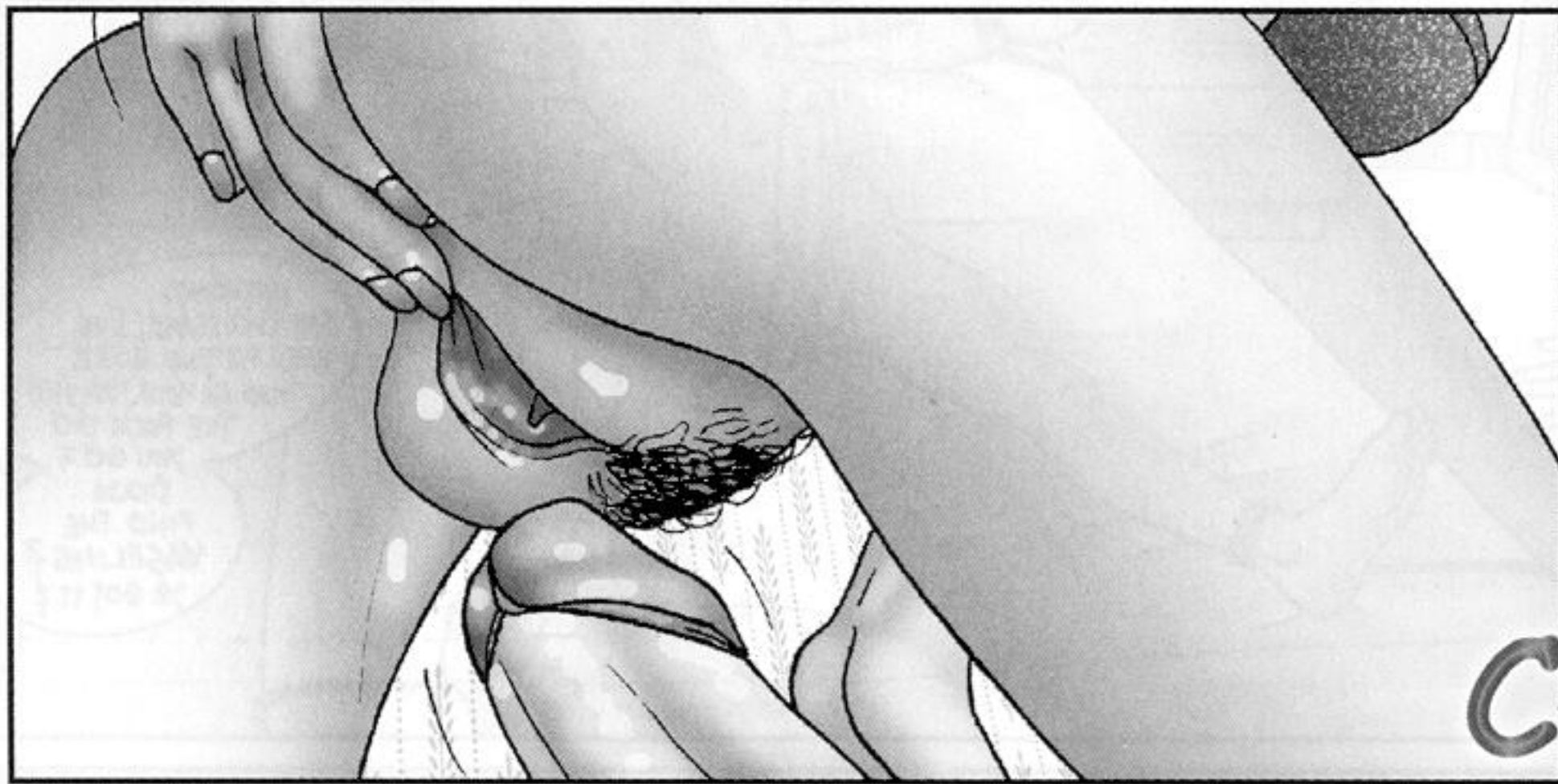




W - WHO
THE HELL ARE YOU?
YOU'RE NOT
ANTHONY!...
ANTHONY?!



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING? WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO...
ANTHONY!!

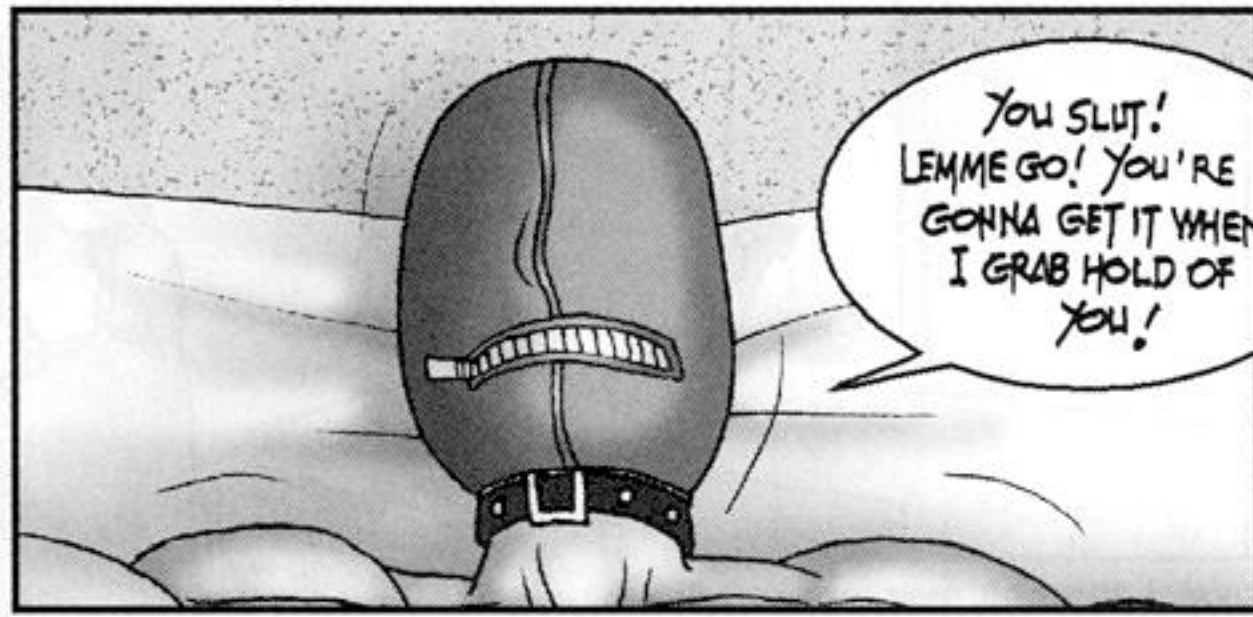


CHOP

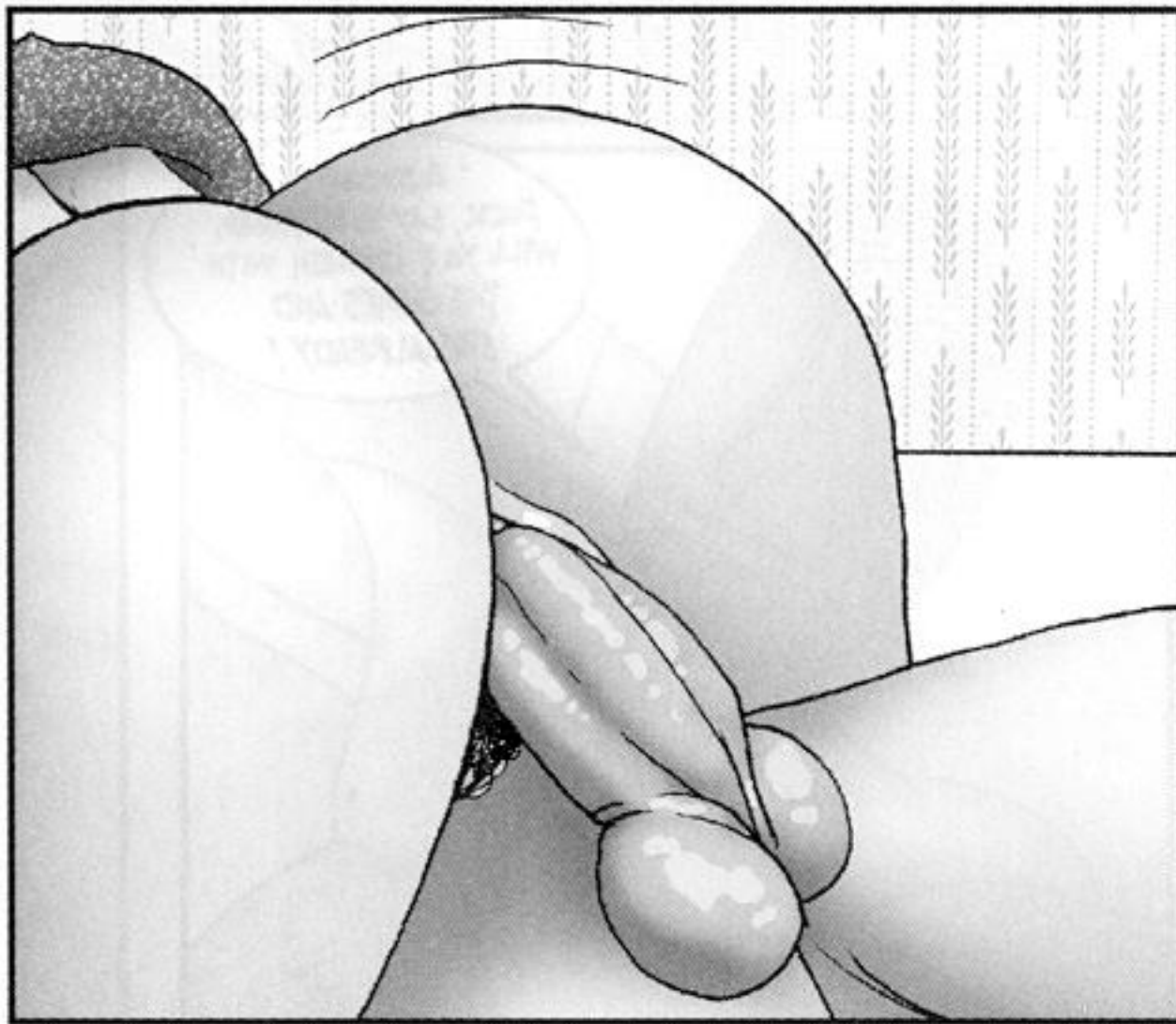
**OH! OH
YEAH!!**

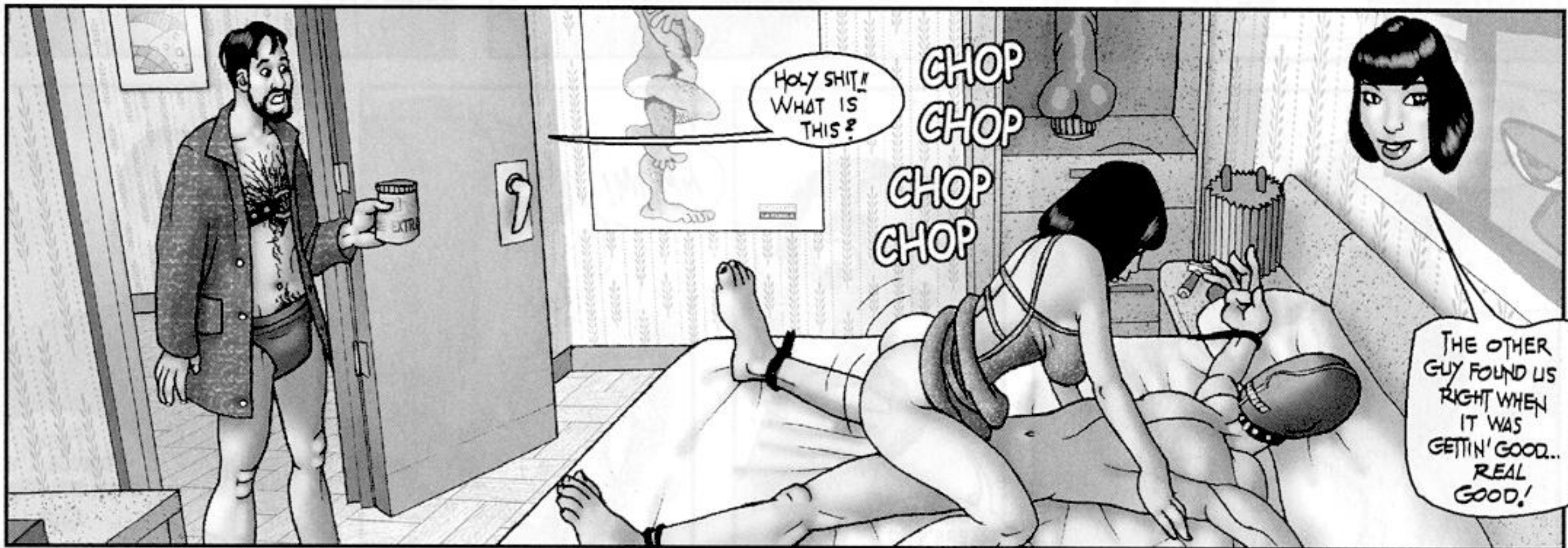


AAAAAH!
BITCH! WHORE! LEAVE
MY DICK ALONE! ANTHONY!!
ANTHONY!! WHERE THE
FUCK ARE YOU?



You SLUT!
LEME GO! YOU'RE
GONNA GET IT WHEN
I GRAB HOLD OF
YOU!







IT'S JUST THAT...

YEAH, WELL, YOUR BUDDY OVER THERE WAS LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT... YOU DIDN'T SEE HOW HARD HIS COCK WAS?

LIAR! LYING SLUT!



HEY NOW! YOU'RE GETTIN' HARD TOO, EH?



YEAH, BUT THE THING IS...

COME ON! I ONLY WANT A LITTLE PUSHIN' 'N' SQUEEZIN'! DON'T BE A PARTYPOOPER.



MMMM! DEEE-LICIOUS!



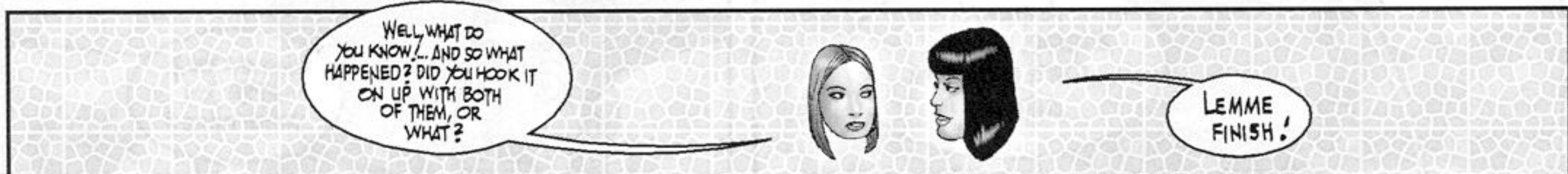
B...BUT THERE'S NO WAY BECAUSE... UH!



MMMM!



FUCK! BECAUSE I'VE GOT A GIRLFRIEND, SHIT!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!... AND SO WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU HOOK IT ON UP WITH BOTH OF THEM, OR WHAT?

LEMME FINISH!

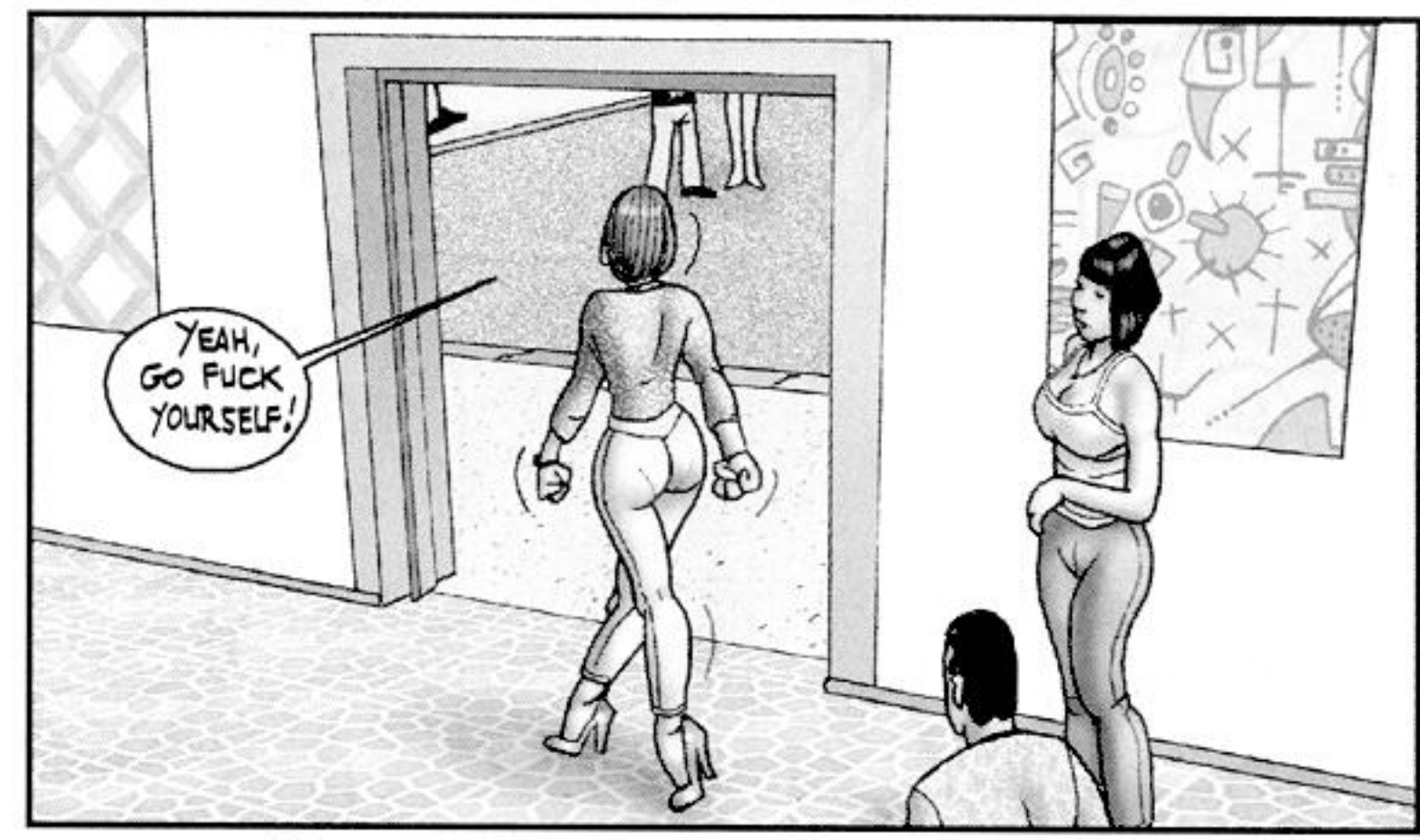


!!@!

WE FUCKED LIKE WILD CRAZY ANIMALS. I WAS SORE FOR A WHOLE WEEK AND EVERYTHING.

AND THE MASK? YOU GUYS DIDN'T TAKE IT OFF? YOU DIDN'T LOOSEN IT?

NO WAY! ANTHONY SAID THAT EVEN THOUGH HE WAS BITCHING, HE LOVED IT.



THE END

The erotic art of... MAN

MANUEL CAROT, whose artistic name is **Man**, started making waves with his series *Co-eds*, which appeared in France, Italy, Holland, Spain and many other countries, and right away he showed himself to be one of the most promising artists of the moment.

Since his debut and thanks to his versatility, he's created all kinds of work of the most diverse kind: the dark miniseries *The Scared Man* (with Hernan Migoya writing the stories), online comics for the erotic portal Sexole, illustrations for role-playing games (*Aquelarre*, *Superhéroes INC*), covers for the magazines *Líder* and *El Víbora*, drawings for card games like *Take your daughter to the slaughter*, and so on...

So then it's not strange that right now, at only twenty-six years old, **Man** is already established as one of the most dazzling talents of the millennium. He recently completed his last erotic series, *Bones and Screws*, which was very warmly received by readers.

On these pages you can enjoy his art in the raw, his sketches and preliminary drawings before the finishing touches. As always, a feast for our eyes.







... AND TOMORROW WE'LL
HIT THE ROAD O THE RUINS
OF MÜ, THE LOST CITY. A MYSTERIOUS
METROPOLIS WHOSE INHABITANTS
BELIEVED IN THE EXISTENCE OF
PAGAN GODS, DEMIGODS, AND
DEMONS, WHO THEY WOR-
SHIPED BY MEANS OF
SACRIFICE.



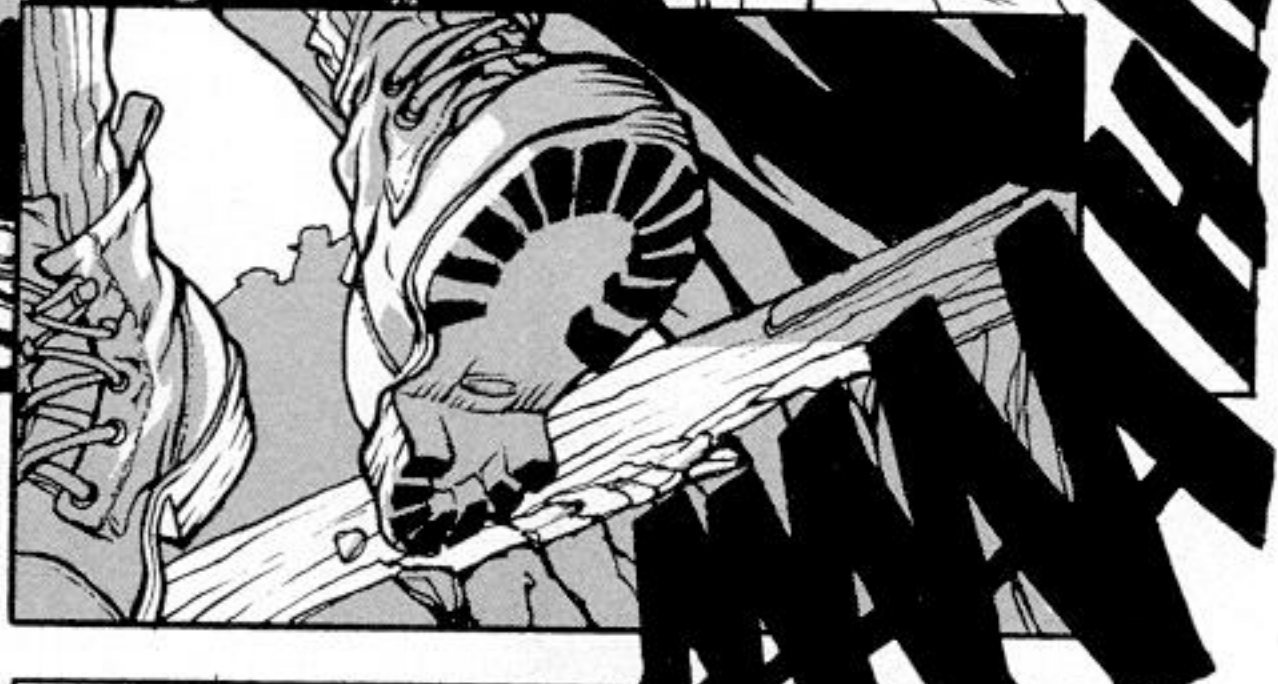
YOU
ALL RIGHT?

YES, JUST
KINDA TIRED.
I THINK I'LL GO
TO BED.



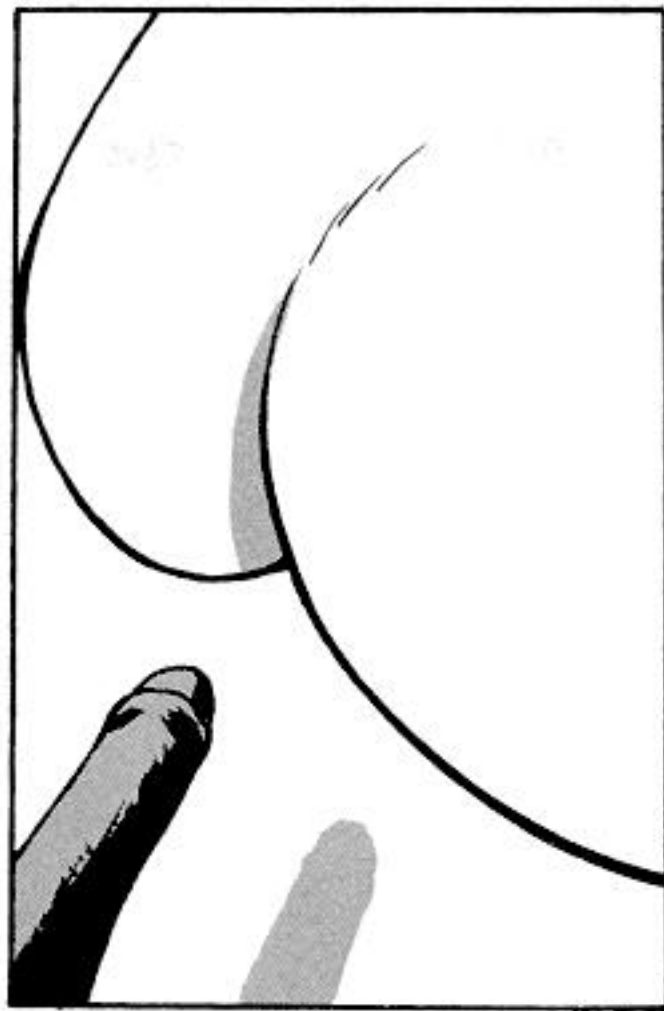
THESE RITUALS
BASICALLY CONSIST OF OF-
FERING VIRGINS OR
YOUNG MEN TO THE
GREAT GOD XZULL...

I DO
APOLOGIZE BUT
I'M ABOUT TO
FALL OVER...



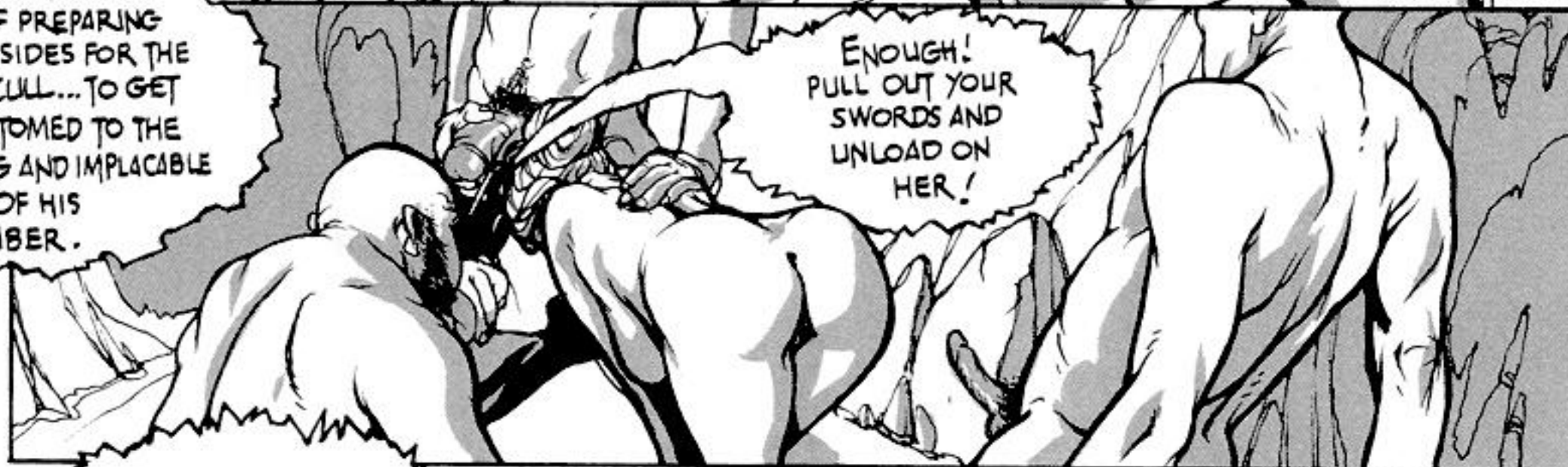






HE'S IN CHARGE OF PREPARING YOUR INSIDES FOR THE GREAT XZULL... TO GET YOU ACCUSTOMED TO THE THROBBING AND IMPLACABLE POWER OF HIS MEMBER.

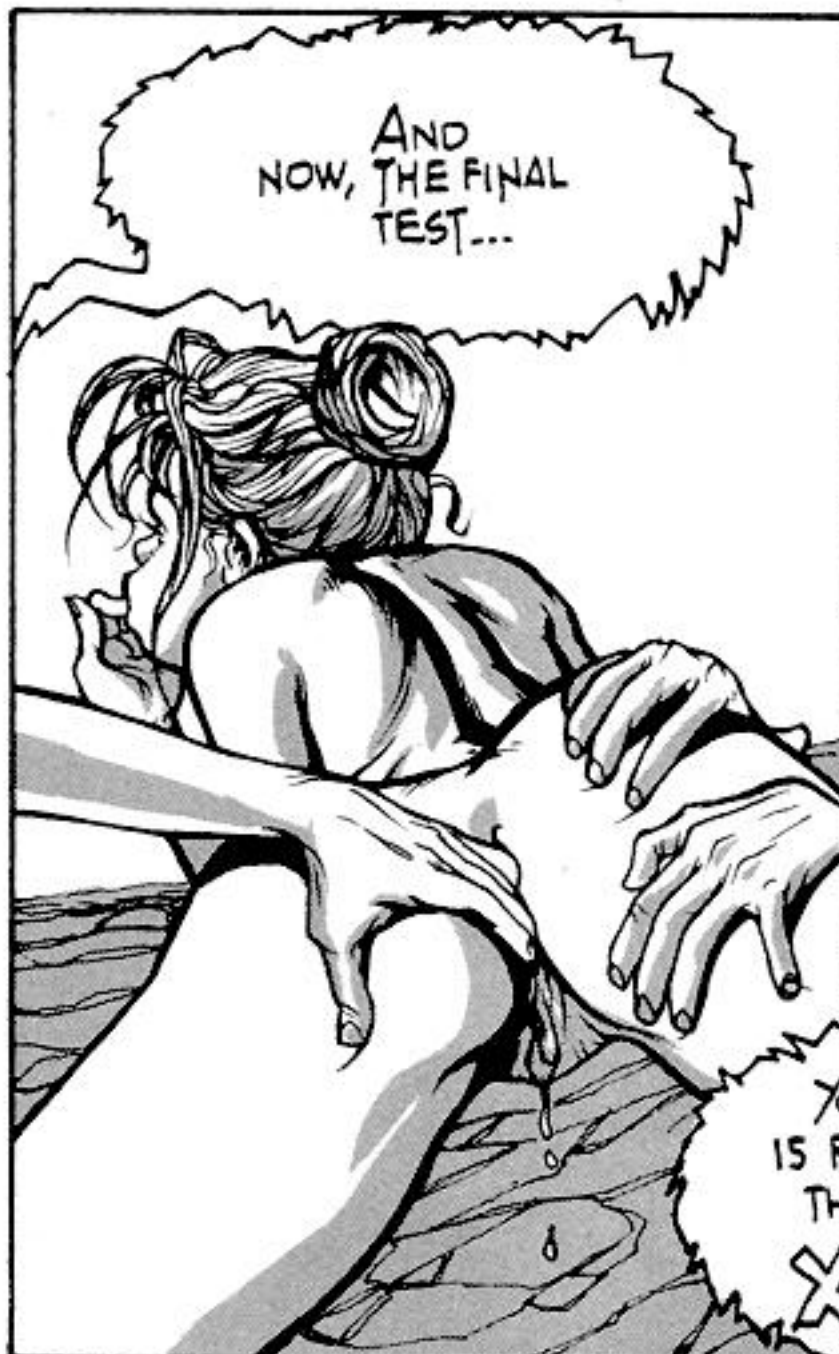
ENOUGH! PULL OUT YOUR SWORDS AND UNLOAD ON HER!



BAPTIZE HER!!!



AND NOW, THE FINAL TEST...



YOUR BODY IS READY FOR THE GREAT...

XZULL...





Ummm... SORRY
I CAME IN WITHOUT
CALLING FIRST, AND ONLY HALF-
DRESSED... BUT I HEARD MOANING
AND THOUGHT YOU
WERE HAVING A
NIGHTMARE...

WELL, ANYWAYS,
IT WAS ONLY A
DIRTY DREAM...
I'M TOO WET FOR A
NIGHTMARE...

... IS THERE
SOMETHING I CAN
DO FOR YOU?
MMM?



WELL... THERE'S
ONLY ONE HOLE
THEY HAVEN'T
FILLED UP
TONIGHT...

GOD FUCKING
DAMMIT!! RIGHT AT
MY TURN!...
WHAT SHITTY
LUCK!

HERETICS!
YOU STAIN THE SACRED
NAME OF THE GREAT
XZULL!
HA, HA, HA!

YEAH, AND A BIT
OF RESPECT FOR HIS
LOYAL ORZZBL,
GORRZ, AND WITZZ!
HA, HA, HA!

MARCELO
SOSA
/
VAL

Pleasures of the Mail

by Walter Pacifico

When they let me know that we had only one page to print your letters, I just about freaked out. What the hell, how is all your mail going to fit on one page? As such, first and foremost, I'd like to say thanks to everybody and apologize to all who wrote us with the best intentions in the world and whose letters don't appear printed below due to the lack of space. Please know that we keep each and every one of your notes and suggestions in mind when putting this, your favorite magazine, together. We'll try to give your letters more space soon, and please, don't stop telling us what you like. That said, we'll dig into your correspondence now and let your keyboards do the talking.

Hey pals:

I'm writing you on this piece of paper 'cuz I'm a traffic cop and I don't have anything else to write on. I know it's kinda weird, but a letter's a letter, right?

Cool. First of all, I'd like to congratulate you on your magazine, *French Kiss*, the best erotic magazine ever created by mankind! And second of all, I'd like to congratulate Noé in particular, who in my humble opinion, is the best artist in the whole thing. I'm only 24 years old, but it got me horny as hell. One day I'll write a sexy story for you guys and send you a drawing or two. Of course, it won't compare to what Noé, Ferocius and Chiyoji do, but hey, it's the thought that matters, right? Anyhow, I've gotta go now, my supervisor's here and he's gonna go ape shit when he sees me writing on the back of a traffic ticket with a pen I nabbed off his desk, or I'll get suspended for a week.

Big wet kisses to everyone, wherever you like it most. Your biggest fan,
Name withheld by request

We're very happy to hear that you like our authors so much. Noé has always been one of the artists we've been proudest of. So here you go, buddy, we'd like to send you a nice hard hug for those great steamy kisses you sent us. We've kept your name to ourselves like you asked; we wouldn't want to find out that your supervisor reads *French Kiss*, too, and get you in a world of trouble with him. Although, truthfully, we doubt it. Just between us, have you taken a good look at the guy? He definitely isn't a guy who shares your exquisite taste, is he? As far as any work you'd like to send us, of course it'd be welcome

Before I say anything else, let me say a big hello. My name is Charlie, and I'm a 22-year-old guy, and this is the first letter I've ever sent you guys. Truth is, it was kind of hard for me to get up the nerve to send you a letter. I'm kind of shy and to be perfectly honest, I got a little embarrassed when I bought your erotic comics. For sure, Mike, a good friend of mine who'd like to say "hey" to you as well, opened my eyes and got me to rally up the courage to ask for the first issue of *French Kiss* in the artsy bookstore. And I'm so

glad I took that step forward. Your mag is the best there is available right now. And I say this after twelve years of buying all kinds, and I mean all kinds of comics. It would surprise you to see how people who call themselves liberal and tolerant don't even dare take a peek at your comics for fear of what other people would say—everyone's got their hang-ups, I guess. Keep on going on. You can count on a faithful reader who's going to grab a copy of your comics every three months, okay?

Well, I'll say bye for now, with the hopes of seeing my humble letter on your letters page and a great big hug to all of you guys.

Bye!

Charlie

NYC, New York

Yeah, isn't it a shame that in the twenty-first century there are still people who allow themselves to deny that part of human nature that gives us so much joy and that we call sexuality. Definitely, the best thing to do with people like that is to just ignore their dirty little sideways glances, let their commentaries fall on deaf ears, and do your own thing, because everyone's got something different that floats their boat. We'd like to send you out our most sincere congrats for taking that, as you yourself called it, step forward, and don't keep yourself from enjoying publications like ours only because a few certain people have decided that it's dirty. Have none of those people taken a look at a calendar lately? We're living in the twenty-first century, for christ's sake!

What's up!

My name is David. I'm from Benson, and I'm 36 years old. I've been a big fan of erotic comics for the longest time. You know, this is the first time in all these years that I've written a letter to a magazine, I don't know why, but I'll start off the way everyone else does, by telling you what I like about *French Kiss*. In the first two issues, you included some of the coolest comics ever, like *Highest Score* by Sosa, *Miss DD* by Chiyoji and, of course, those super-hot chicks drawn by Kevin Taylor. I was also very impressed by Juan Emilio, who, I'll have to admit, I'd never heard of. Good God, he draws some fine women! Man, would I like to go a few rounds with them! Minerva is really great. More, please! I'd never heard of *Honey* either, but that stuff was really original and exciting. I never thought a story about a randy teddy bear would get me going, but I guess when each part of the story's so incredibly well drawn, it's possible. Really, though, when I launched Outlook Express and sat down to write this e-mail, I meant to go over and every bit of the magazines, author by author, but I'm a bit lazy, and it actually wasn't necessary. So I'll wrap it up: I love your magazine. I've never seen anything like it in my life, and I loved every bit of it. I think I'm becoming addicted to it. The only teeny tiny problem was that in the *Armas* story, the drawing

wasn't printed evenly on the page, but it didn't really matter, the story was totally great anyhow. I can't imagine that anyone can buy a copy of *French Kiss* and not run all the way home anxious and excited about tearing into it? When I passed by my fave comics store and I saw it, it was the first thing I bought.

Let me say this once and for all: keep up the good work!

David Cadinot

Benson, Arizona

We're happy to hear that our comics have gotten through to the most tried and true of comics fans. You keep on, too, we'll go places together!

Your magazine is just really, really cool! But how come you make us wait three months between each issue? It seems like such a long time that I don't know if I can wait! Why don't you publish every month?

Cheers,

Roger Williams

Right now, in order for us to keep a tight grip on the quality of the magazine you've enjoyed in the first two issues, speeding things up to publish monthly is hard. Now then, now that we know what you're asking for, we won't rule out any possibilities for the future. All in good time, so don't get too impatient, we've only just begun!

I just wanted to say that it might be interesting if you included some information after each story about the style of drawing, the techniques used and the materials that the artist uses.

Thanks! Carry on!

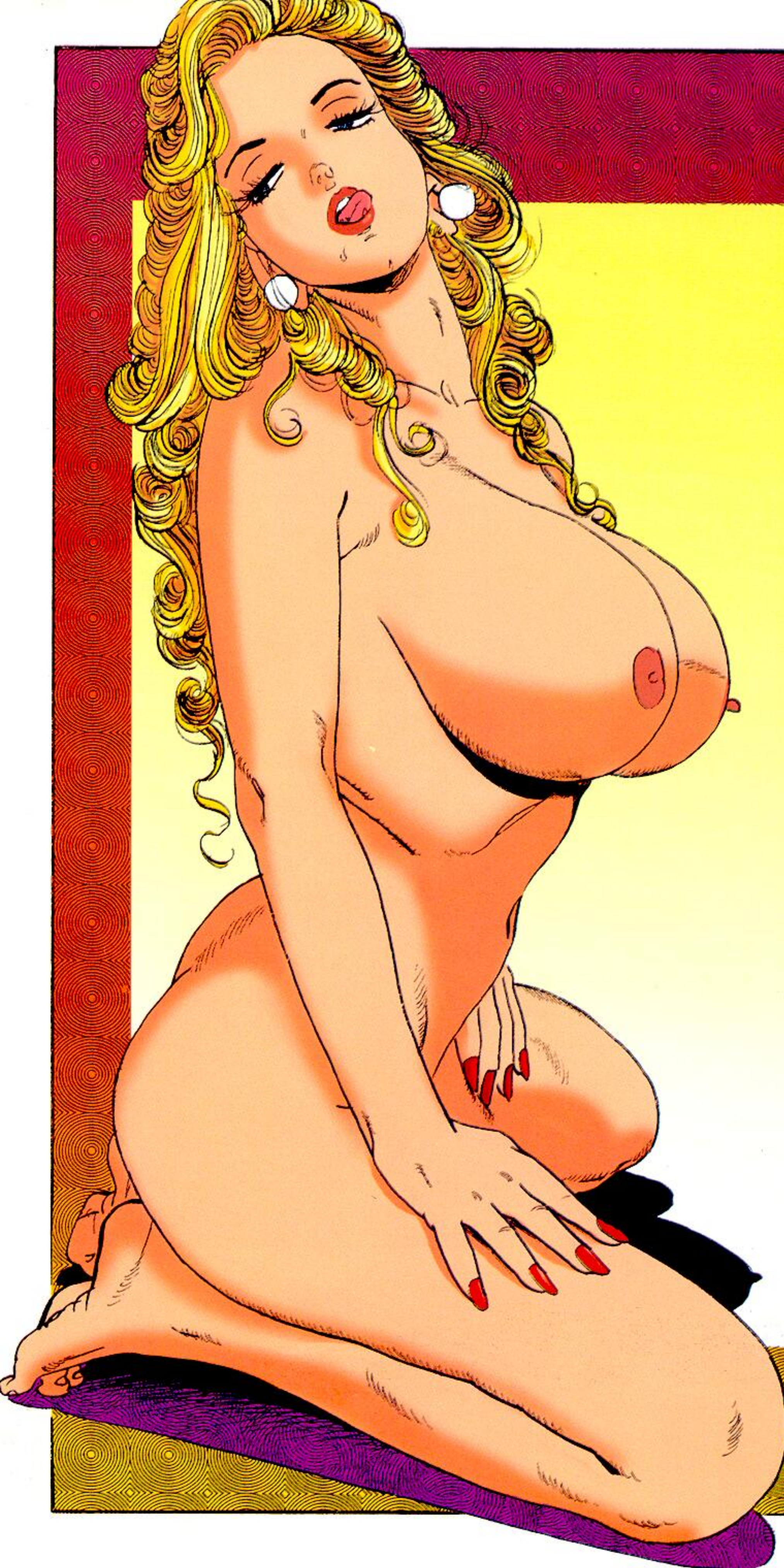
Lurker 777

We hope that our features, "In Bed With" and "The Erotic Art Of" will satisfy those of you who are curious about the technical side of our authors. However, we can only share with you the information that each author feels like sharing with us.

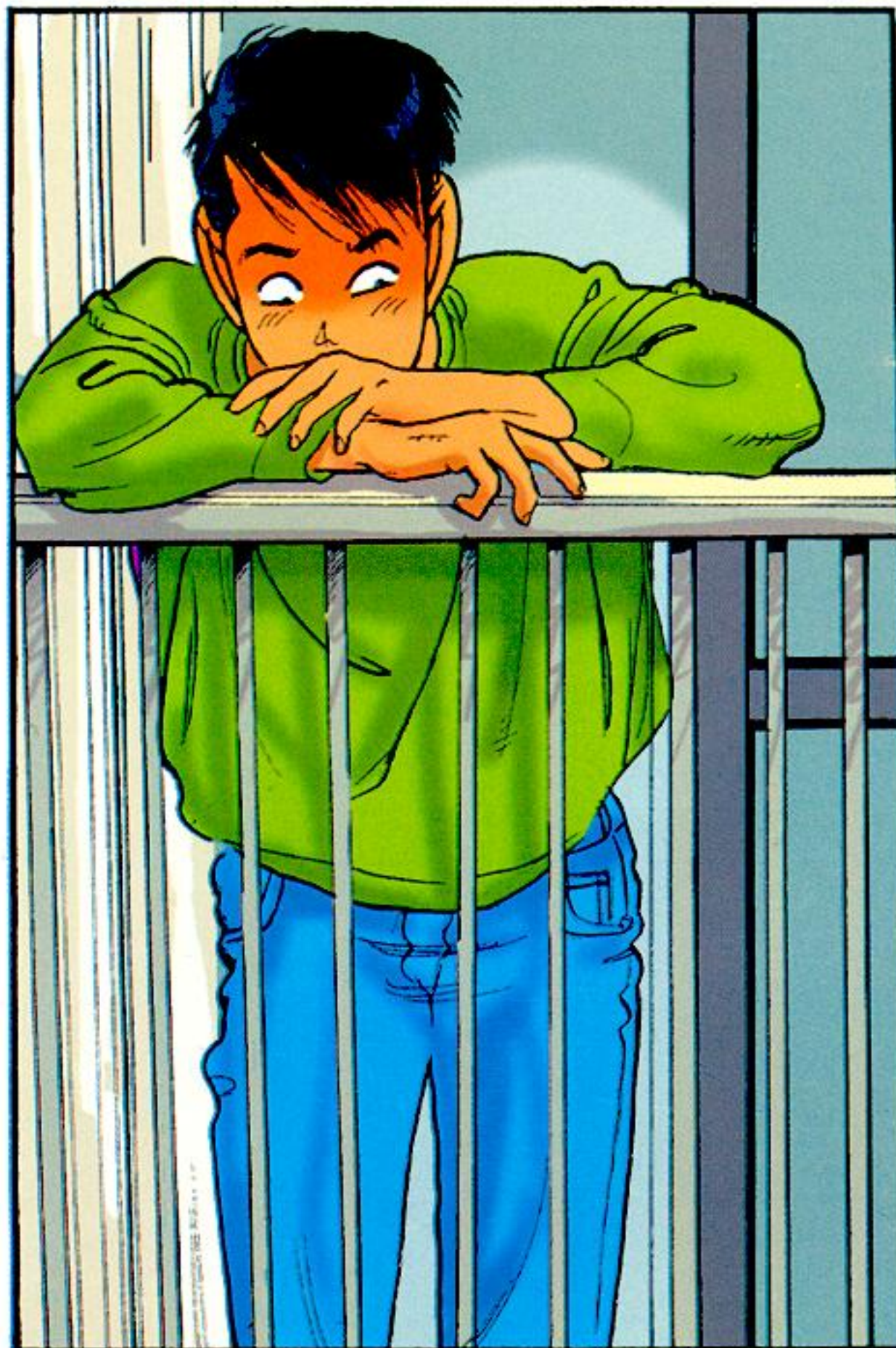
I think that when it comes to sexy comics, *French Kiss* is the best there is right now in the States, because you treat the material seriously. From the comics themselves to the stories to the general information about the world of erotica, everything's done with sophistication but at the same time, total honesty and openness.

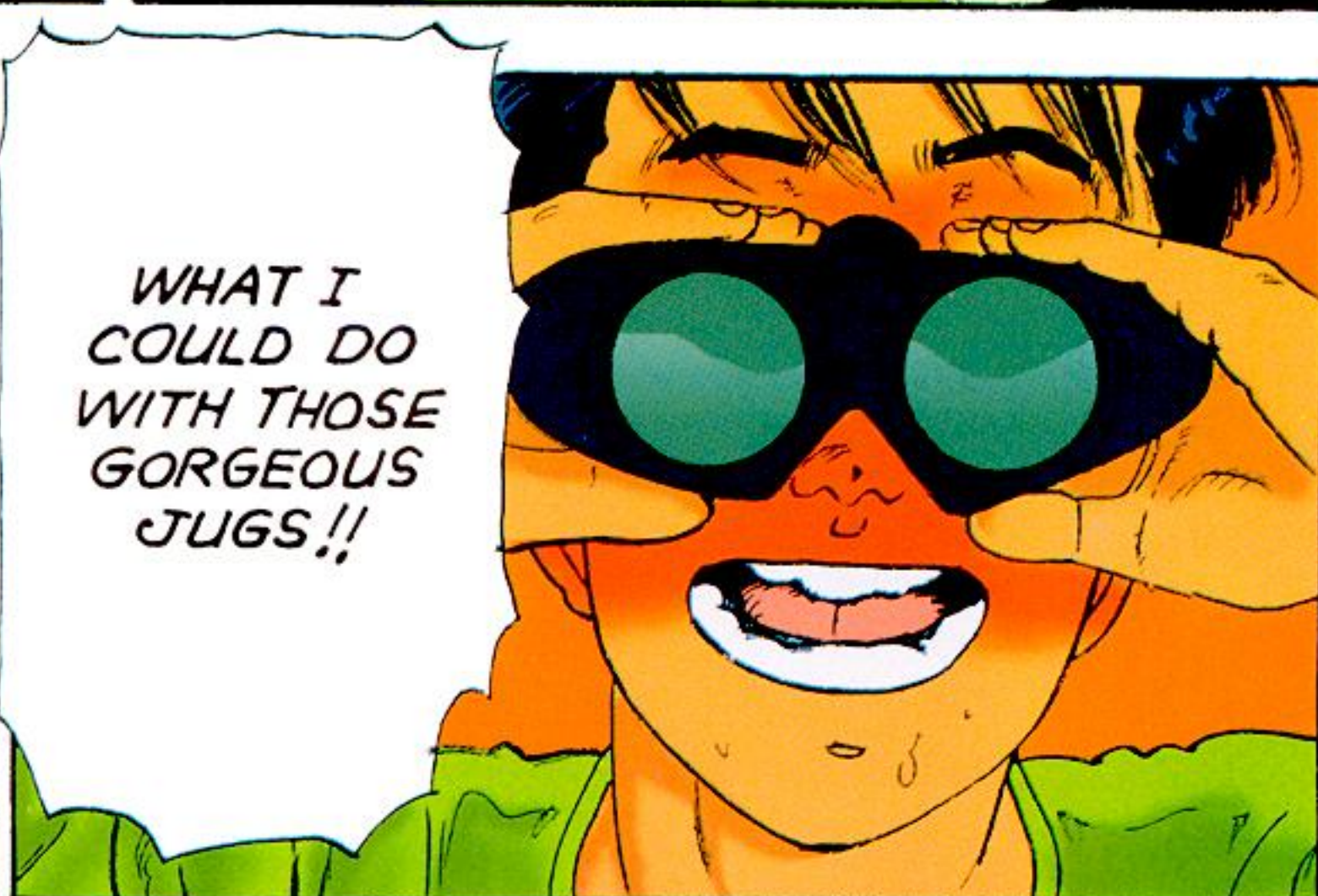
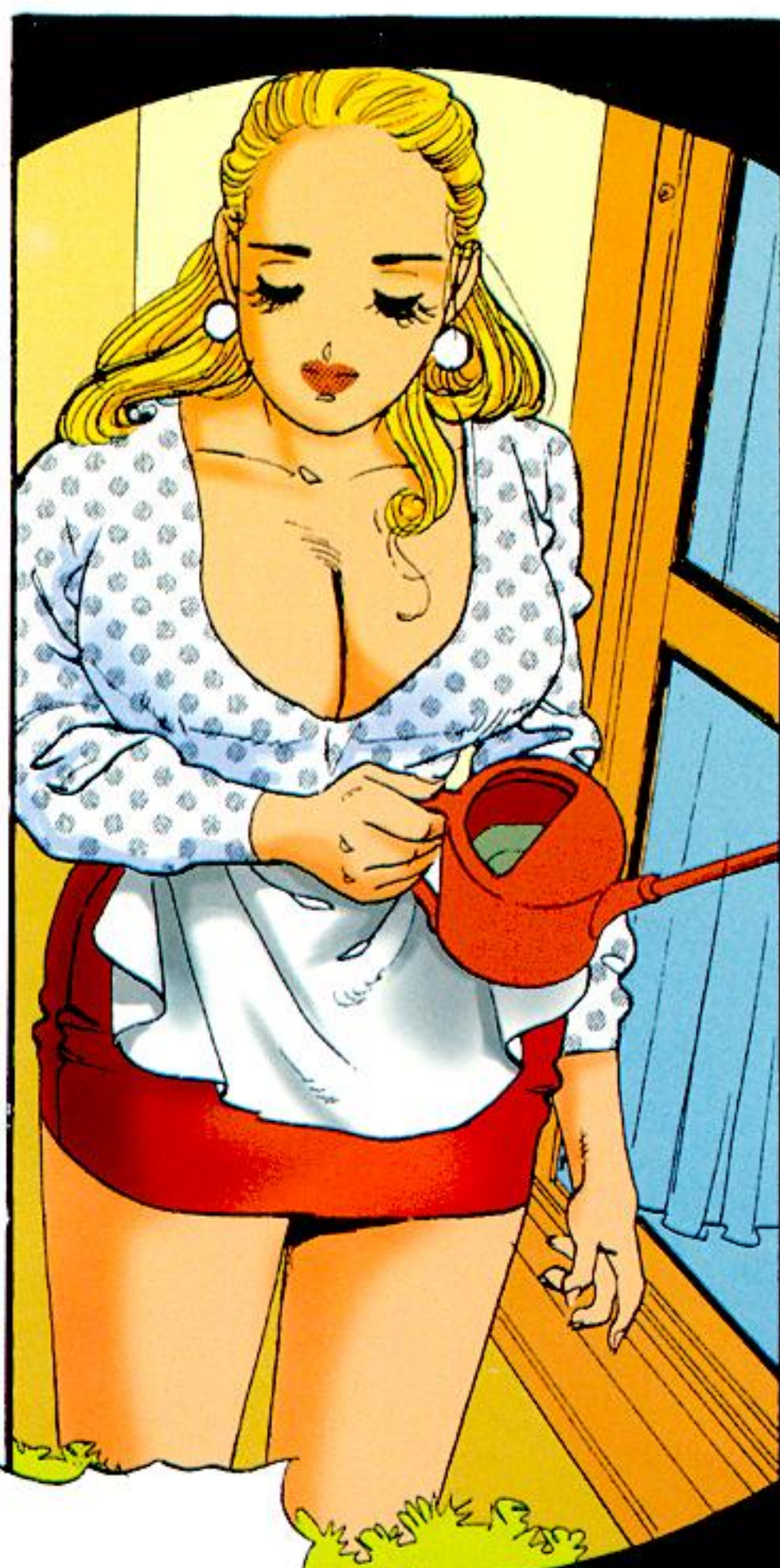
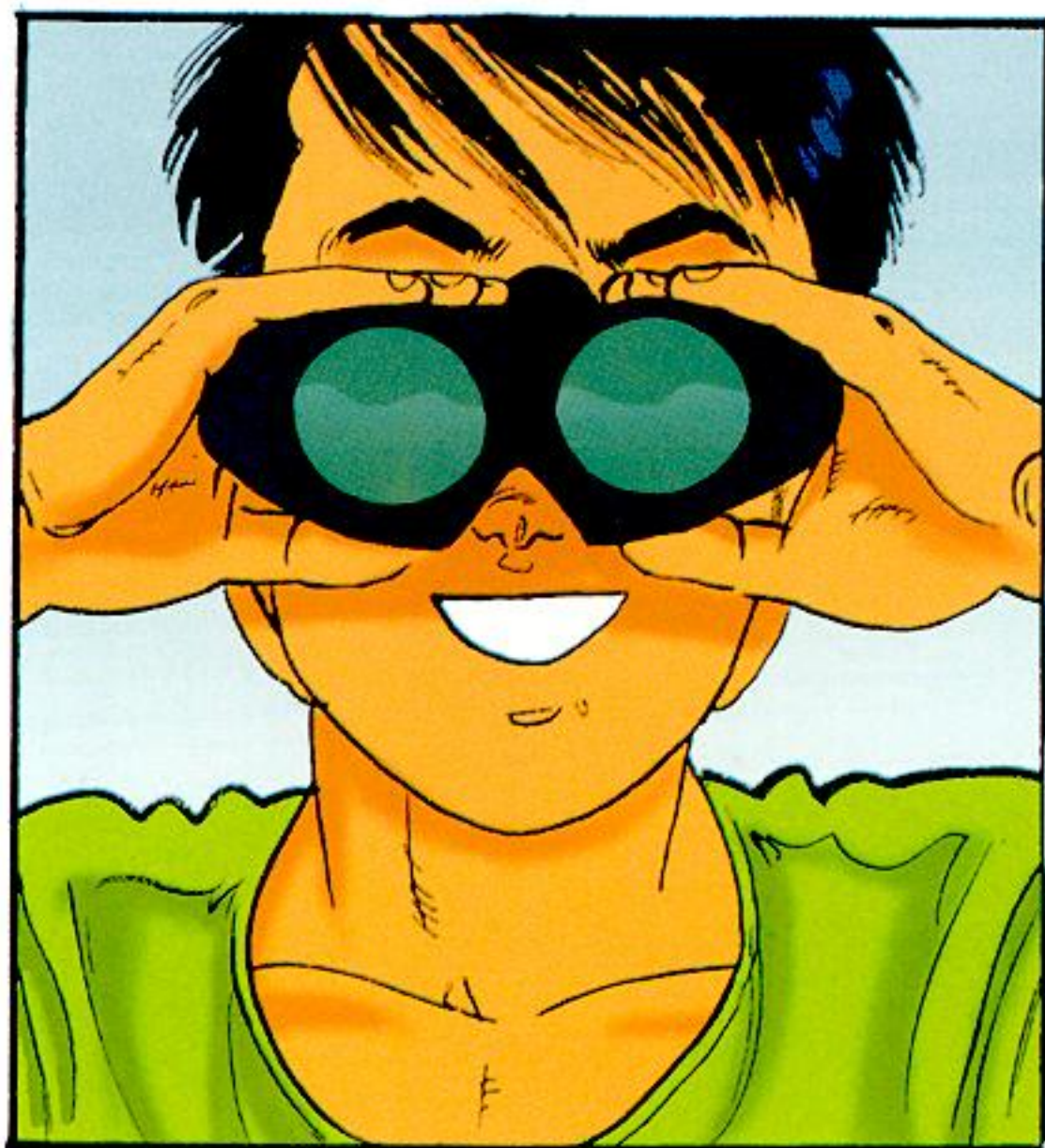
Lorna

Thanks, Lorna. But as we keep it open and honest, at this point I've got to tell you that we've run out of space. But: please don't tear your hair out if we didn't print your letter. Little by little, we'll find space to dedicate to your mail. So don't get discouraged and keep on sending it to frenchkiss@lacupula.com! Thank in advance!

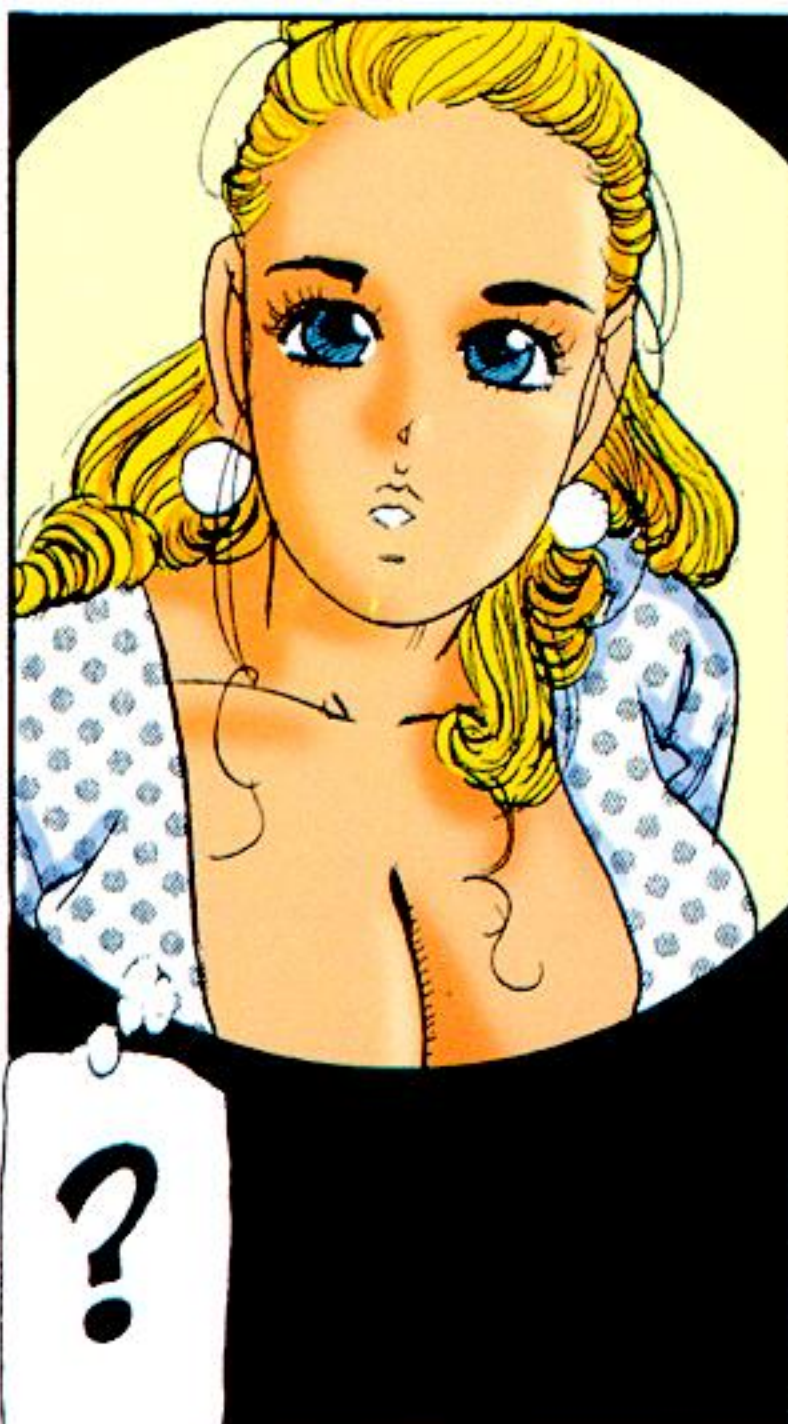


MISS DD
A Criminal Body
CHIYOJI TOMO





WHAT I
COULD DO
WITH THOSE
GORGEOUS
JUGS!!



?

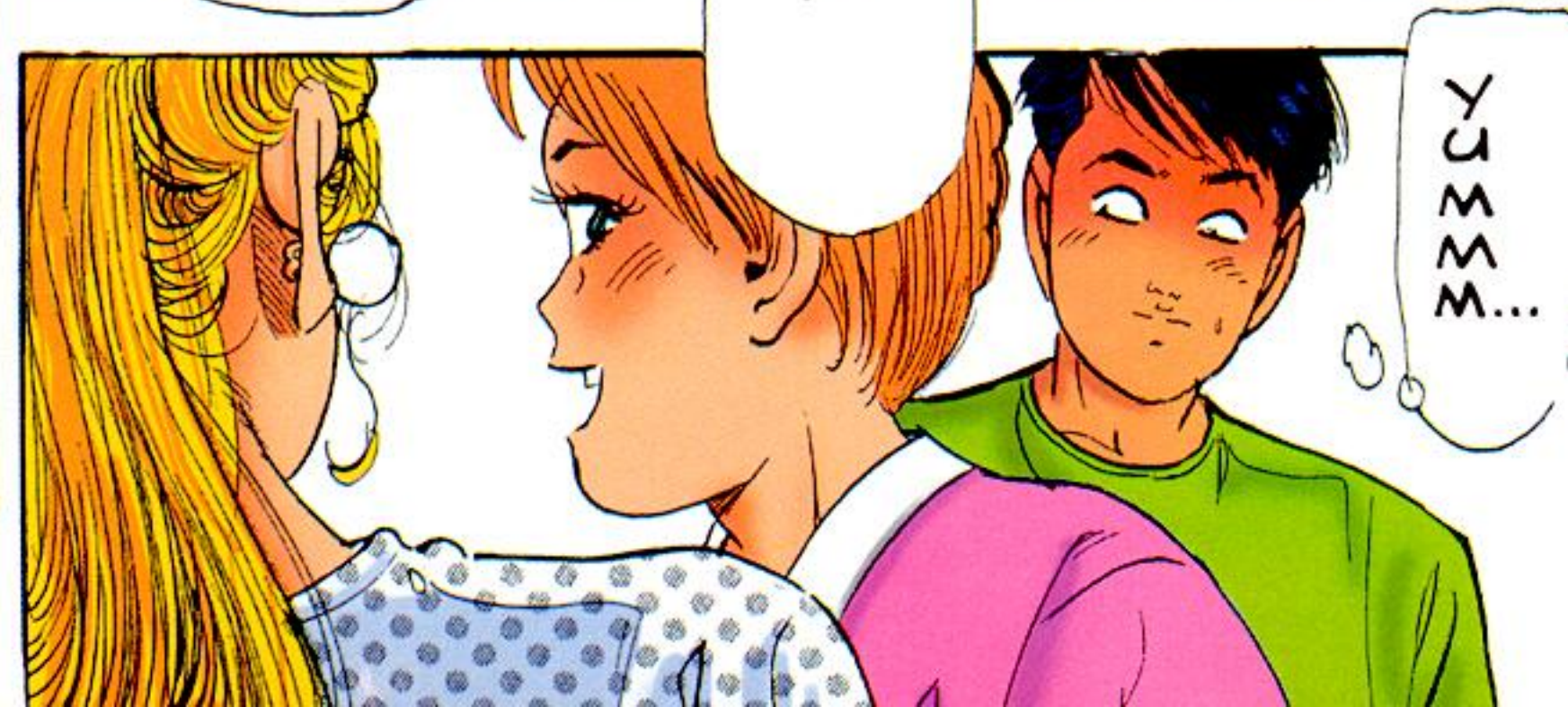
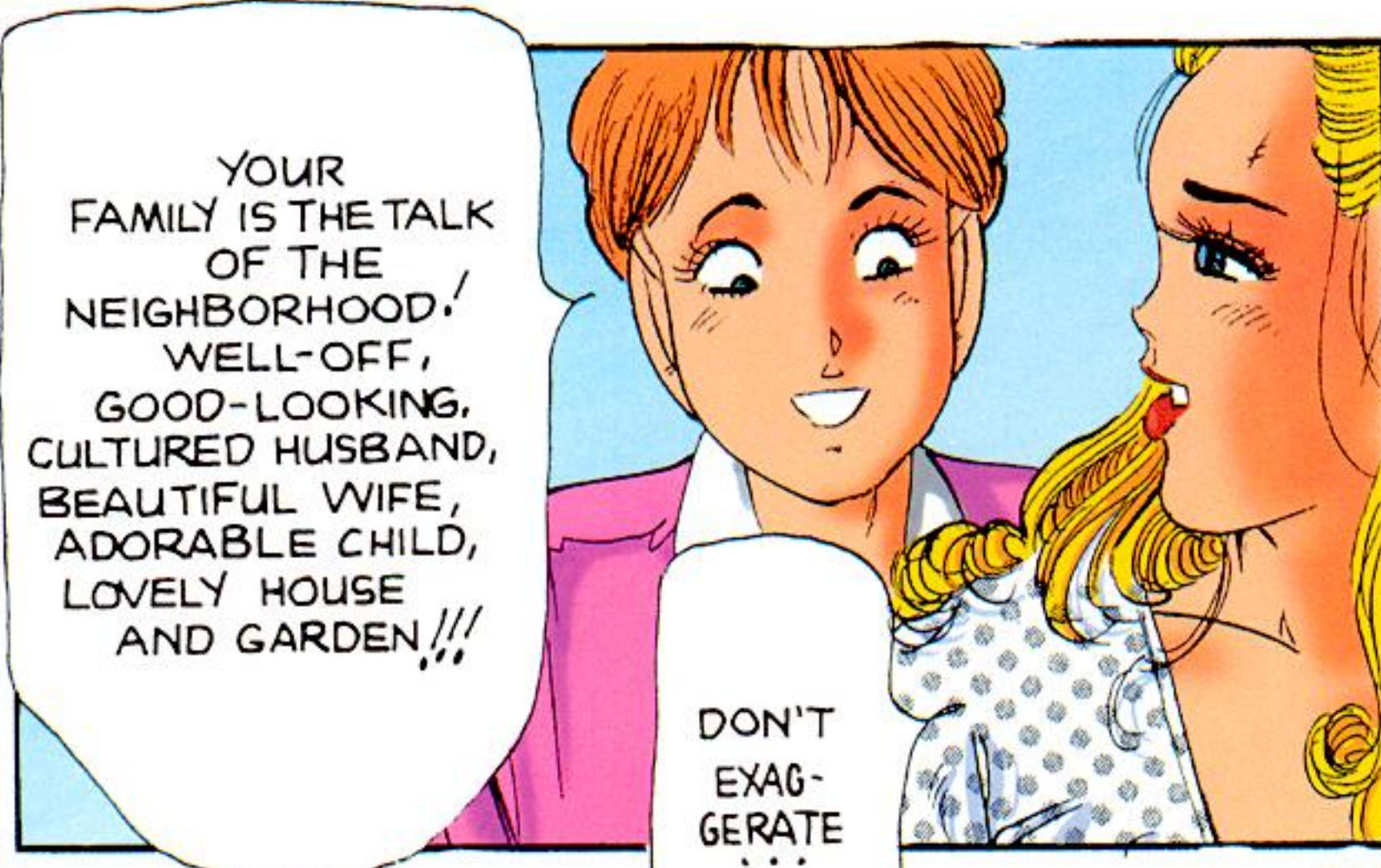
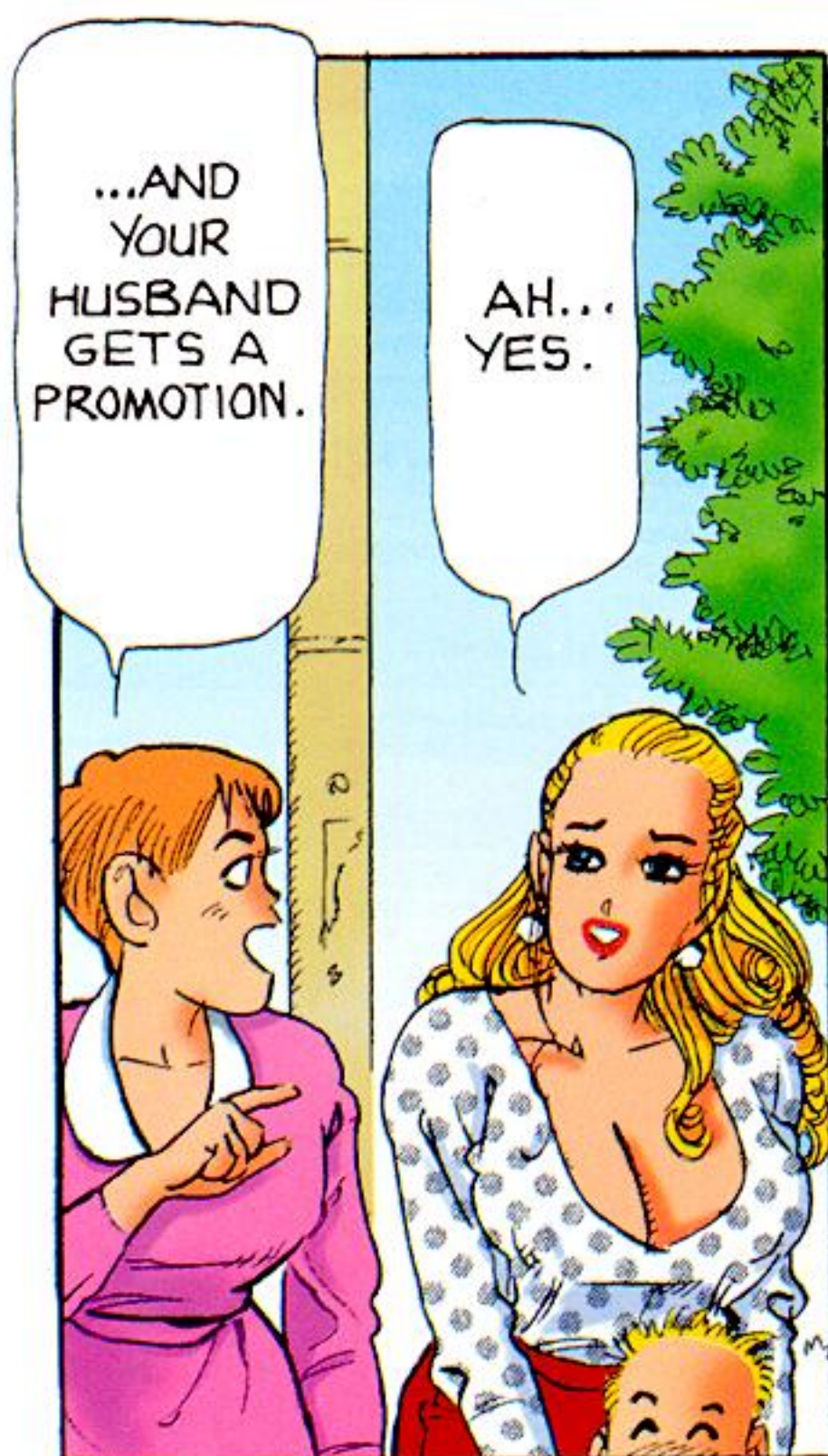
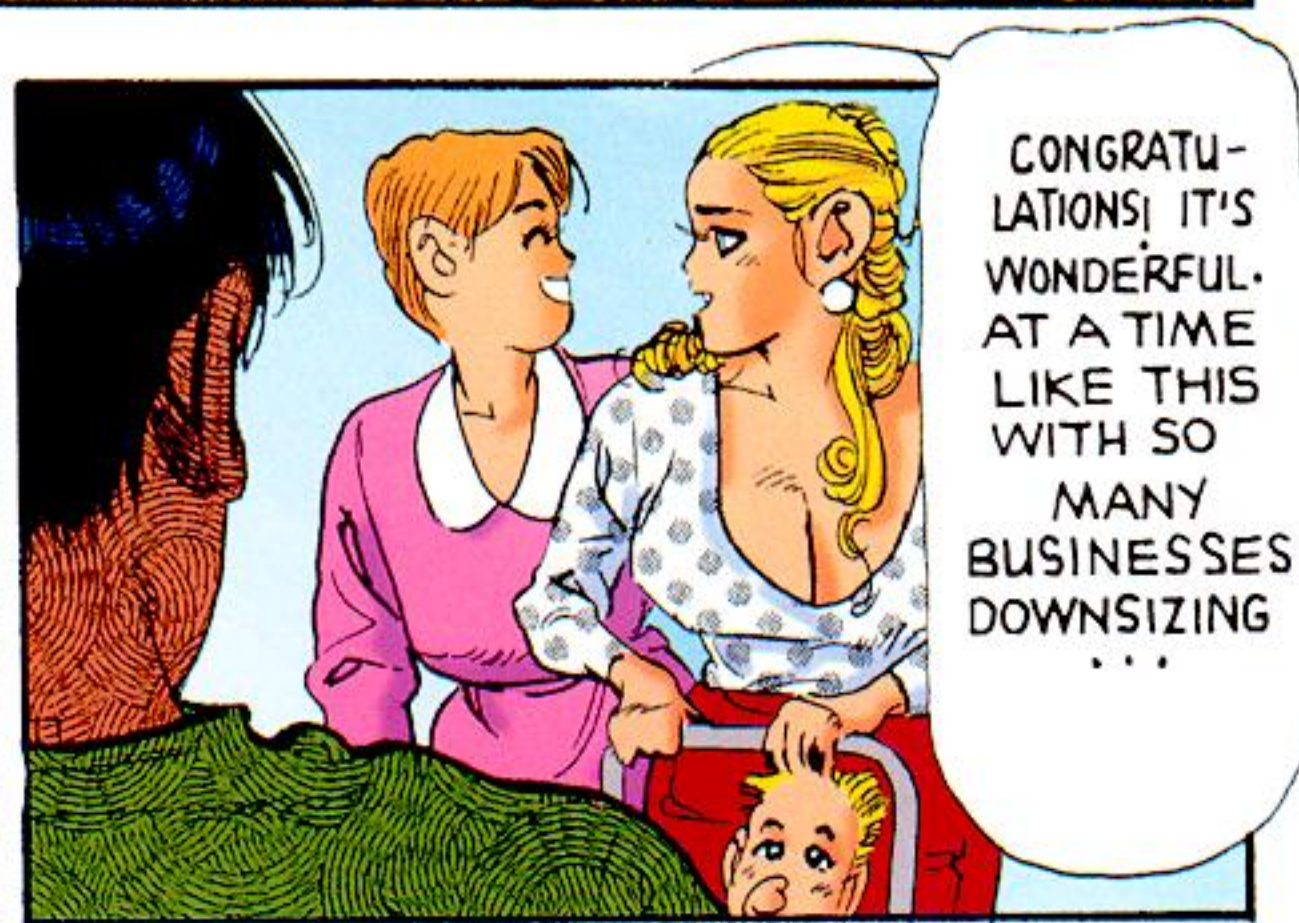
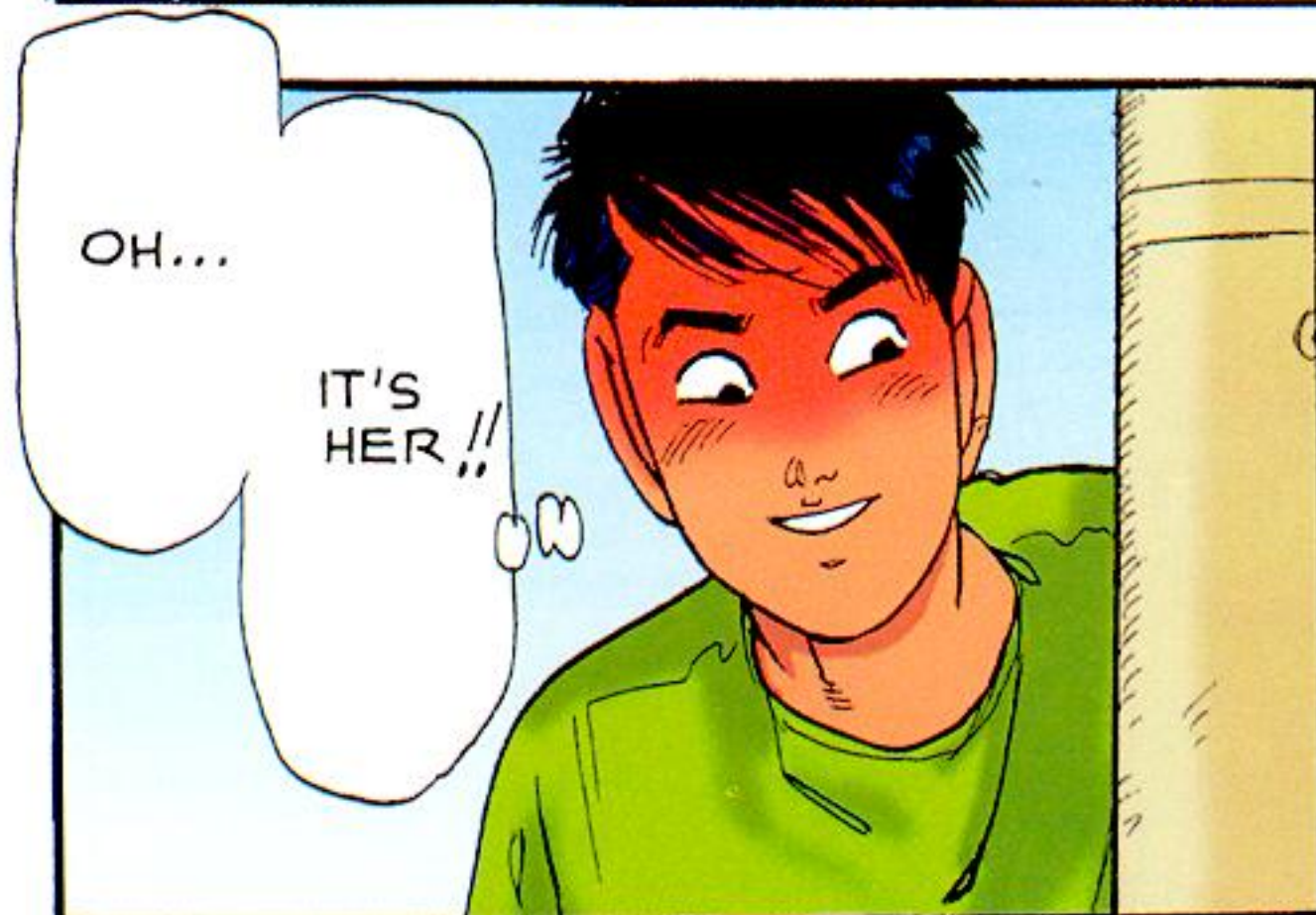


OOPS...
I THINK
SHE
SPOTTED
ME.

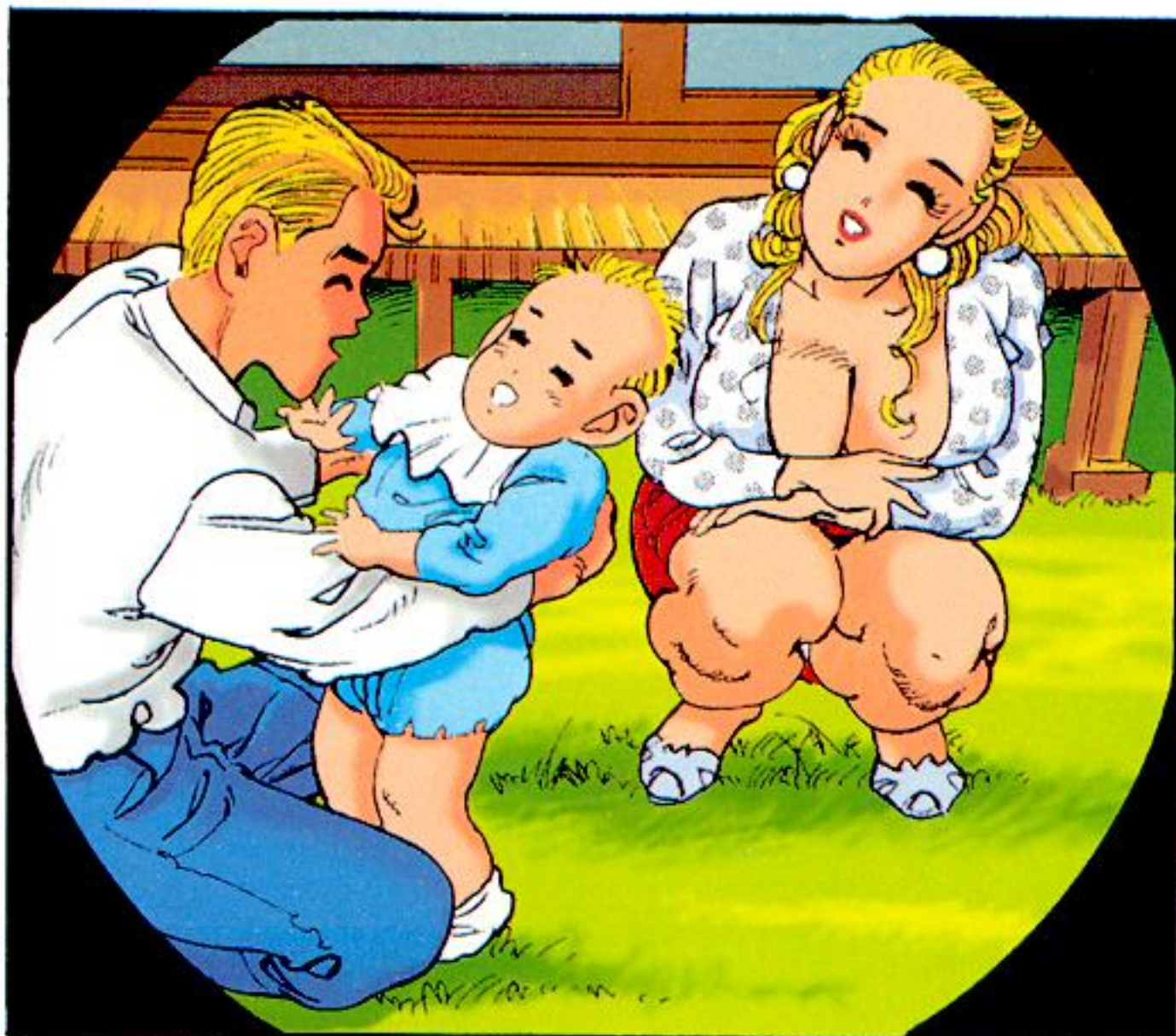
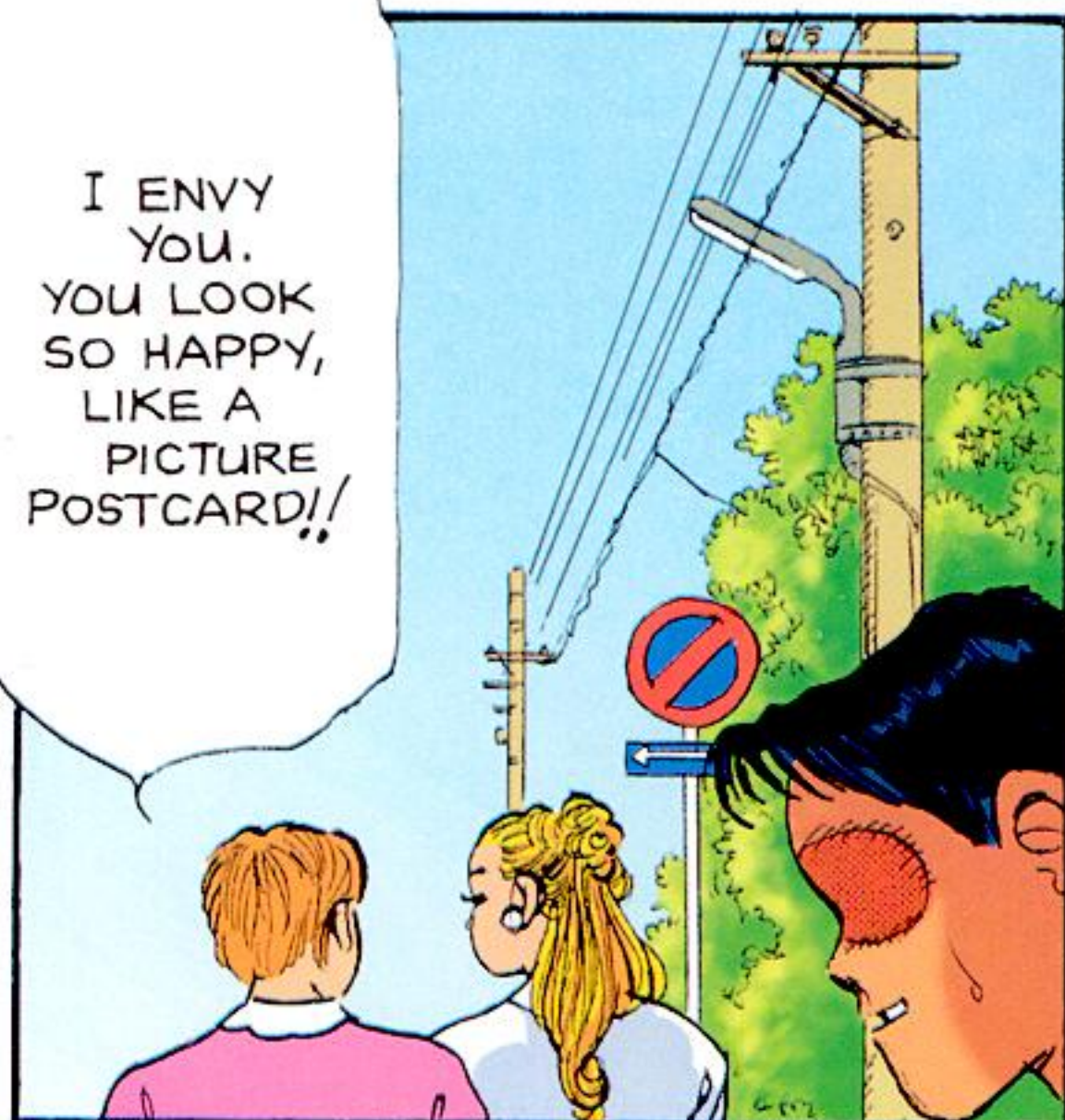
IF SHE
FINDS
OUT I'M
WATCHING
HER...

DAMN...
I CAN'T
TAKE
THIS !!!

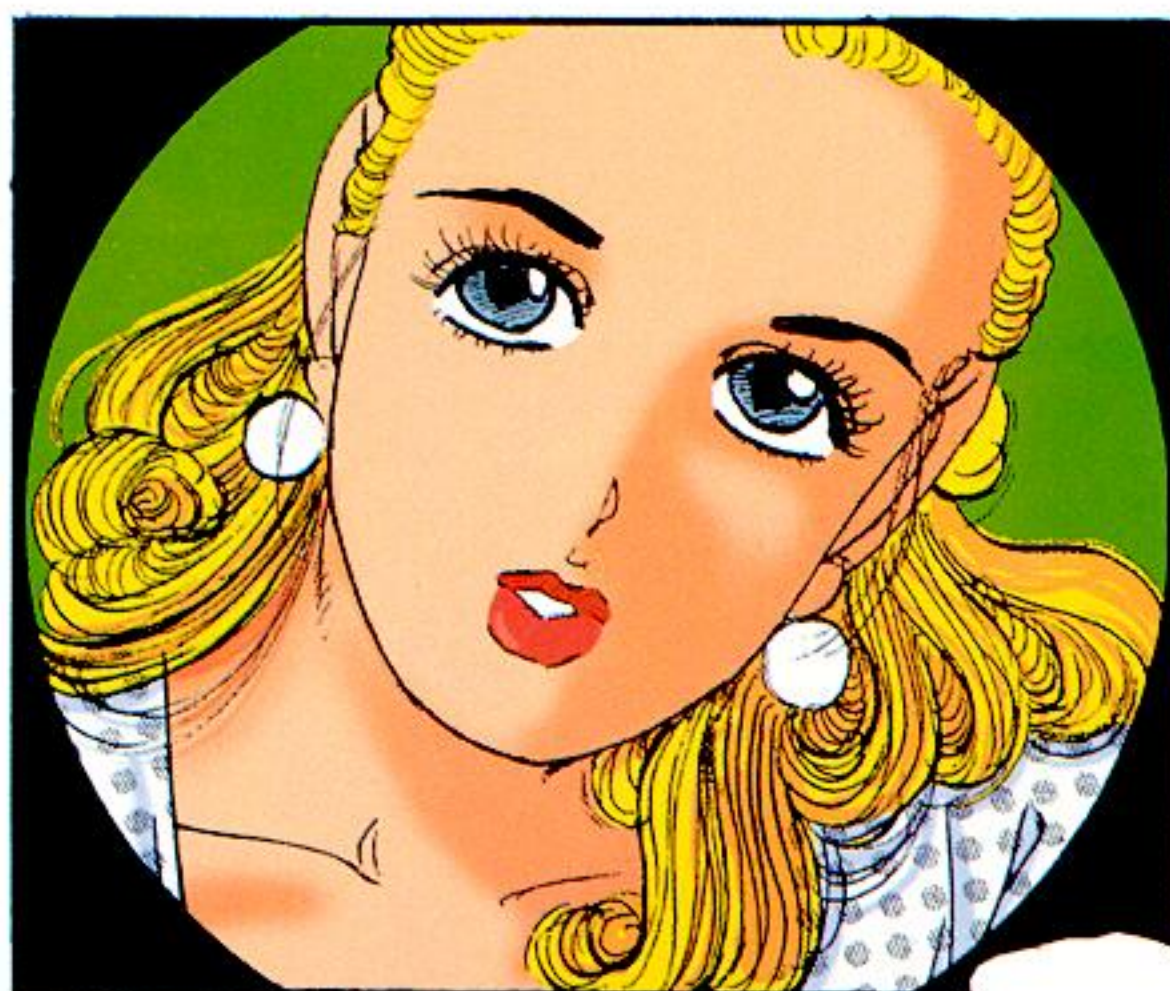
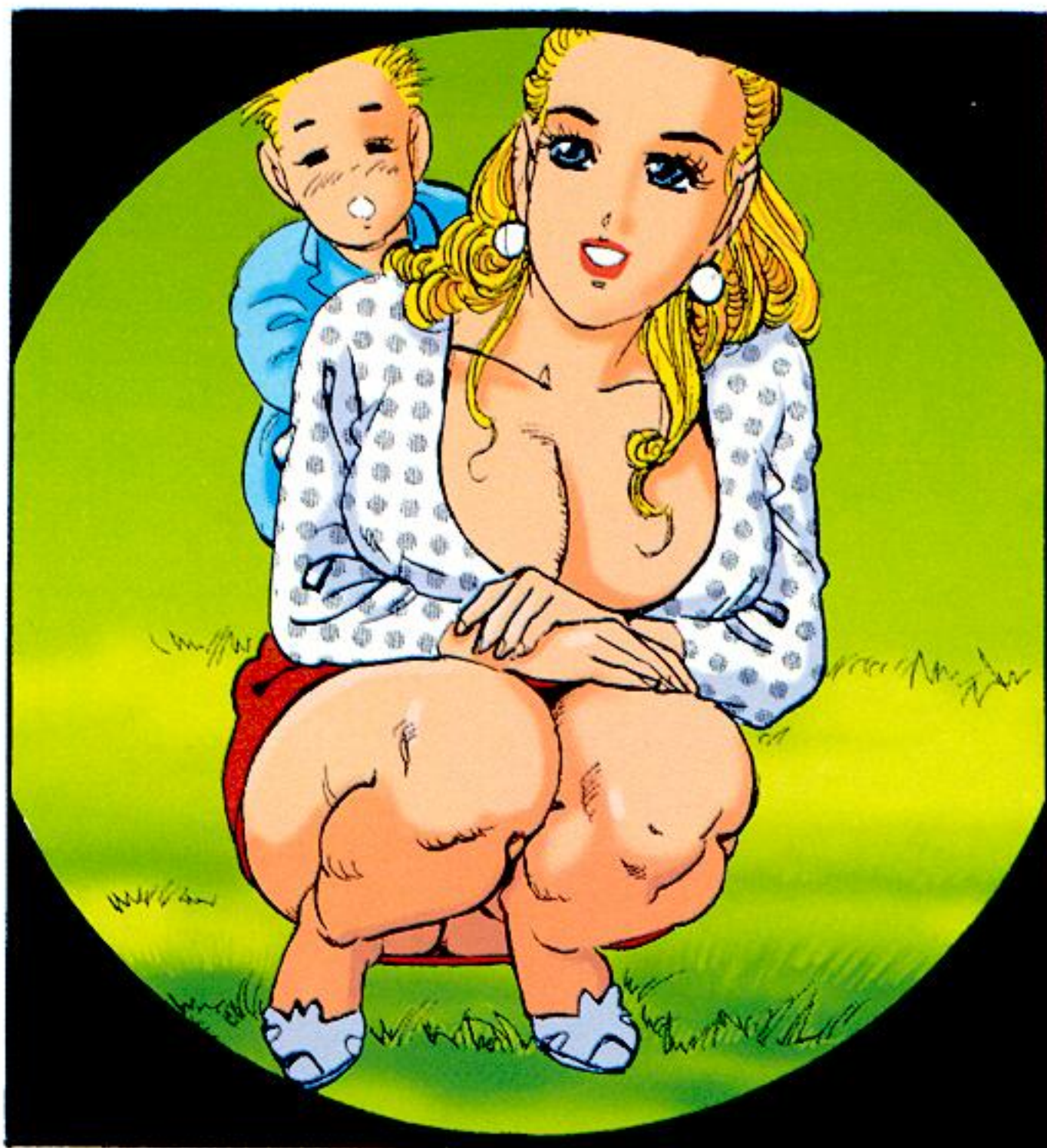
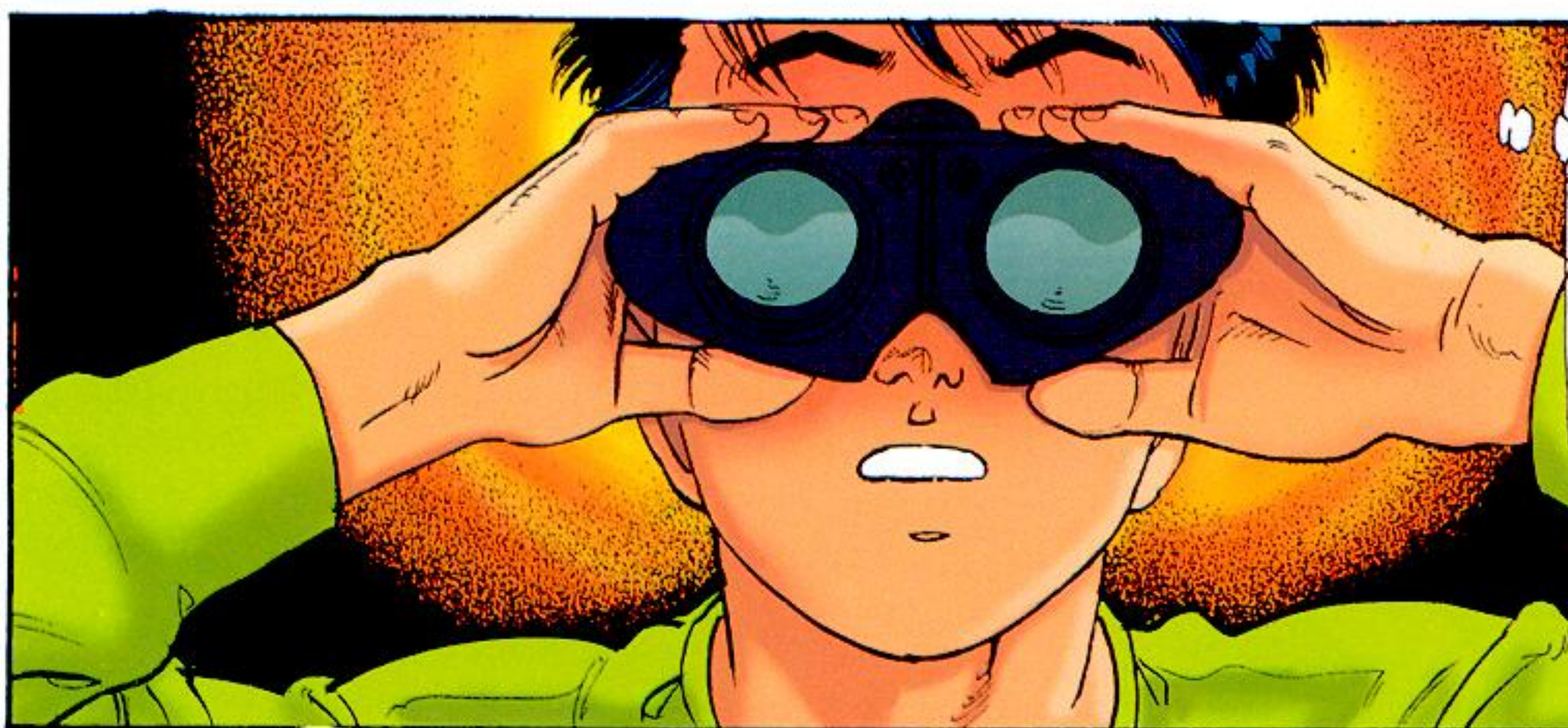
SHE HAS
A BODY TO
DIE FOR,
WITH
THOSE BIG
TITS...



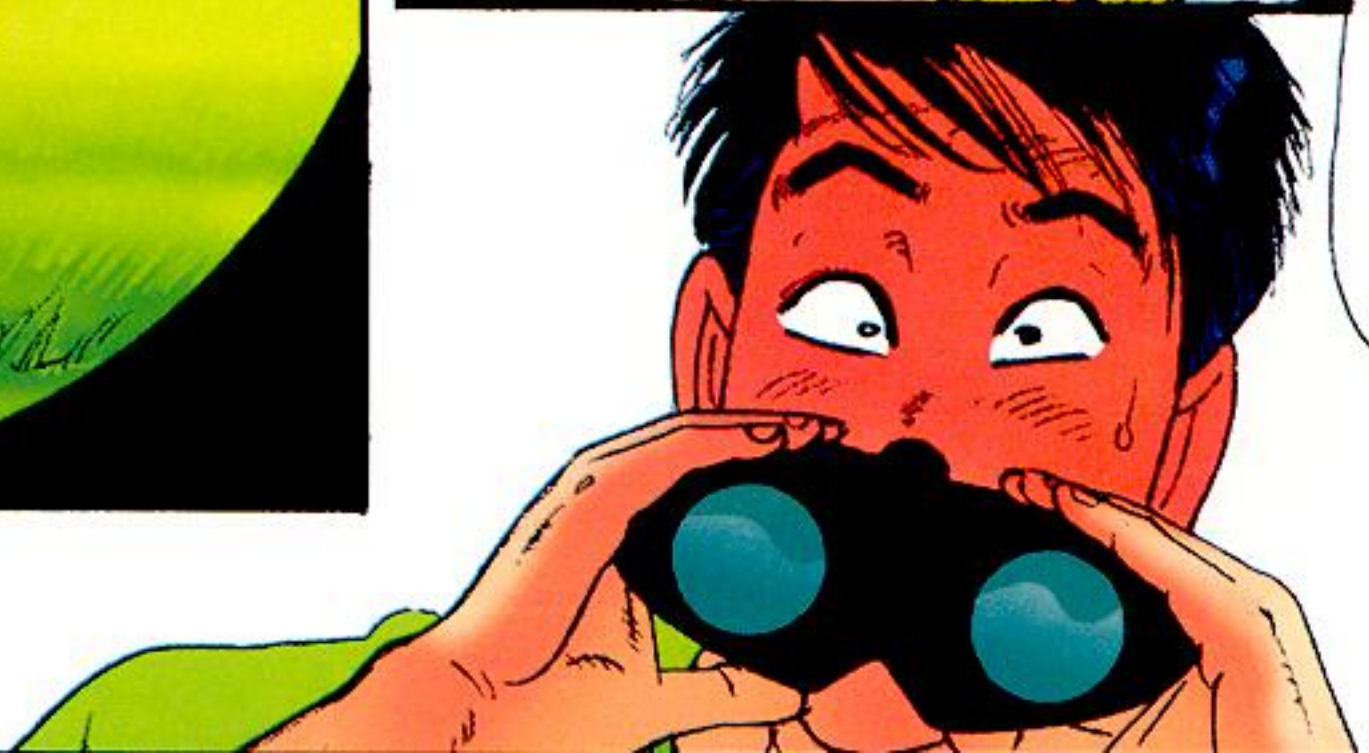
I ENVY
YOU.
YOU LOOK
SO HAPPY,
LIKE A
PICTURE
POSTCARD!!



SO IT'S
TRUE.
THEY
REALLY
ARE A HAPPY
FAMILY...



AH...



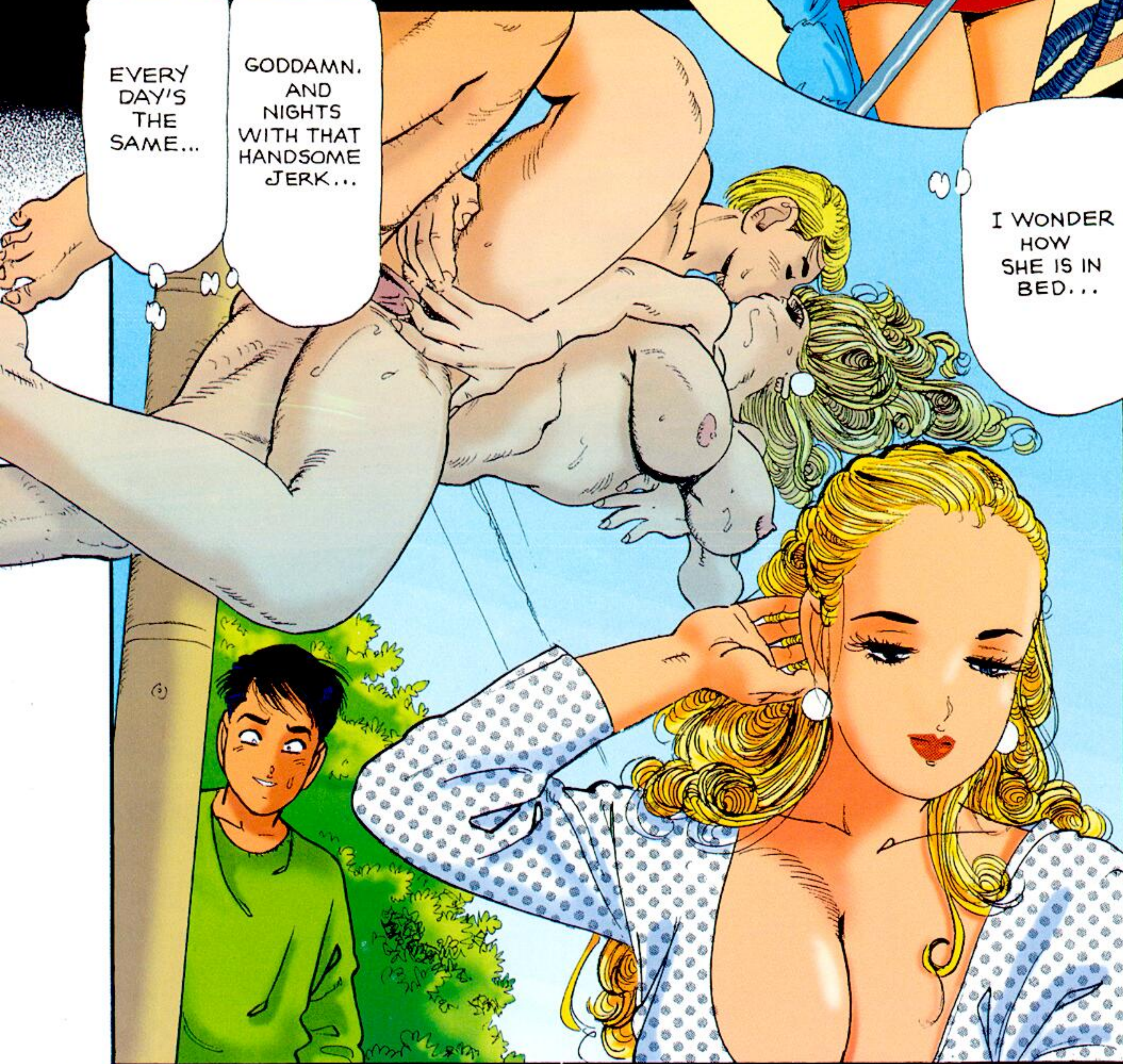
SHE KISSES HER
HUSBAND GOOD-BYE AND
THEN CLEANS THE HOUSE
AND WASHES THE
CLOTHES... WHEN THE
WEATHER'S NICE SHE
TAKES THE BOY FOR A
WALK IN THE PARK...
SHE HAS A CHAT WITH
SOMEONE ON A SUNNY
BENCH AND IN THE
AFTERNOON SHE GOES
SHOPPING.

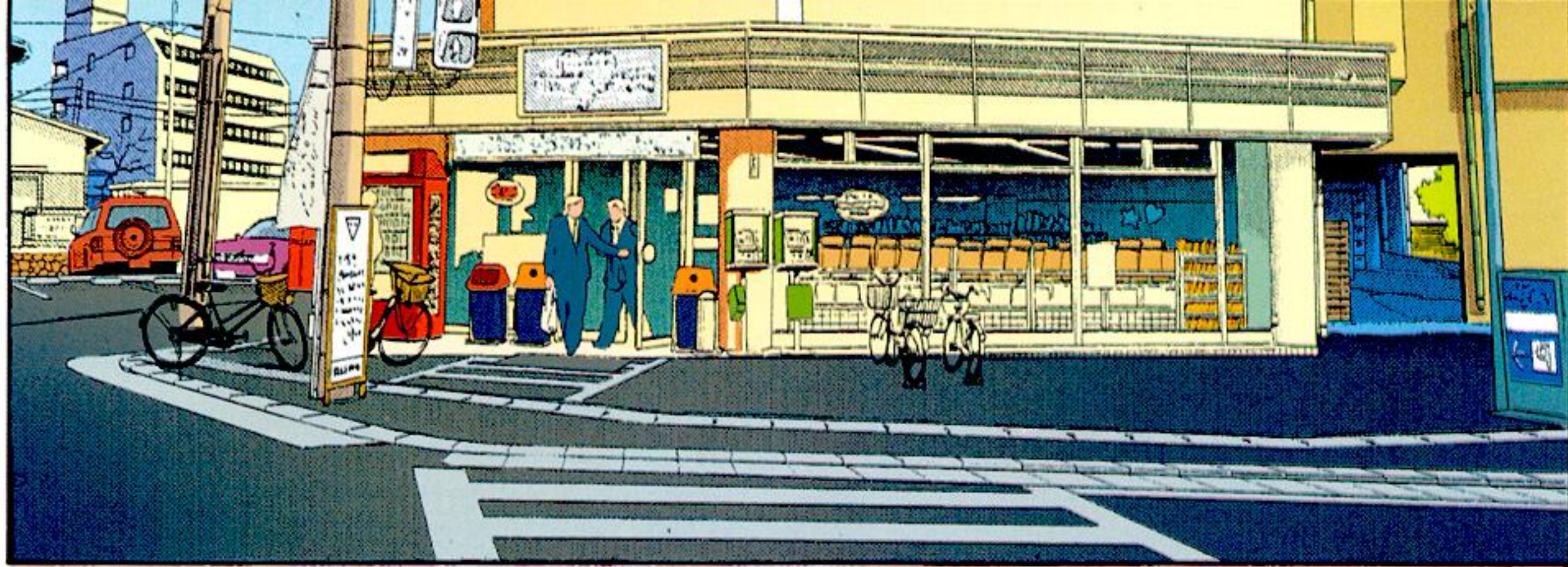


EVERY
DAY'S
THE
SAME...

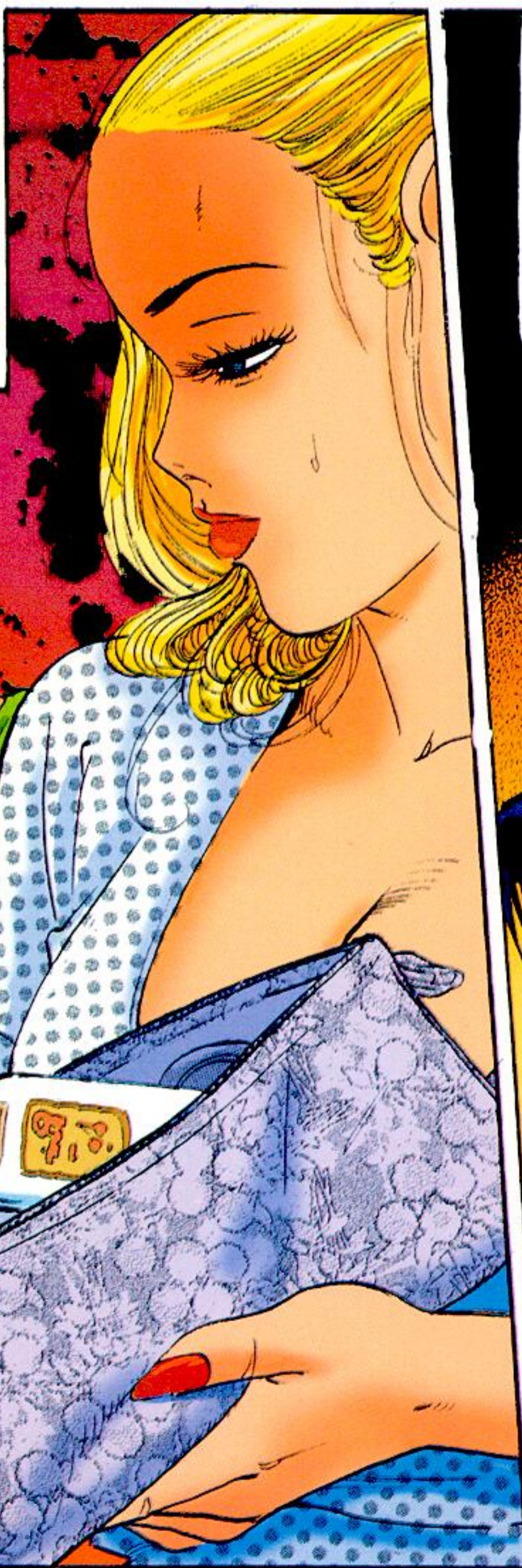
GODDAMN.
AND
NIGHTS
WITH THAT
HANDSOME
JERK...

I WONDER
HOW
SHE IS IN
BED...





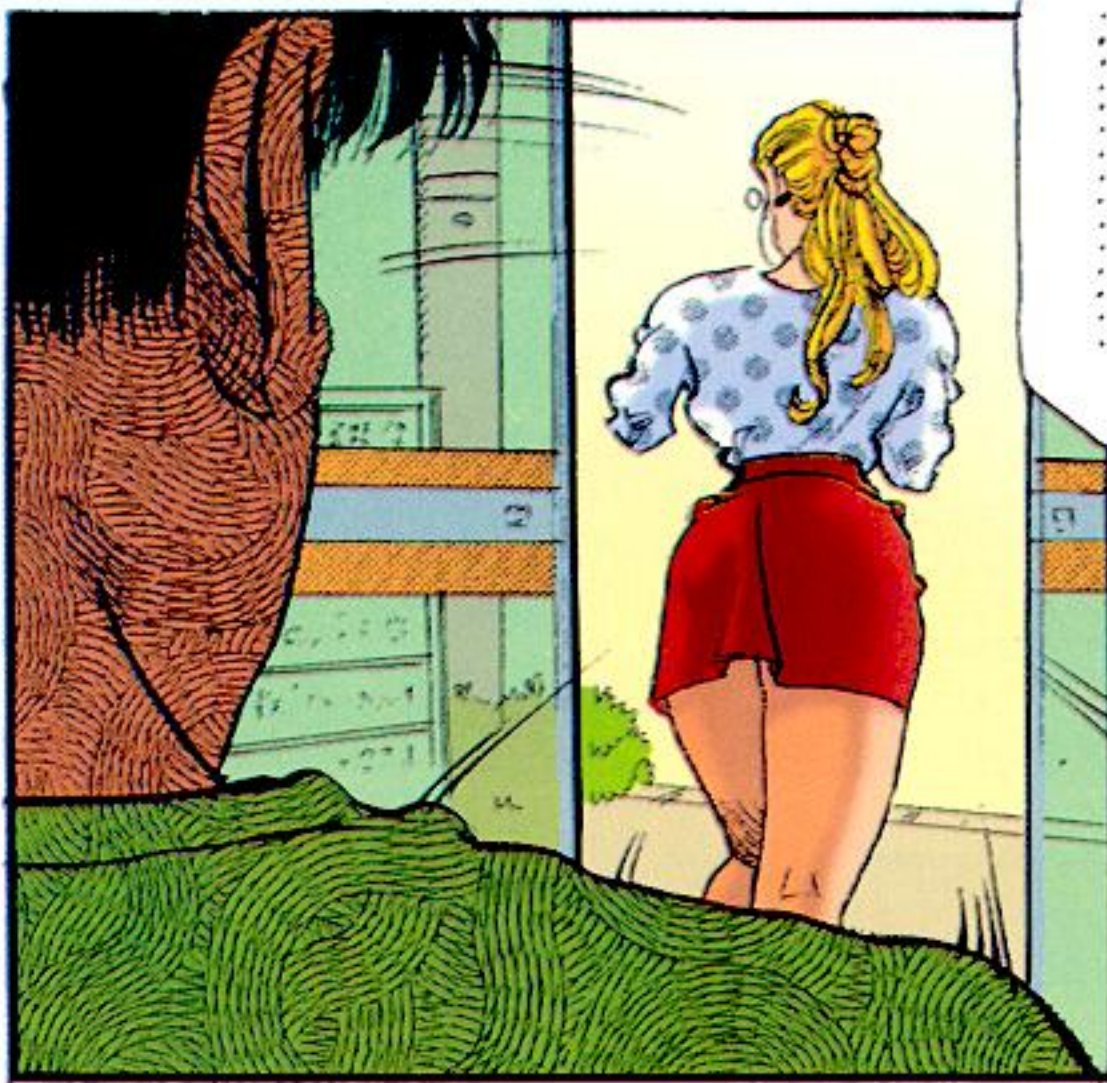
...EH...?!



DON'T
TELL ME
SHE'S A
SHOPLIFTER!

NOW
I'VE GOT
YOU,
PERFUME
SNATCHER!

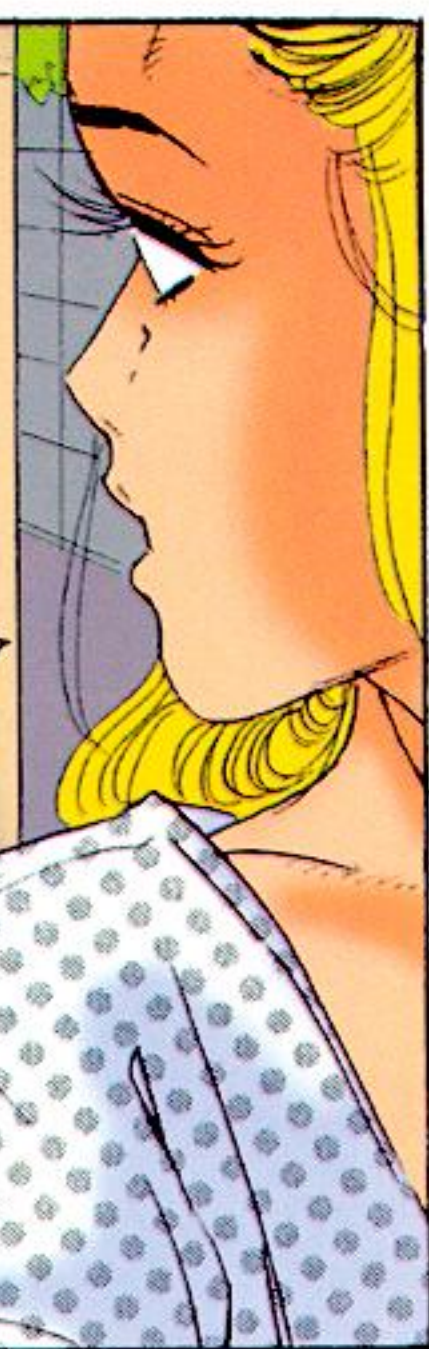




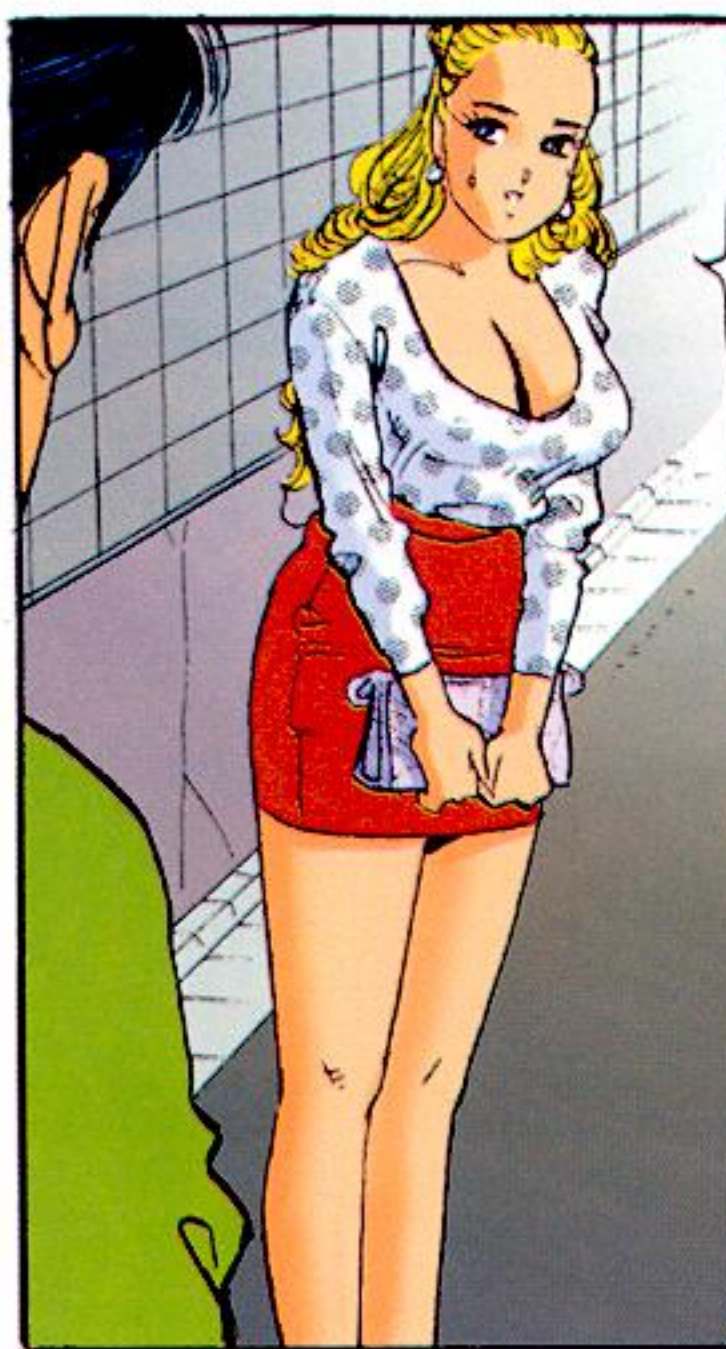
IT'S MY LUCKY DAY!!



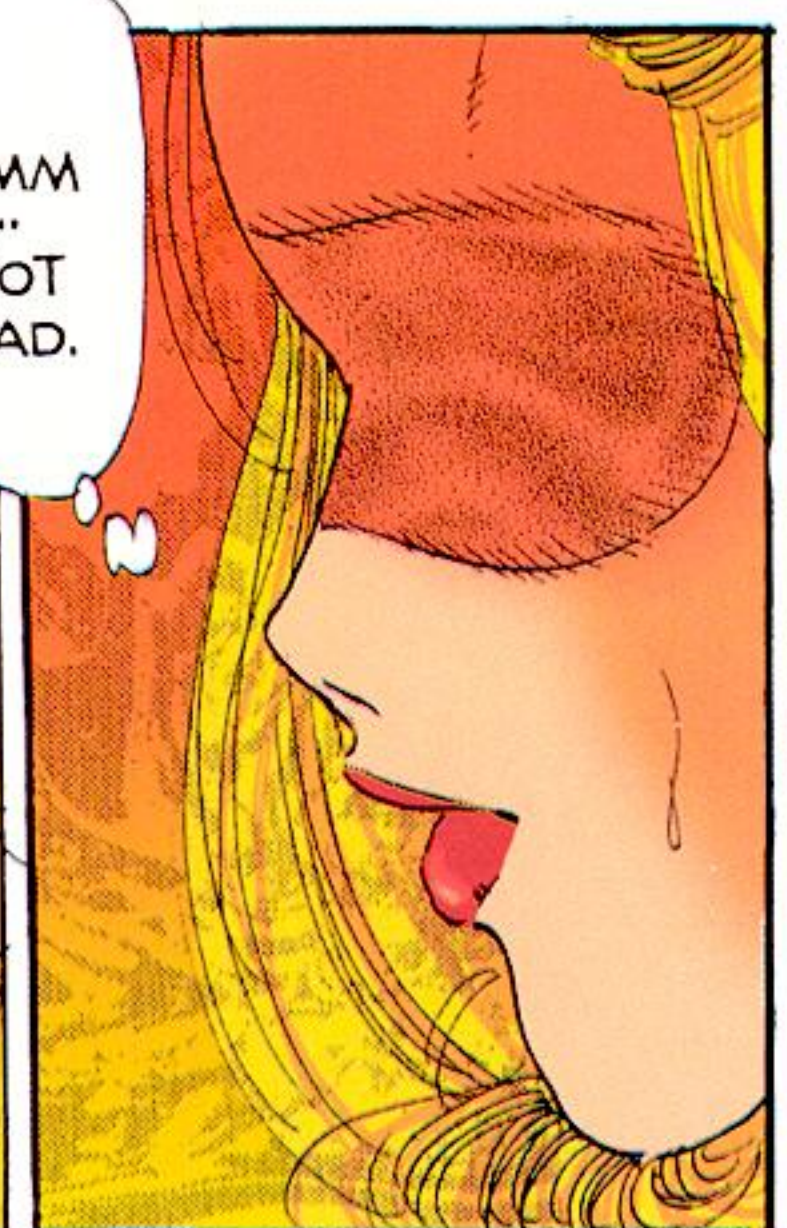
YES... LET'S GO FOR IT!!!



HUH ...?



YES... WHAT IS IT?

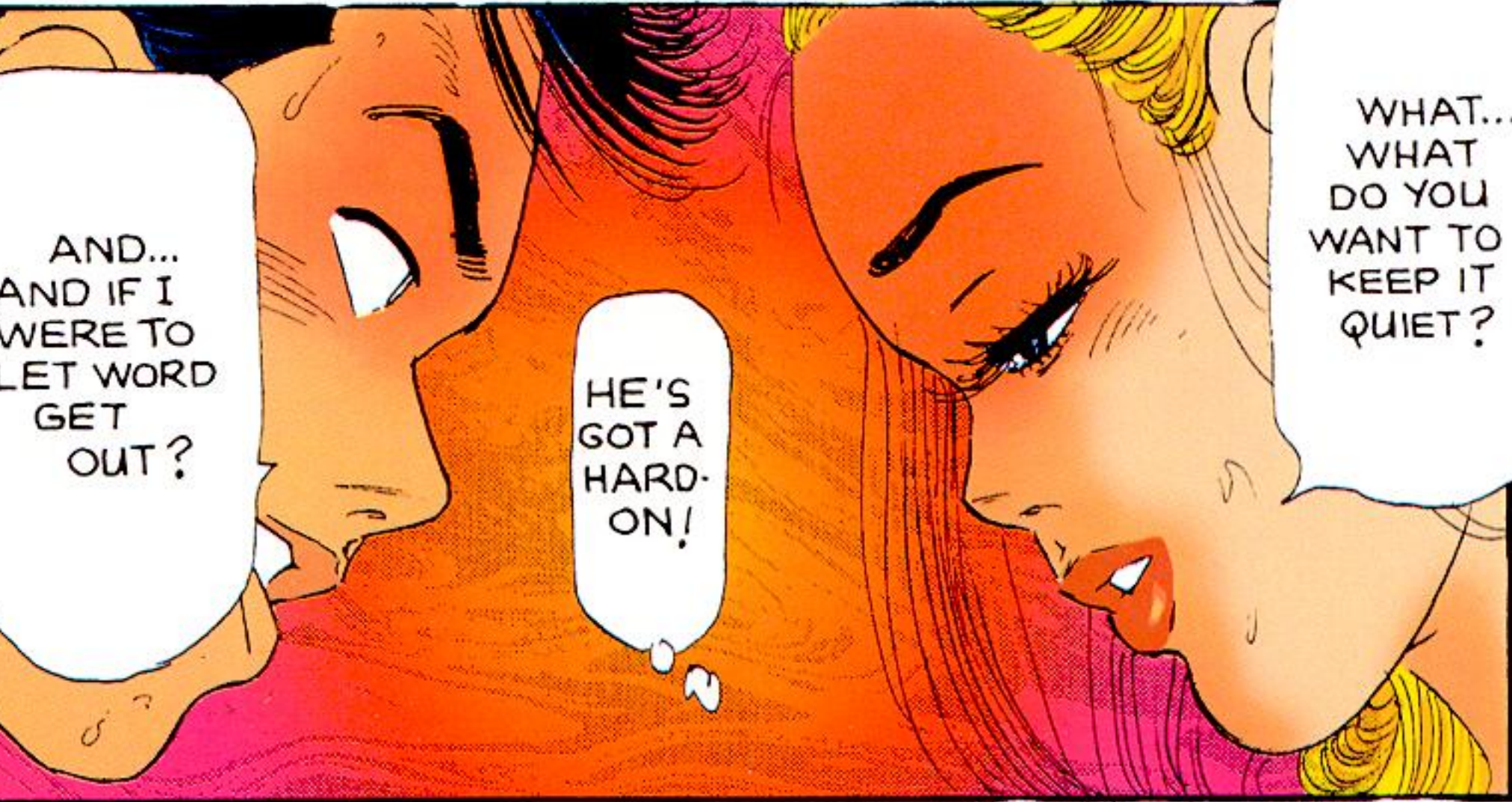


MMM ... NOT BAD.



HEH, HEH...
I SAW YOU
SWIPING
SOME
PERFUME!

OH
NO!



A WOMAN
LIKE YOU,
SO WELL
KNOWN IN
THE
NEIGHBORHOOD,
RIPPING
OFF THE
SUPERMARKET
...

AND...
AND IF I
WERE TO
LET WORD
GET
OUT?

HE'S
GOT A
HARD-
ON!

WHAT...
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT TO
KEEP IT
QUIET?



YOUR
GORGEOUS
BODY,
OF
COURSE.

UH!?

LET'S
HAVE
A LOOK
...MM...

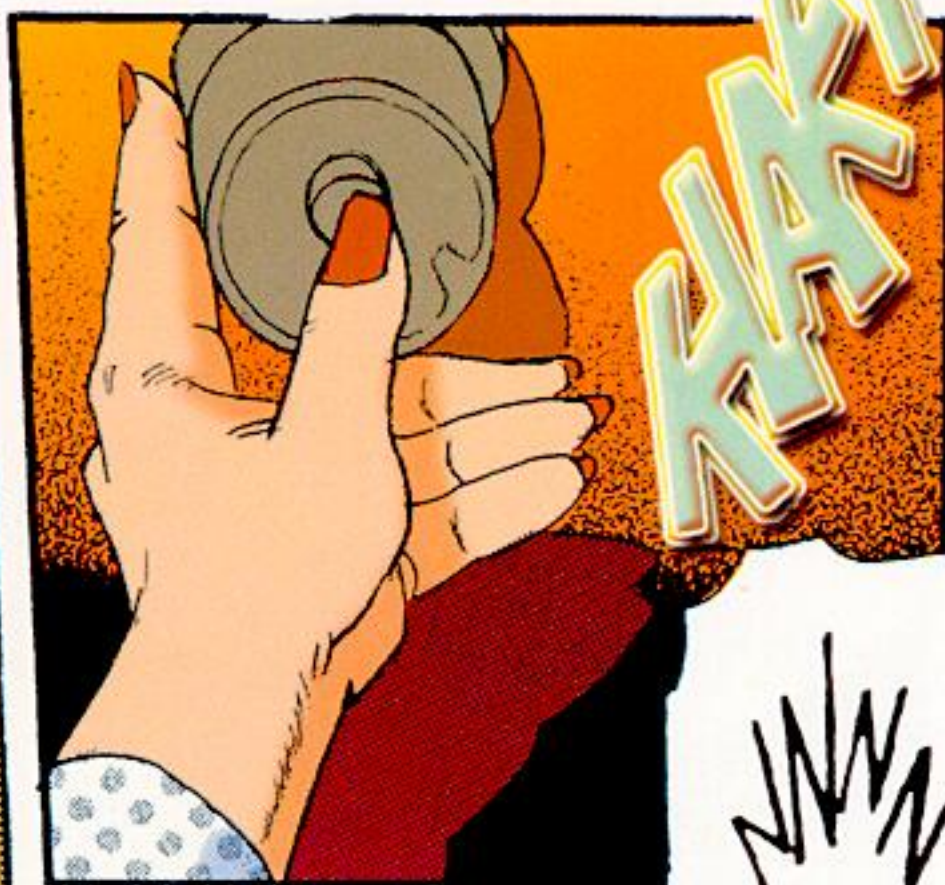


ZZZCO

UH...
COME
IN...
AAH...

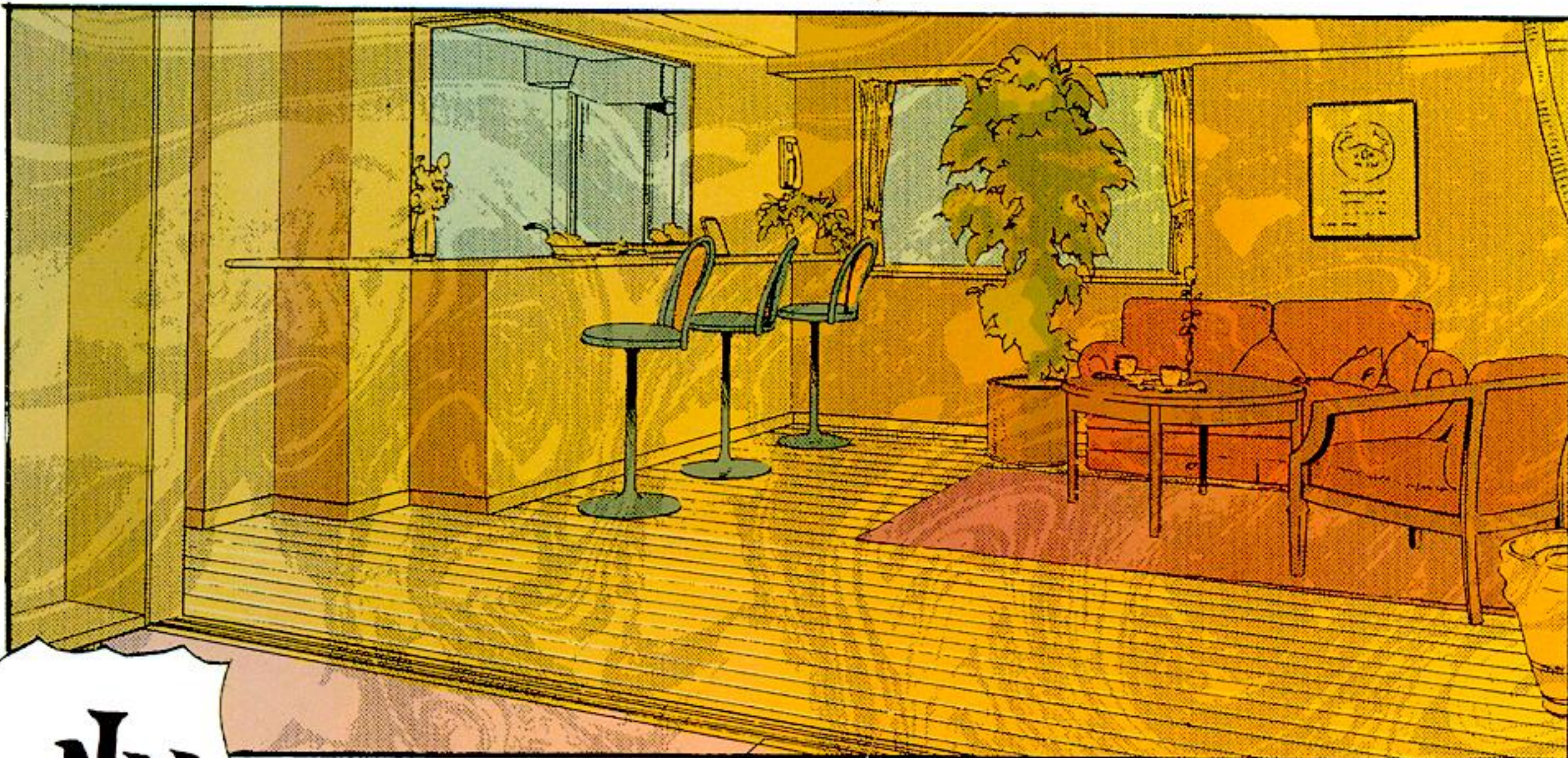
OH,
UH,
AH...

I GUESS
YOU'VE
GOT IT,
AHHH...

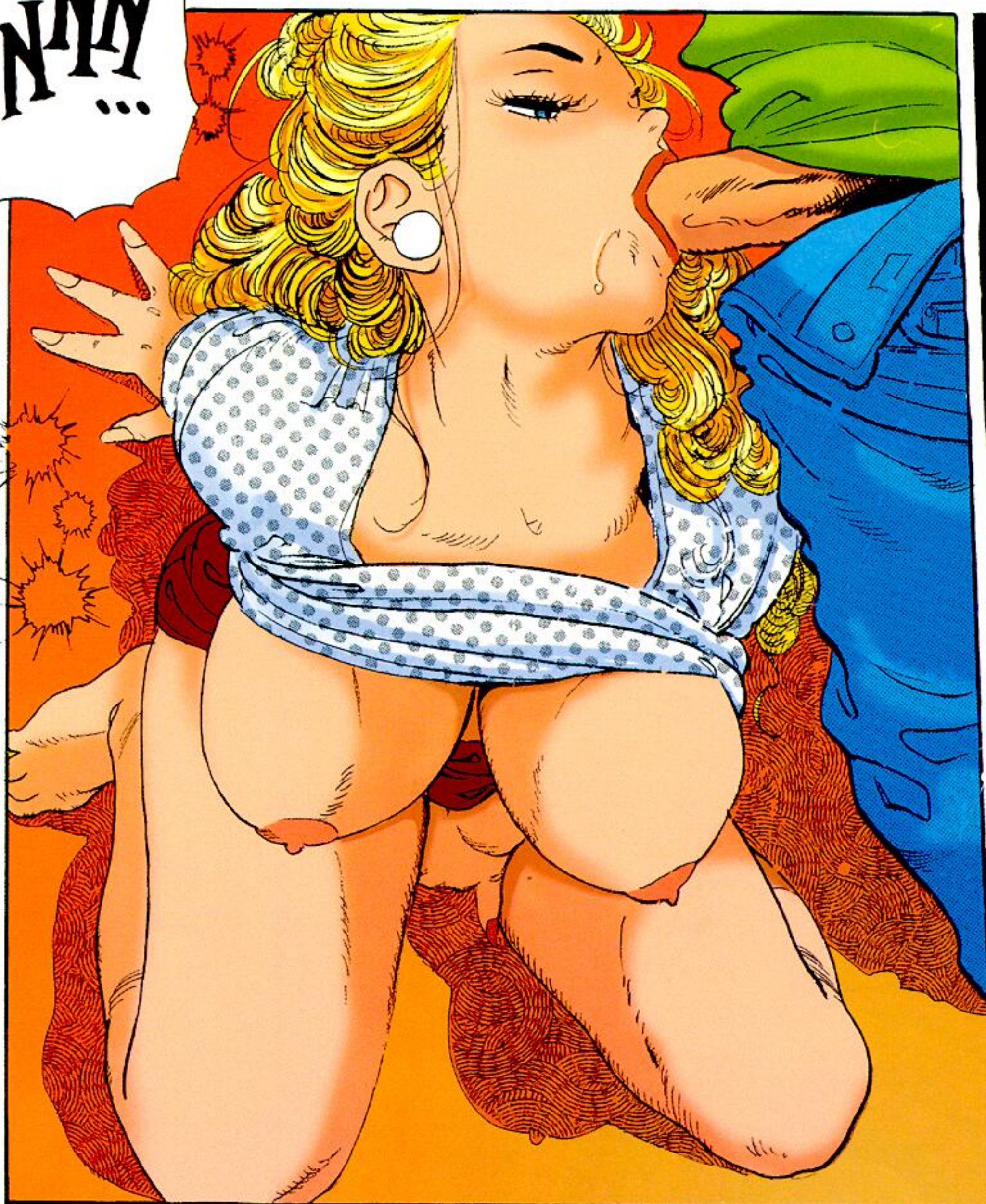


WNN



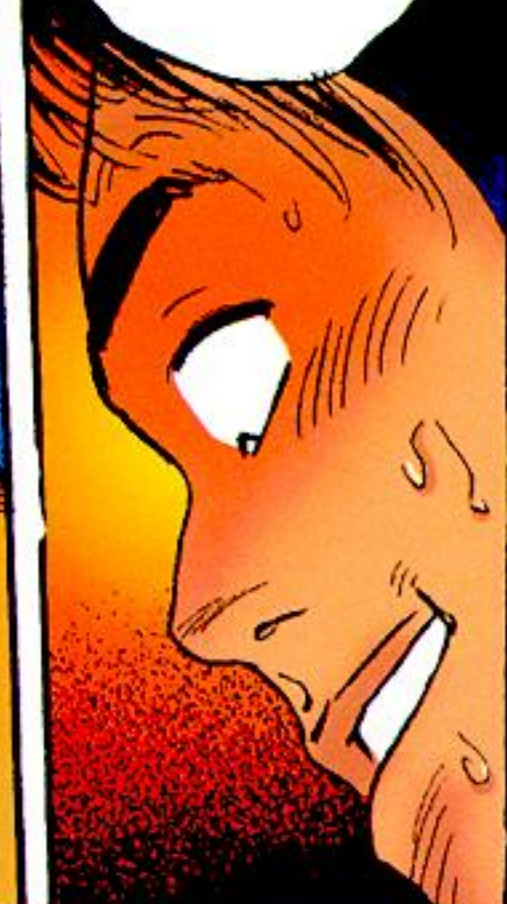


NNN...



WOW!...
THIS IS
TOO
MUCH...

I DIDN'T
THINK IT
WOULD
WORK OUT
SO WELL !!!



OH!

HAAA
HAAA

Holy Fuck...

PLEASE...LAM...
IT WAS ONLY
A MOMENTARY
IMPULSE...
SLURP...PLEASE
DON'T TELL
ANYONE.

I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU WANT.

PLEASE...?

APT
APT

LAP
LAP

IT'LL BE
OUR
SECRET!

HAAA
HAAA

OOH
OOH

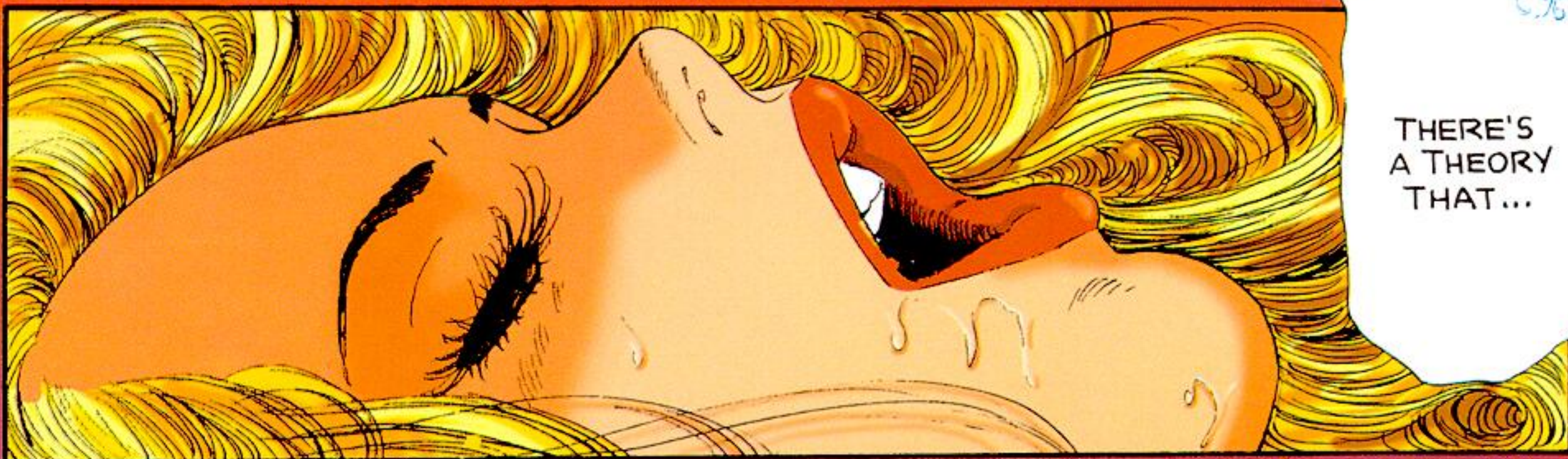
MM
M...

Oh...
daa!!

FIRST...
SWALLOW
IT WHOLE!

BUT JUST
THIS ONE
TIME ... OK?
... JUST
THIS ONCE...

APT
LAM
GLOMP
SLURP



THERE'S
A THEORY
THAT...

...BEFORE
THEIR PERIOD,
WOMEN ROB
THINGS FOR
THE HELL
OF IT...

HAAA
HAAA

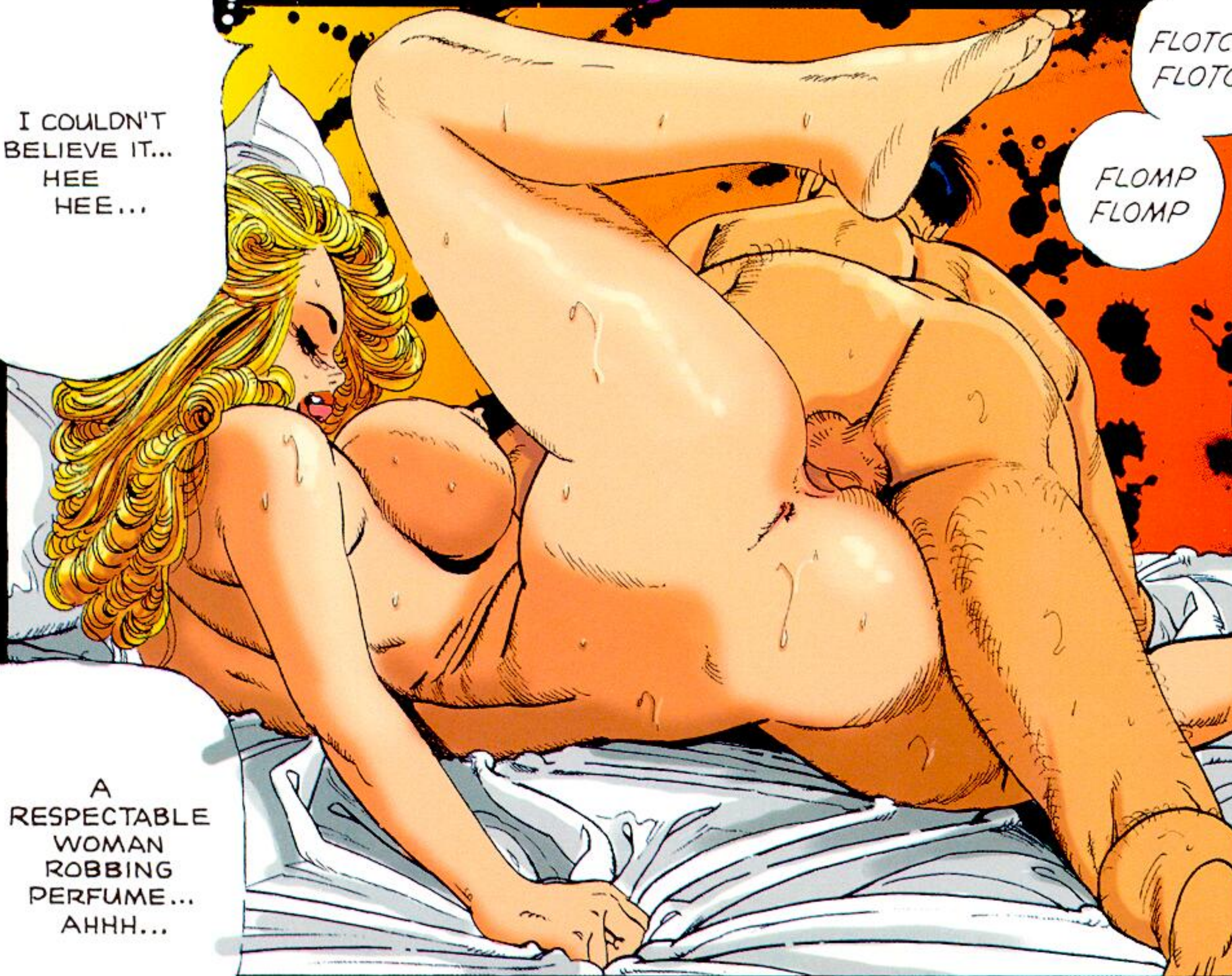
OOH
OOOH

I COULDN'T
BELIEVE IT...
HEE
HEE...

FLOTCH
FLOTCH

FLOMP
FLOMP

A
RESPECTABLE
WOMAN
ROBBING
PERFUME...
AHHH...



HAAA

...AND
NOW...

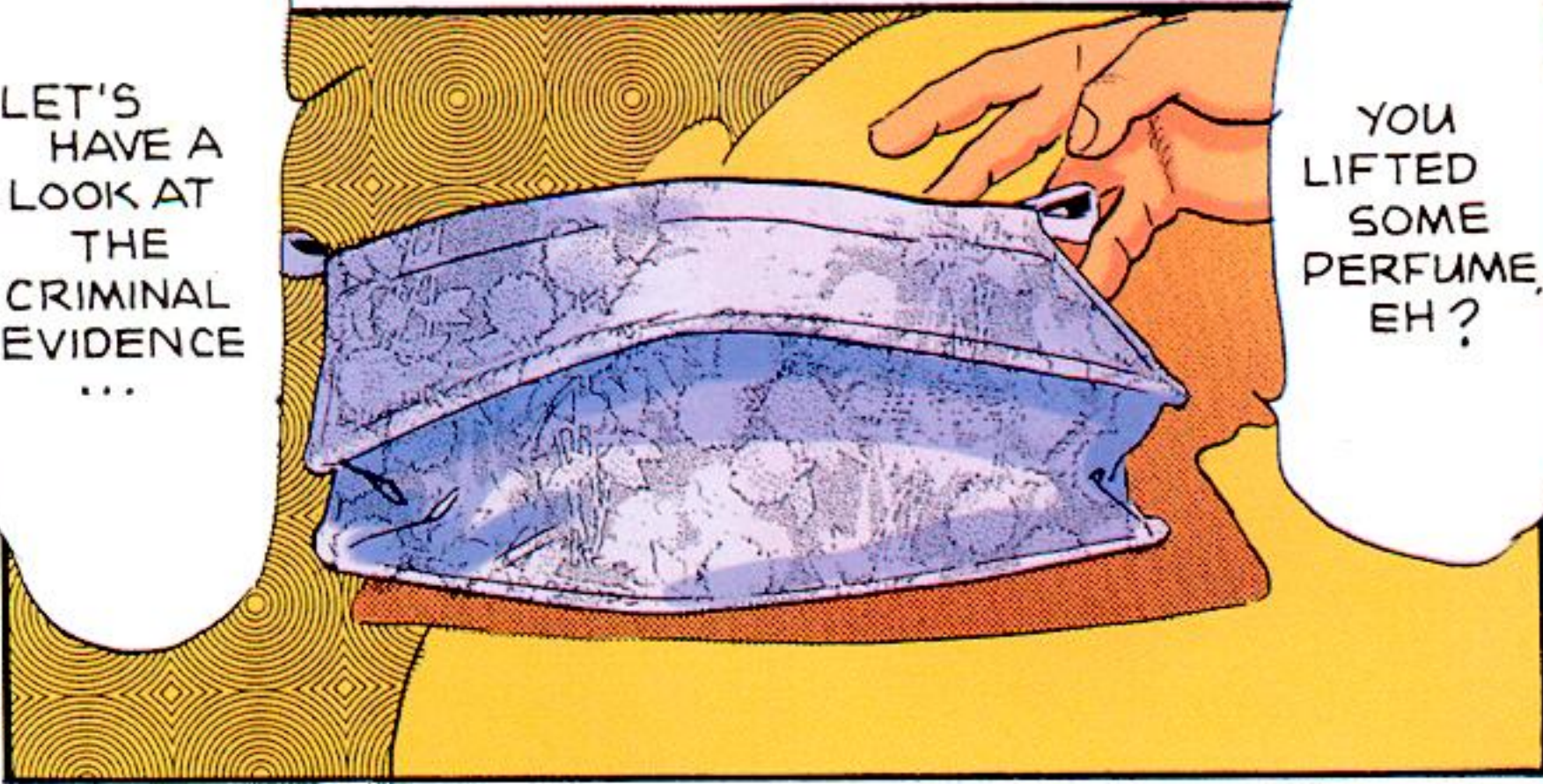
OOH

OOH

OOH

...YOU'RE
PAYING
FOR IT!...

MMM...
I ACCEPT MY
PUNISHMENT...
AND I'M
ENJOYING IT...



LET'S
HAVE A
LOOK AT
THE
CRIMINAL
EVIDENCE
...

YOU
LIFTED
SOME
PERFUME,
EH?



TEE,
HEE,
HEE...




HEY
...!

...THIS
ISN'T
FROM
THE
SUPER-
MARKET!
IT'S
YOURS!

HA, HA, HA...
SINCE YOU'RE
ALWAYS SPYING
ON ME, I
WANTED TO
PLAY A LITTLE
JOKE ON
YOU...



...SO
I MADE
LIKE I
WAS
STEALING
IT...



SO
YOU...?

YES...
I WANTED
TO HAVE
A LITTLE
FLING, SO
I WORKED
OUT A
TRICK TO
GET YOU
...



SHALL
WE HAVE
ANOTHER
GO,
SHERLOCK?

JEEZ...



...AND
SHE
SEEMED
SO SHY
AND
MODEST
...

Next issue



Hungry for more? Tons of excitement with the best erotic artists hits the shelves in just three months!

FEROCIUS



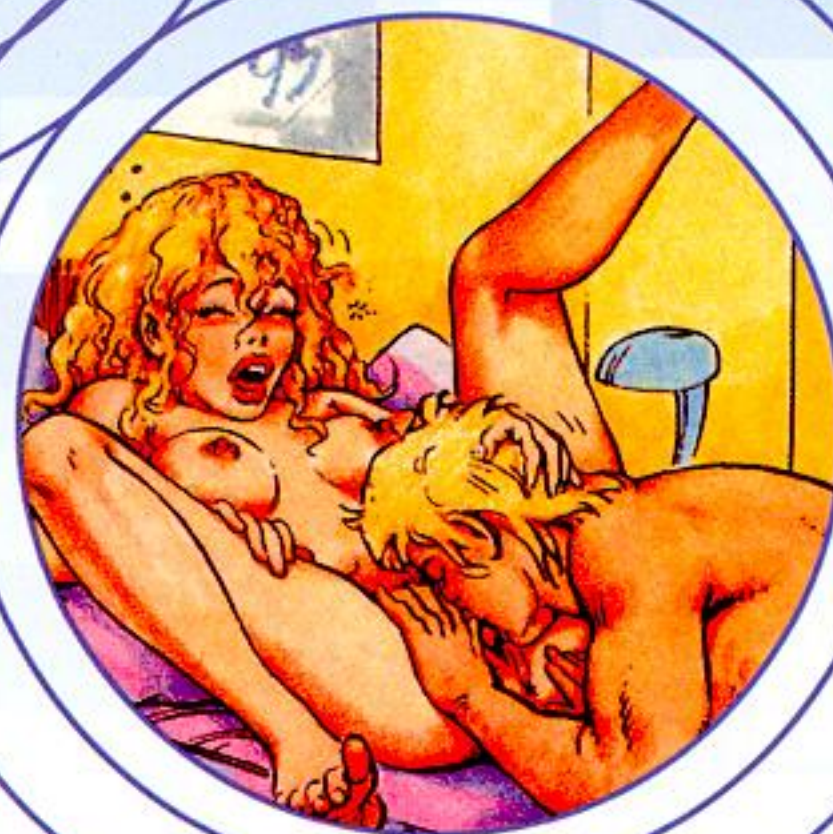
ALVARO



NOE



SOLANO



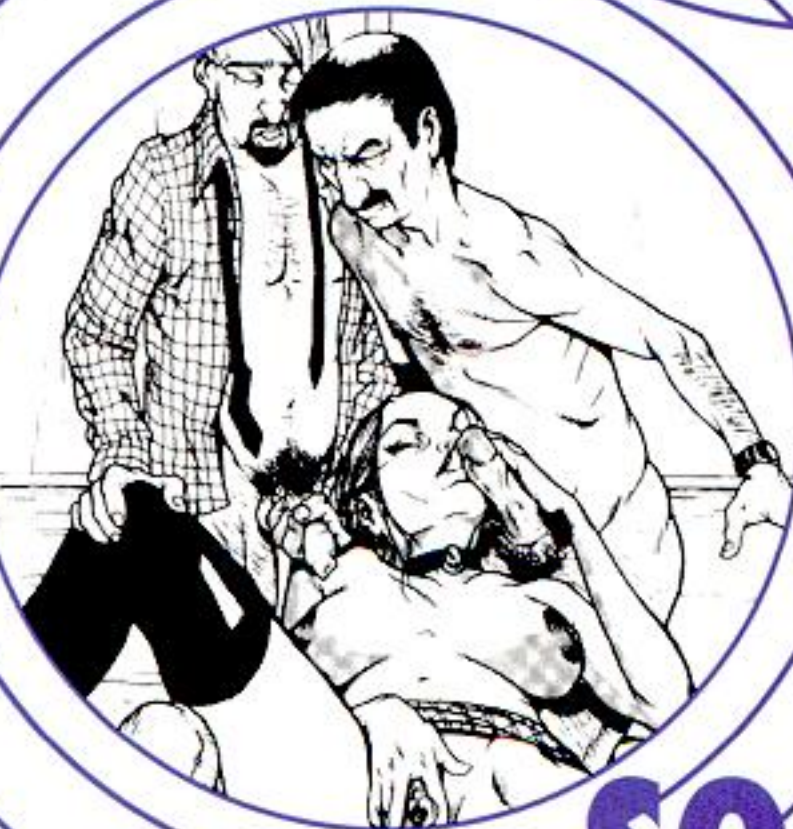
BELORE



CRISTIAN



SOSA & VAL



French Kiss Artists From EUROTICA



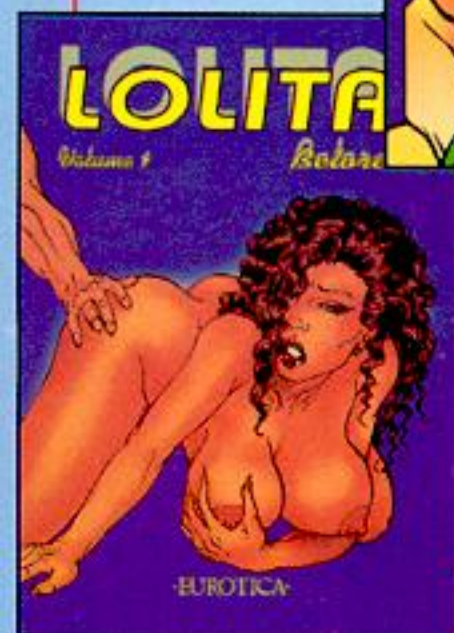
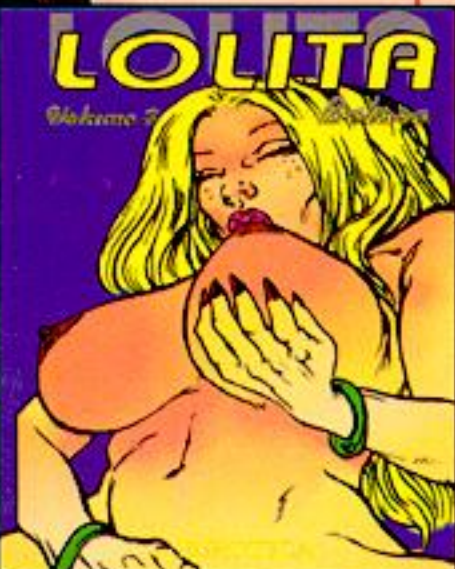
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NEW!

Vol. 4: 8 1/2 x 11, 48pp., B&W, color cover, trade pb.: \$9.95

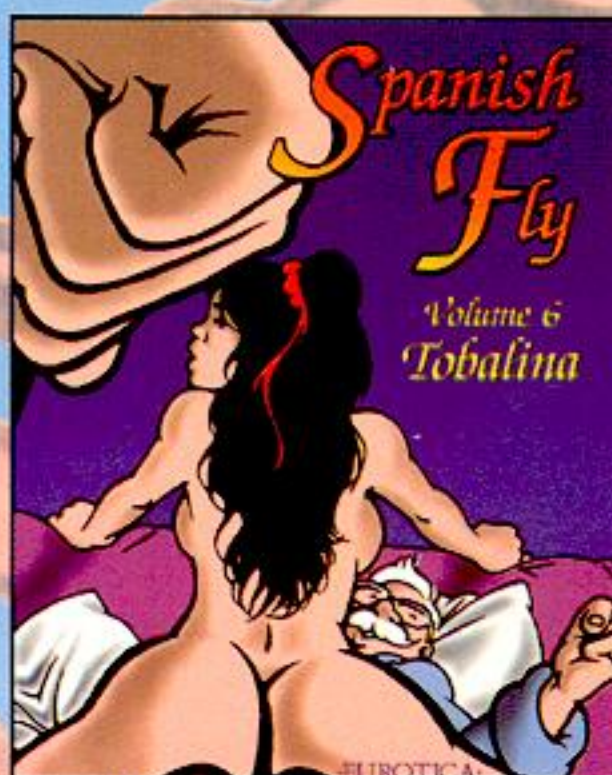


EMILIO



I CAN SEE YOU COMIN' Juan Emilio

Sultry Spanish babes with wiles to turn you nuts.
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B&W, color cover:
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Gorgeously hot art
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NEW!
Vol. 6: 64pp., B&W, \$10.95

SPANISH FLY by Tobalina



NOE

CONVENT OF HELL

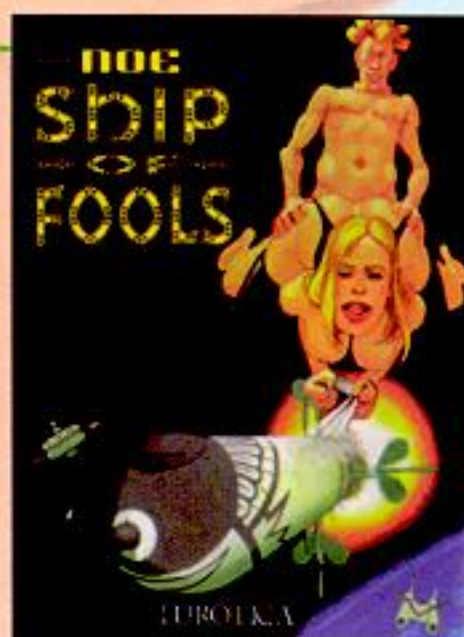
Hugely endowed Belzebub transforms
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geous kooks.

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ming pill that drives her libido
through the roof!

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\$10.95



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- ☐ I Can See You Comin' \$11.95*
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- ☐ Lolita 2 \$10.95*

- ☐ Lolita 3 \$9.95*
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- ☐ Ship of Fools \$10.95*
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